★ May 20, 1944

THE NEW YORKER

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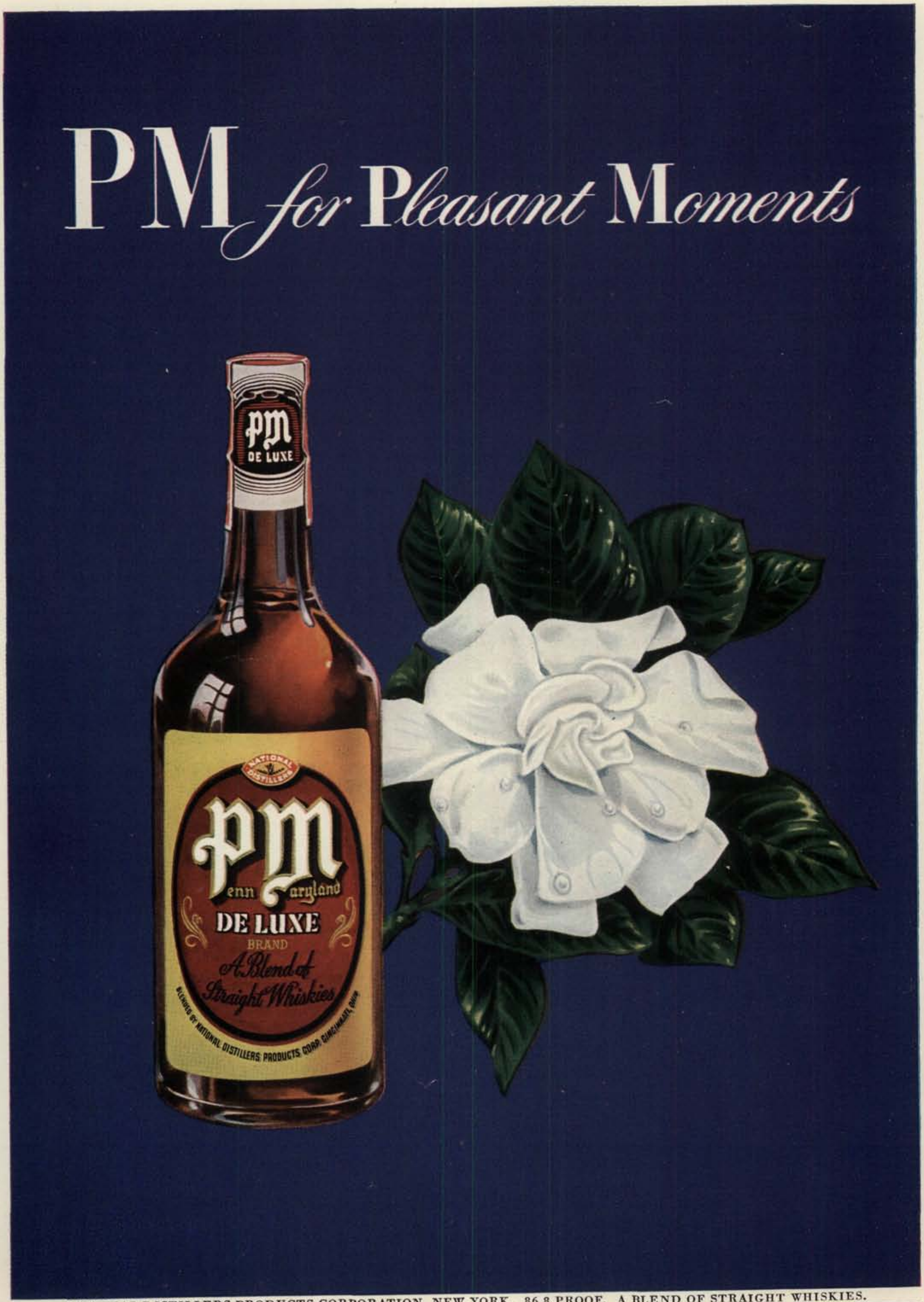
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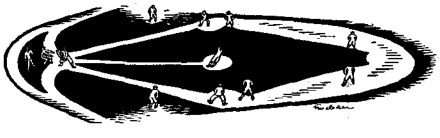
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR
OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS
FROM THURSDAY, MAY 18,
THROUGH SATURDAY, MAY 27.

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Angel Street—Very nice Victorian thriller by the author of "Rope's End." Judith Evelyn and Leo G. Carroll are prominent in the dirty work. (Golden, 45, W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. at 2:40 and Sun. at 3.)

Arsenic and Old Lace—The Brewster sisters defeat their nephew Jonathan by a score of thirteen corpses to twelve. Now in its fourth year, this Crouse-Lindsay comedy, with Josephine Hull and Effie Shannon, is still one of the funniest things in town. (Hudson, 44, E. BR 9-5641. Nightly, except Tues., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. at 2:40 and Sun. at 3.)

Chicken Every Sunday—An amiable play about a Tucson landlady and her impractical husband, with a cast headed by Mary Philips and Sidney Blackmer. You might do much worse. (Henry Miller, 43, E. BR 9-3970. Moves on Mon., May 22, to the Plymouth, 45, W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Decision—A worthy, rather heavy-handed play about Fascism on the home front. With Raymond Greenleaf and Gwen Anderson. (Ambassador, 49, W. CI 7-0760. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 2:40.)

The Doughgirls—Three sporty girls are turned loose in wartime Washington and nearly wreck it. The cast, directed by George S. Kaufman, includes Virginia Field, Arleen Whelan, and Doris Nolan. (Lyceum, 45, E. CH 4-4256. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

A Highland Fling—A complicated ghost story in Scottish dialect that has nevertheless its moments of simple charm. Margaret Curtis, the author, and Ralph Forbes head the cast. (Plymouth, 45, W. CI 6-9156. Nightly at 8:40. Mat. Sat. at 2:40. Closes Sat., May 20.)

Jacobowsky and the Colonel—Oscar Karlweis, Annabella, and Louis Calhern in S. N. Behrman's adaptation of a play by Franz Werfel. A really superb play up to the last act, when it succumbs to an attack of melodrama. (Martin Beck, 45, W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Kiss and Tell—A frail little comedy about a girl who pretends she's going to have a baby. Largely redeemed by George Abbott's direction and a fine cast, headed by Jessie Royce Landis and Robert Keith. (Biltmore, 47, W. CI 6-9353. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Life with Father—This agreeable comedy, based on the late Clarence Day's rich and affectionate biography of his family, is in its fifth year. Howard Lindsay and Dorothy Stickney play Father and Mother. (Empire, B'way at 40. PE 6-9540. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Othello—Shakespeare's tragedy made plausible and enormously effective by the casting of a Negro as the Moor. Paul Robeson is given fine support, especially by José Ferrer as Iago, and Margaret Webster's direction is excellent. (Shubert, 44, W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Over Twenty-One—A comedy by and with Ruth Gordon that attempts to show how Dorothy Parker would behave at an Officers' Candidate School. Not as funny as it might have been. (Music Box, 45, W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Pick-Up Girl—A rather glum sociological document explaining how little girls happen to take up with sailors. The action takes place in a courtroom, with William Harrigan in charge. (48th Street, 48, E. BR 9-4566. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 2:40.)

Ramshackle Inn—A melodramatic farce that almost comes off but not quite. At least it introduces Zasu Pitts to Broadway, which is something. (Royale, 45, W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 2:40.)

The Searching Wind—Lillian Hellman looks back over the history of Fascism and adds a few thoughts about love. A little confused and disappointing but certainly something for you to see. The cast, assembled by Herman Shumlin, includes Dudley Digges, Cornelia Otis Skinner, and Montgomery Clift. (Fulton, 46, W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Three Is a Family—Practically all the girls have babies in this farce. With Ruth Weston, Robert Burton, Una Merkel, and William Wadsworth. (Longacre, 48, W. CI 6-6454. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. at 2:40 and Sun. at 2:50.)

Tomorrow the World—A sober, if not always credible, attempt to deal with the problem of reeducating the children of Nazi Germany. With Skippy Homeier, Conrad Nagel, and Shirley Booth. (Ethel Barrymore, 47, W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

The Two Mrs. Carrolls—The main attraction of this melodrama is Elisabeth Bergner, who puts in a sound, workmanlike evening. Playing opposite her, when he gets a chance, is Victor Jory. (Booth, 45, W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

The Voice of the Turtle—An expert comedy with a small, expert cast consisting of Margaret Sullavan, Elliott Nugent, and Audrey Christie. (Morosco, 45, W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Wallflower—A plain girl gets her man in an almost completely typical farce. (Cort, 48, E. BR 9-0046. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Winged Victory—A cast of more than three hundred servicemen and some women civilians in Moss Hart's gigantic and beautiful recruiting poster for the Air Forces. (44th Street, 44, W. LA 4-4337. Nightly at 8:15. Mat. Sat. at 2:15. Closes Sat., May 20.)

WITH MUSIC

Carmen Jones—A stunning and hilarious version of Bizet's opera, with an all-Negro cast. Oscar Hammerstein II has followed "Oklahoma!" with another tour de force. Produced by Billy Rose. (Broadway, B'way at 53. CI 7-2887. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Follow the Girls—Gertrude Niesen in a nice musical about nothing very much. Guy Bolton and Eddie Davis wrote the book and the cast includes Jackie Gleason, Buster West, and Tim Herbert. (Century, 7 Ave. at 59. CI 7-3121. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:30. Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 2:30.)

Helen Goes to Troy—The New Opera Company's somewhat haphazard revision of a nineteenth-century operetta. The Offenbach music, however, is lovely, and attractive people like Jarmila Novotná, Ralph Dumke, and Ernest Truex ornament the cast. (Alvin, 52, W. CI 5-6868. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Mexican Hayride—Bobby Clark in a big, beautiful musical, in which both the book and Cole Porter's music seem a little below standard. (Winter Garden, B'way at 50. CI 7-5161. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Oklahoma!—A musical version of "Green Grow the Lilacs," by Oscar Hammerstein II and Richard Rodgers, that may well be the pleasantest entertainment in town. The cast includes Joan Roberts, Celeste Holm, Alfred Drake, Betty Garde, and Joseph Buloff. (St. James, 44, W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

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THE NEW YORKER
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One Touch of Venus—Mary Martin as a statue who comes to life to the amazement of Kenny Baker, John Boles, Paula Laurence, and many others. Ogden Nash, S. J. Perelman, and Kurt Weill attended to the book and music, and Agnes de Mille has contributed some wonderful ballets. (46th Street, 46, W. CI 6-6075. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Ziegfeld Follies—Milton Berle leads a large cast through this rough-and-tumble version of an American institution. (Imperial, 45, W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:35. Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 2:35.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes, so you'd better verify the dates and curtain times.)

Dream with Music—Vera Zorina in a musical comedy by Dorothy Kilgallen, Sidney Sheldon, and Ben Roberts. Staged and produced by Richard Kollmar, with choreography by George Balanchine and Henry Litang. Opens Thurs., May 18. (Majestic, 44, W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. the first week and Wed. and Sat. thereafter, at 2:30.)

Career Angel—A play by Gerard M. Murray, with Glenn Anders and Whitford Kane. Staged by Don Appell and produced by Andrew Billings, Joseph Dicks, and David Shay. Opens Tues., May 23. (National, 41, W. PE 6-8220. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:40.)

MISCELLANY

New York City Center—A revival of "The New Moon," the first of a series of operettas and musical comedies to be presented here. (New York City Center, 131 W. 55. CI 6-8989. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:30. Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 2:30.)

Circus—Ringling Brothers and Barnum & Bailey presenting the usual stupendous attraction. (Madison Square Garden. CO 5-6800. Daily at 2:15 and 8:15 P.M. Closes Sun., May 21.)

Children's Entertainment—The Heckscher Children's Theatre Group in "The Adventures of Tom Sawyer," Sat., May 20 and 27, at 2:30 P.M. (Heckscher Theatre, 5 Ave. at 104. LE 4-3546.)

BALLET

Ballet Theatre—Final performances of the season: "Les Sylphides," "Fancy Free," "Pas de Quatre," and "Helen of Troy," Thurs. Eve., May 18. . . . "Tally-Ho," "El Amor Brujo," "Pillar of Fire," and "Fancy Free," Fri. Eve., May 19. . . . "Swan Lake," "Barn Dance," and "Fair at Sorochinsk," Sat. Aft., May 20. . . . "Romeo and Juliet," "Fancy Free," "Bolero," and "Fair at Sorochinsk," Sat. Eve., May 20. . . . "Les Sylphides," "Peter and the Wolf," "Fancy Free," and "Helen of Troy," Sun. Aft., May 21. . . . "Princess Aurora," "Pillar of Fire," "Fancy Free," and "Barn Dance," Sun. Eve., May 21. (Metropolitan Opera House. PE 6-1210. Thurs. through Sat. Eves. at 8:30; Sun. Eve. at 8:15. Mats. at 2:30.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

(A listing of some places where you will find music or other entertainment. Because of the cabaret tax, several hotel rooms and clubs, as noted below, are discontinuing dancing during the dinner hour or making other changes so that the tax will not apply. As further changes may be made, you'd better phone ahead before starting out. Also, many clubs are closed altogether or have fill-in performers on either Sunday or Monday, so you'd better phone about that, too.)

Ambassador Garden, Park at 51 (WI 2-1000)—Cool, spacious, and summery. Jules Lande's orchestra plays quietly for dancing.

Biltmore, Madison at 43 (MU 9-7920)—A good-looking ice revue and Emile Petti's orchestra are in the Bowman Room.

Café Society Uptown, 128 E. 58 (PL 5-9223)—Jimmy Savo, Mildred Bailey, Hazel Scott, and Teddy Wilson's orchestra. In other words, your money's worth.

Café Society Downtown, 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737)—Cheerful and offhand, with music by Eddie Heywood's orchestra and a show including Josh White and Bonds and Cook, the piano duettists.

Copacabana, 10 E. 60 (PL 8-1060)—An enormous and tumultuous room with pretty girls and palm trees. Tumult by Joe E. Lewis, music by an orchestra and a samba band. . . . The Copa Bar has music by the Kris Kay Trio.

El Morocco, 154 E. 54 (EL 5-8769)—Be it ever so

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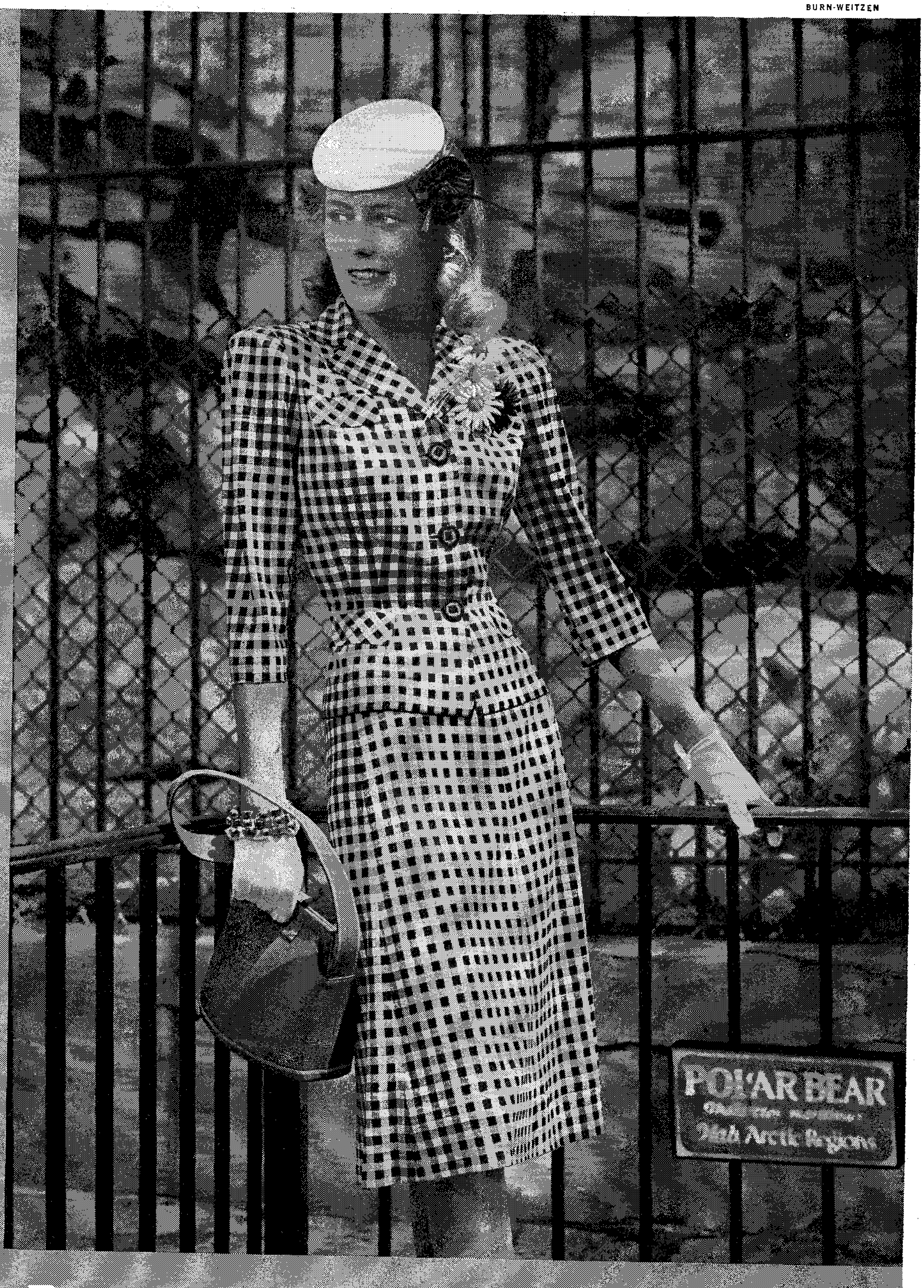
BURN-WEITZEN



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

gorgeous, it's still home to some people. Chauncey Gray's orchestra and a rumba band.

Larue, 45 E. 58 (VO 5-6374)—After the dinner hour *there is sweet and continuous music (for waltzers,* too) by Eddie Davis's and Michael Lo Scalzo's orchestras.

Monte Carlo, Madison at 54 (PL 5-3400)—Very large, very regal, with Dick Gasparre's orchestra and Ralph Rotgers' rumba band. Joe Ricardel's orchestra plays for tea dancing daily.

Pierre, 5 Ave. at 61 (RE 4-5900)—Jane Pickens sings in the stately Cotillion Room and you can dance to Stanley Melba's orchestra. . . . Another Melba orchestra plays in the Café Pierre for dinner and supper. Tea dancing daily.

Plaza, 5 Ave. at 58 (PL 3-1740)—Hildegarde does her song-and-prance act in the Persian Room and Bob Grant's orchestra plays for dancing.

St. Regis Roof, 5 Ave. at 55 (PL 3-4500)—Just about as pleasant as a roof can be. Fred Miller's orchestra plays for dinner and supper.

Savoy-Plaza, 5 Ave. at 59 (VO 5-2600)—Joseph Marvin's orchestra and Clemente's marimba band are in the large and decorative Café Lounge. Tea dancing daily.

Stork Club, 3 E. 53 (PL 3-1940)—A rather well-known playroom for the children. Noro Morales' *rumba band and Peyson Ré's orchestra.* Ernie Holst's orchestra plays for tea dancing daily.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park at 49 (EL 5-3000)—George Hamilton's orchestra plays for dancing on the Starlight Roof, and Morton Downey sings at the supper hour. Mischa Borr's orchestra helps entertain the after-theatre trade. . . . Michael Zarin's orchestra is in the Lounge Restaurant.

Supper Clubs—Entertainment but no dancing—**LE RUBAN BLEU,** 4 E. 56 (EL 5-9787): Imogene Coca and Irwin Corey are funny enough, in their waspish way, to make anyone laugh; Daphne Hellman and her harp. . . . **BLUE ANGEL,** 152 E. 55 (PL 3-0626): dim and subdued, with Robert Crum at the piano, the Revuers at their foolishness, and the Herman Chittison Trio at their instruments. . . . **SPIVY'S ROOF,** 139 E. 57 (PL 3-1518): Spivy herself with *her raucous songs.* . . . **1-2-3 CLUB,** *123* E. 54 (PL 3-9131): Roger Stearns plays piano while the young folks talk.

Miscellaneous—At the **VERSAILLES,** 151 E. 50 (PL 8-0310): Carl Brisson, beautiful in tails, and some showgirls, beautiful in rather less; Ray Sinatra's orchestra and Monchito's rumba band. . . . **LE COQ ROUGE,** 65 E. 56 (PL 3-8887): small and elegant; Dick Wilson's orchestra plays for dancing after 10 P.M. . . . **ARMANDO'S,** 54 E. 55 (PL 3-0760): small and casual; George Morris's orchestra after 11 P.M. . . . **CASINO RUSSE,** 157 W. 56 (CI 6-6116): Cornelius Codolban's orchestra and Russian entertainment. . . . **COMMODORE,** Lexington at 42 (MU 6-6000): Boyd Raeburn's orchestra. . . . **ESSEX HOUSE,** 160 Central Pk. S. (CI 7-0300): Nick D'Amico's orchestra plays for dancing after 10:15 P.M. . . . **NEW YORKER HOTEL,** 8 Ave. at 34 (ME 3-1000): Tony Pastor's orchestra and an ice show. . . . **PENNSYLVANIA,** 7 Ave. at 33 (PE 6-5000): Glen Gray's orchestra. . . . **ROOSEVELT,** Madison at 45 (MU 6-9200): Guy Lombardo's orchestra will be replaced by Walter Perner's on Mon., May 22. . . . **EL CHICO,** 80 Grove, at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): lots of Latin atmosphere in a fairly small space. . . . **CAFÉ ZANZIBAR,** B'way at 50 (CI 7-7380): Maurice Rocco and Ethel Waters are much the best of a rowdy Negro show.

●

Mostly for Music—At the **HURRICANE,** B'way at 49 (CO 5-1995): Duke Ellington and his band and one of those Broadway shows. . . . **LINCOLN,** 8 Ave. at 44 (CI 6-4500): Count Basie's band making *merry in a great big room.* . . . **NICK'S,** 7 Ave. S. at 10 (CH 2-6683): jazz and nothing but, by Miff Mole, Peewee Russell, Bobby Hackett, and Eddie Condon; no dancing. . . . **PIED PIPER,** 15 Barrow (CH 3-9274): a new club and a new band headed by Max Kaminsky, with Rod Cless and others; no dancing. . . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD,** 178 7 Ave. S., at 11 (CH 2-9355): the Clarence Profit Trio makes a trip downtown worthwhile, and there's also a Calypso singer. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S,** 53 W. 52 (EL 5-9600): Art Hodes and his piano heading a hot trio; no dancing. . . . **ONYX,** 57 W. 52 (EL 5-7835): the noise is supplied by the Al Casey Trio, Oscar Pettiford's band, and Hot Lips Page. . . . **DOWNBEAT CLUB,** 66 W. 52 (EL 5-9511): what used to be the Yacht Club, with what is still lively music by Coleman Hawkins' band; no dancing. . . . **THREE DEUCES,** *72* W. 52 (EL *5-7742*): Sidney Catlett's new band, the Leonard Ware Trio, and mad piano playing by Harry Gibson; no dancing. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE,** 144 W. 52 (CI 7-9524): Red Norvo, his vibraphone, and his sextet at work behind the bar; no dancing.

ART

American Folk Art—Early paintings and some quilts: Folk Art Center, 670 5 Ave., at 53. Tues. through Sat., *11:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.;* through Aug. 31.

Darrel Austin—Recent pastels: Perls, 32 E. 58. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., May 20.

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, MAY 18, THROUGH SATURDAY, MAY 27.

George Biddle—Paintings and drawings of the Italian campaign: Associated American Artists, 711 5 Ave., at 55. Daily 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., May 20.

Louis Bouché—New paintings by an artist who knows how to enliven the usual: Kraushaar, 730 5 Ave., at 57. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., May 20.

Cloisters, Fort Washington Ave. at 191—The history of falconry, shown in medieval tapestries, illuminated manuscripts, and falconers' equipment. Tues. through Sat., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 6 P.M.; *through* Aug. 31.

Arthur G. Dove—Twenty new paintings: An American Place, 509 Madison, at 53. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 3 to 6 P.M.; through May 30.

Groups—At the **MILCH,** 108 W. 57: Americans, from Winslow Homer and Thomas Eakins to Leon Kroll and Maurice Sterne. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through May 31. . . . **REHN,** 683 5 Ave., at 54: new work by members of the gallery's group, including Alexander Brook, Eugene Speicher, and Edward Hopper. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., May 27. . . . **BABCOCK,** 38 E. 57: oils and water colors by nineteenth- and twentieth-century Americans. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through May 31. . . . **PINACOTHECA,** 20 W. 58: Hananiah Harari, George L. K. Morris, Josef Scharl, and other moderns. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Sat., May *27.* . . . **O'CONNOR,** 35 Jane, at 8 Ave.: work by Patrick and Roderic O'Connor, Maxim Kopf, and Aristide Mian in the first show in this new gallery. Weekdays 2 to 10 P.M.; through May 31.

Impressionists—Sixteen paintings by Maxime Maufra, Gustave Loiseau, and Albert André: Niveau, *63 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.;* through May 31.

Independent Artists—The twenty-eighth annual exhibition: Fine Arts, 215 W. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 2 to 6 P.M.; through May 28.

Tilly Losch—Naïve paintings by the dancer: Bignou, 32 E. 57. Daily 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Fri., May 19.

María—Sculpture and sculptured jewels: Valentine, 55 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., May *27.*

André Masson—Two exhibitions—At the **BUCHHOLZ,** 32 E. 57: drawings and gouaches. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., May 27. . . . **ROSENBERG,** 16 E. 57: paintings. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., May 20.

Carlos Mérida—Recent portrayals of Mexican life: Nierendorf, 53 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through June 9.

Metropolitan Museum, 5 Ave. at 82—Beautifully executed replicas of mosaics from the Hagia Sophia (through Sept. 4); also, a showing of Turkish objets d'art of the fifteenth through the nineteenth centuries, Greek paintings from the eighth century B.C. *through the fourth century A.D., and* a large loan show of Russian ikons (through Sept. 30.) Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.

Peter Miller—Paintings influenced by Miró and American Indian art: Julien Levy, 42 E. 57. Weekdays 10:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through June 2.

Joan Miró—Pastels, oils, and gouaches: Matisse, 41 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through June 3.

Lydia Modi—A first show of rather lush paintings: Artists', 43 W. 55. Daily 1 to 6 P.M.; through Sat., May 20.

Museum of Non-Objective Painting, *24* E. 54—A loan show of work by thirty-six artists, many exhibiting here for the first time. Tues. through Sat., 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 12 noon to 6 P.M.; through Aug. 31.

B. J. O. Nordfeldt—New paintings: Passedoit, 121 E. 57. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through May 31.

Maud Oakes—Paintings based on Indian mythology and other paintings which are Surrealist in a *scholarly way:* Willard, *32* E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., May *27.*

Waldo Peirce—Recent oils: Midtown, 605 Madison, at 58. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., May 27.

Portraits—American paintings from 1921-44: 460 Park, at 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., May *27.*

Luis Quintanilla—A group of water colors and pastels with the war in Europe as the theme: Knoedler, 14 E. 57. Weekdays (except Sat., May *27), 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.;* through June *2.*

Sculpture—The annual show of the Sculptors' Guild: American British Art Center, 44 W. 56. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., May 27.

Seventeenth-Century Dutch—Thirty-eight paintings which have never before been shown in this country: Brandt, 15 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through June 3.

Still Lifes—Fruit and vegetables by van Gogh, Cézanne, Manet, Chardin, Renoir, and others: Coördinating Council of French Relief Societies, 457 Madison, at 51. Mon. through Fri., 11 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sat., 2 to 5 P.M.; through May 31.

William Zorach—Water colors by the sculptor: Downtown, 43 E. 51. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through May 31.

MUSIC

Red Cross Benefit Concert—Arturo Toscanini conducting the Philharmonic-Symphony and the N.B.C. Symphony, along with a chorus of school children and several soloists, including Jan Peerce, tenor; Leonard Warren, baritone; Nicola Moscona, bass; Nan Merriman, mezzo-soprano; and Zinka Milanov, soprano. Thurs., May 25, at 8:30 P.M. (Madison Square Garden. Tickets can be bought at the Red Cross booth at the Garden.)

"The Gate"—A dramatic oratorio by Max Brand, presented by seventy-two members of the Philharmonic-Symphony conducted by Jean Paul Morel, a large chorus, soloists, and actors; a benefit for the India Famine Relief Committee. Tues., May 23, at 8:15 P.M. (Metropolitan Opera House. For *tickets,* call RH 4-4793.)

New Opera Company—"The Maid as Mistress" and "The Secret of Suzanne," Sun., May 21, at 8:30 P.M. (Alvin Theatre, 52, W. of B'way. CI 5-6868.)

Salmaggi Opera Company—"La Forza del Destino," Sat., May 20; "La Traviata," Sat., May 27; at 8:30 P.M. *(Brooklyn Academy of Music,* 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700.)

Church Music Festival—The American Guild of Organists presenting religious programs on Thurs., May 18—At Trinity Church, Broadway and Wall, the Trinity Choir and an orchestra, under the direction of George Mead, at 11 A.M. . . . St. Thomas' Church, 5 Ave. at 53, an organ recital by Dr. T. Frederick H. Candlyn, at 5 P.M. . . . St. Bartholomew's Church, Park at 50, several choirs under the direction of David McK. Williams, at 8:30 P.M.

Brahms' "Requiem"—Presented by the Dessoff Choirs, Paul Boepple conducting. Sun., May 21, at 3 P.M. (New York City Center, 131 W. 55. CI 6-8989.)

SPORTS

Baseball—At ***YANKEE STADIUM:*** Yankees vs. Chicago, Thurs., May 18, at 2:30 P.M.; Yankees vs. St. Louis, Fri. and Sat., May 19-20, at 2:30 P.M., and Sun., May 21 (doubleheader), at 2 P.M. . . . **POLO GROUNDS:** Giants vs. Cincinnati, Wed., May 24, at 8:45 P.M., and Thurs. and Fri., May 25-26, at 2:30 P.M.; Giants vs. St. Louis, Sat., May 27, at 2:30 P.M. . . . ***EBBETS FIELD:*** Dodgers vs. Giants, Tues., May 23, at 8:45 P.M.; Dodgers vs. St. Louis, Wed. and Fri., May 24 and 26, at 2:30 P.M., and Thurs., May 25, at 8:45 P.M.; Dodgers vs. Cincinnati, Sat., May 27, at 2:30 P.M.

Boxing—Madison Square Garden—Lee Savold vs. Joe Baksi, heavyweights, 12 rounds, Fri., May 26. Preliminaries at 8:30 P.M.; main bout at 10 P.M.

Fencing—National Championships—Foil: men's individual, Thurs., May 18; women's individual, Fri., May 19; at 6:30 P.M. . . . Sabre: men's individual, Sat., May 20, at 2 and 8 P.M. (Fencers Club, 320 E. 53.)

Racing—Weekdays at Belmont at 1:30 P.M.; through June 3. (The Juvenile, and the Withers, May 20; the Coaching Club American Oaks, and the Roseben Handicap, May 27.) Frequent trains leave Penn Station Mon. through Fri. between 11:30 A.M. and 1:30 P.M., and Sat. between 11:01 A.M. and 1:30 P.M.

OTHER EVENTS

War Exhibitions—At the **CHRYSLER BLDG.,** 405 Lexington, at 42: a collection, assembled by the Army, of combat vehicles, artillery, bombs, and small arms, including equipment captured from the enemy. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 11 A.M. to 7 P.M. . . . **MUSEUM OF SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY,** R.C.A. Bldg., 1250 6 Ave., at 50: the development of the United States Navy from 1776 to the present, shown by four hundred miniature models of ships, including every type of naval vessel now in active use. Daily 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.; through June 30. . . . ***PHOTOGRAPHY CENTER,*** 9 W. 54: action photographs of the war in the Pacific, taken by W. Eugene Smith. Weekdays 1 to 6 P.M.; Sun., 2 to 6 P.M.; through June 30.

City Planning—New York City's postwar plan for new health centres, parks, schools, airports, etc.,

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

shown in a large exhibition of scale models, maps and architects' plans: 500 Park, at 59. Mon., Wed., and Fri., 1 to 9 P.M.; and Tues., Thurs., Sat., and Sun., 12 noon to 6 P.M.

AMERICANA—Life-size tableaux of scenes along the New York waterfront a century ago, and ship models, paintings, and prints of the period, in a show celebrating the one-hundredth anniversary of the Seamen's Church Institute: Museum of the City of New York, 5 Ave. at 104. Tues. through Sat., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.; through July 5.

LATIN AMERICA—The history and cultural development of South and Central America, as shown in prints, diaries, manuscripts, and books, dating from 1500 to 1900: New York Historical Society, Central Pk. W. at 76. Sat., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; other days, except Mon., 1 to 5 P.M.; through July 30.

MORGAN LIBRARY, 29 E. 36—Religious symbolism, shown in a collection of illuminated manuscripts from the ninth through the sixteenth centuries. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through June 20.

AUCTIONS—At the **PARKE-BERNET GALLERIES,** 30 E. 57—The Americana collection owned by the late Mrs. J. Amory Haskell: Thurs. through Sat., May 18-20, at 2 P.M. . . . Etchings by old and modern masters, owned by Chauncey and Bruce Borland and others: Tues., May 23, at 8:15 P.M. . . . Paintings by such artists as Corot, Bouguereau, Gauguin, and Derain, owned by the late Anne Depew Paulding and others: Wed., May 24, at 8:15 P.M. . . . A United States Government sale of Oriental art owned by Yamanaka & Co.: Wed. through Sat., May 24-27, at 2 P.M.

KENDE GALLERIES, at the Jay Gould house, 579 5 Ave., at 47—Work by Renaissance artists, including an altarpiece by Raphael, as well as paintings by nineteenth-century artists, owned by Richard Semmel, Esther Louise Palmer, and others: Fri., May 19, at 8 P.M.

NOTE—The annual flower sale sponsored by the Outdoor Cleanliness Association will be held on the steps of St. Patrick's Cathedral on Tues., May 23 (or, in case of rain, on the following day), from 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.

ON THE AIR

MUSIC—Philharmonic-Symphony, Artur Rodzinski conducting, Sun., May 21, at 3 P.M., WABC. . . . Symphony Orchestra of Mexico, Carlos Chavez conducting, Sun., May 21, at 9 P.M., WOR. . . . Ballet Theatre, Sun., May 21, at 8:40 P.M., WNYC.

SPORTS—Racing: the Withers, Sat., May 20, at 4 P.M., WEAF, and at 4:15 P.M., WOR; Coaching Club American Oaks, Sat., May 27, at 4:15 P.M., WEAF, WOR.

MOTION PICTURES

THE BRIDGE OF SAN LUIS REY—A familiar story, though some of it, in this version, may not be entirely recognizable. Francis Lederer, Lynn Bari, Akim Tamiroff. (Stoddard, B'way at 90; through Wed., May 24. . . . Loew's 86th Street, 3 Ave. at 86; Sat. through Mon., May 20-22. . . . 8th Street Playhouse, 52 W. 8; Tues. and Wed., May 23-24. . . . Terrace, 9 Ave. at 23; Tues. through Sat., May 23-27.)

GASLIGHT—Approximately the same scary story as the play "Angel Street," the one about the man who persuades his wife that she's going crazy. Charles Boyer, Ingrid Bergman, and Joseph Cotten. (Capitol, B'way at 51.)

GOING MY WAY—Bing Crosby and Barry Fitzgerald as two rather different types of Catholic clergymen, both wrestling with financial and other kinds of problems in a New York parish. The cast also includes Risë Stevens and Jane Heather. (Paramount, B'way at 43.)

A GUY NAMED JOE—Spencer Tracy and Irene Dunne are a couple of fliers, one of whom goes to heaven and keeps an eye on the other from up yonder. (68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; Fri. through Tues., May 19-23.)

THE HITLER GANG—A realistic dramatization of the early crimes of the Hitler administration. Robert Watson, Roman Bohnen, and a girl named Poldy Dur. (Globe, B'way at 46.)

IN OUR TIME—The romance is rather worn, but the background, Poland at the beginning of the war, is brand new. Ida Lupino, Paul Henreid, Victor Francen, and Nazimova. (Trans-Lux 52nd Street, Lexington at 52; through Fri., May 19. . . . Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23; through Sat., May 20. . . . Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; Fri. through Mon., May 19-22. . . . Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; Sat. through Mon., May 20-22. . . . Schuyler, Columbus Ave. at 84; Tues. through Thurs., May 23-25.)

LADY IN THE DARK—Ginger Rogers has even fancier dreams than Gertrude Lawrence did. The cast also includes Ray Milland and Mischa Auer. (State, B'way at 45; through Wed., May 24.)

THE MEMPHIS BELLE—An exciting Army documentary

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FULL FLAVORED, because in Nescafé all the aroma and flavor of freshly roasted coffee are "sealed in" by added carbohydrates, a distinctive process developed by Nestlé's. In Nescafé, *all* the fragrance, goodness and stimulation of fine coffee are preserved for you, roaster fresh, until released in your cup.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

about a bombing mission over Wilhelmshaven. (Plaza, 58, E. of Madison; and Loew's 86th Street, 3 Ave. at 86; through Fri., May 19. . . . 77th Street, B'way at 77; through Wed., May 24. . . . Loew's 42nd Street, Lexington at 42; Sun. and Mon., May 21-22.)

See Here, Private Hargrove—The funnier, and possibly more improbable, side of basic training. A flattering adaptation of the book, with Robert Walker, Keenan Wynn, and Donna Reed. (Astor, B'way at 45.)

The Song of Bernadette—The story of Lourdes, long, but with some good acting. Jennifer Jones, Vincent Price, and Lee J. Cobb. (Rivoli, B'way at 49.)

Standing Room Only—Another agreeable comedy about the housing shortage in Washington. Fred MacMurray and Paulette Goddard. (Beacon, B'way at 75; through Mon., May 22. . . . Trans-Lux 85th Street, Madison at 85; Fri. through Mon., May 19-22. . . . Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; Tues. through Thurs., May 23-25.)

The Sullivans—The story of the five brothers who were killed in the Pacific. Thomas Mitchell, Selena Royle, and Anne Baxter. (Normandie, Park at 53; Mon. and Tues., May 22-23. . . . 68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; Wed. through Fri., May 24-26.)

Tunisian Victory—A workmanlike documentary by British and American Army photographic units. (Terrace, 9 Ave. at 23; Sun. and Mon., May 21-22.)

Up in Arms—All Danny Kaye and a yard wide. The story has faintly to do with Army life. (Loew's 86th Street, 3 Ave. at 86; through Fri., May 19. . . . Art, 36 E. 8; and 77th Street, B'way at 77; through Wed., May 24. . . . Plaza, 58, E. of Madison; Sat. through Tues., May 20-23. . . . Loew's 42nd Street, Lexington at 42; Sun. and Mon., May 21-22.)

REVIVALS

Alexander Nevsky (1939)—Eisenstein's film of medieval warfare. In Russian. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Thurs., May 18.)

Catherine the Great (1934)—Romance and ruin in imperial Russia, with Elisabeth Bergner and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. (Schuyler, Columbus Ave. at 84; Thurs., May 18.)

Elephant Boy (1937)—An elephant hunt in India. With Sabu. (Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23; Wed. through Fri., May 24-26.)

Four Feathers (1939)—Kitchener in Egypt, by Korda, in Technicolor. Ralph Richardson, June Duprez. (Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23; Wed. through Fri., May 24-26.)

Hangmen Also Die (1943)—Fancy guesswork about the assassination of a German official in Czechoslovakia. Brian Donlevy, Walter Brennan, and Anna Lee. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Thurs., May 18.)

Holiday (1938)—The Philip Barry piece. Katharine Hepburn and Cary Grant. (8th Street Playhouse, 52 W. 8; through Fri., May 19. . . . Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; Sat. through Mon., May 20-22.)

Keeper of the Flame (1943)—About a national hero and concealed Fascism in America. Katharine Hepburn and Spencer Tracy. (Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; through Fri., May 19. . . . Normandie, Park at 53; Wed. and Thurs., May 24-25.)

Love Crazy (1941)—William Powell with Myrna Loy and amnesia. (Beverly, 3 Ave. at 50; Thurs., May 18.)

Mayerling (1937)—An archduke's tragic love. In French, with Charles Boyer and Danielle Darrieux. (Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; through Fri., May 19.)

Mission to Moscow (1943)—Ex-Ambassador Davies' book, with Walter Huston, Ann Harding, and Oscar Homolka. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Tues. and Wed., May 23-24.)

The Private Life of Henry VIII (1933)—Charles Laughton as the character with all the wives. (Schuyler, Columbus Ave. at 84; Thurs., May 18.)

Rembrandt (1936)—The artist's later days. Charles Laughton, Elsa Lanchester, and Gertrude Lawrence. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57; through Fri., May 19.)

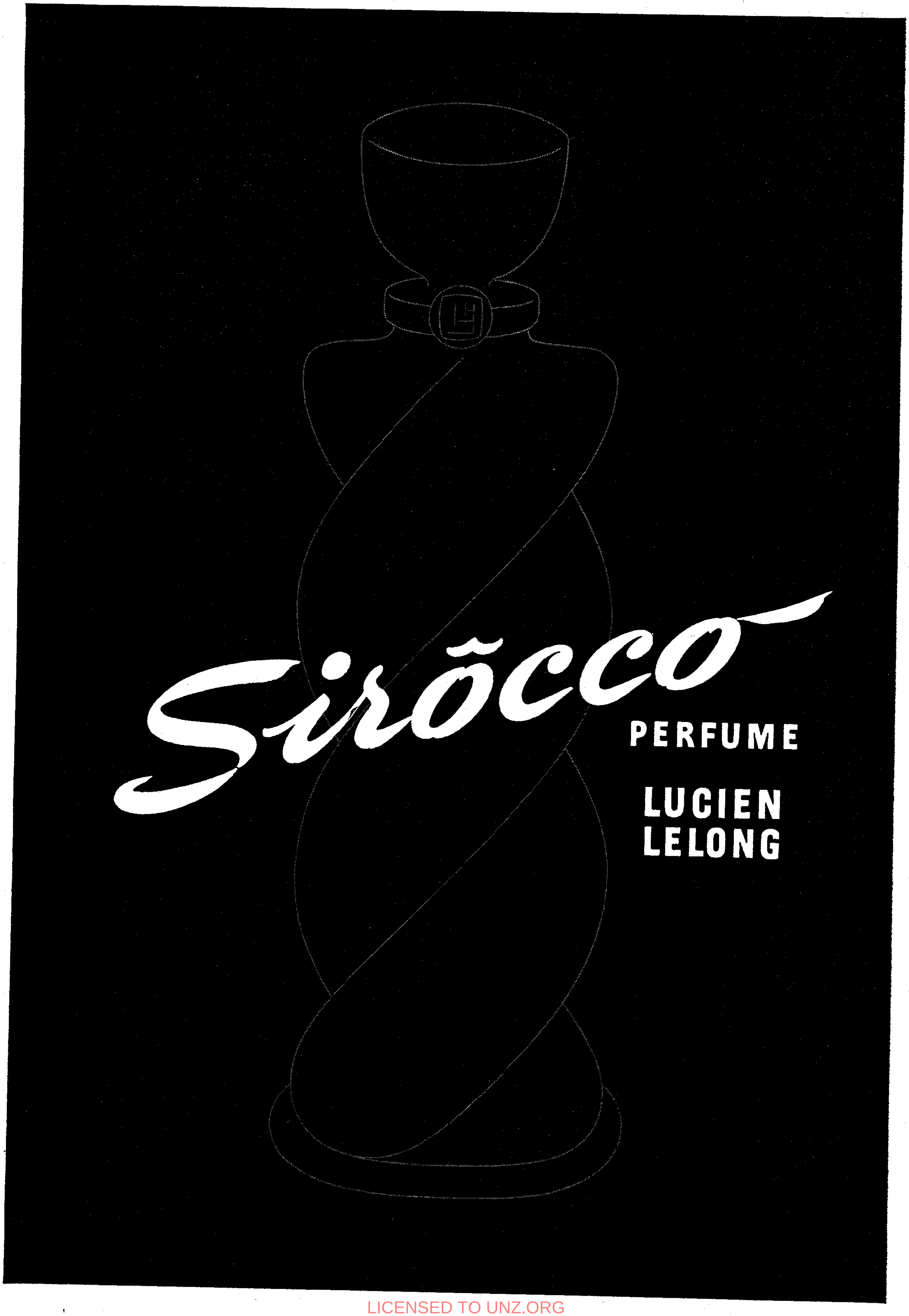
Shadow of a Doubt (1943)—The Hitchcock film about a mysterious uncle, with Teresa Wright and Joseph Cotten. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Sun. and Mon., May 21-22.)

Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs (1938)—Walt Disney's first full-length cartoon. (Manhattan, B'way at 51.)

Suspicion (1941)—Hitchcock's version of Francis Iles' "Before the Fact." Joan Fontaine and Cary Grant. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Sun. and Mon., May 21-22.)

Winterset (1936)—Margo and Burgess Meredith in an adaptation of the Maxwell Anderson play. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57; starting Sat., May 20.)

Note—On Wed., May 24, The Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53, will resume the showing of old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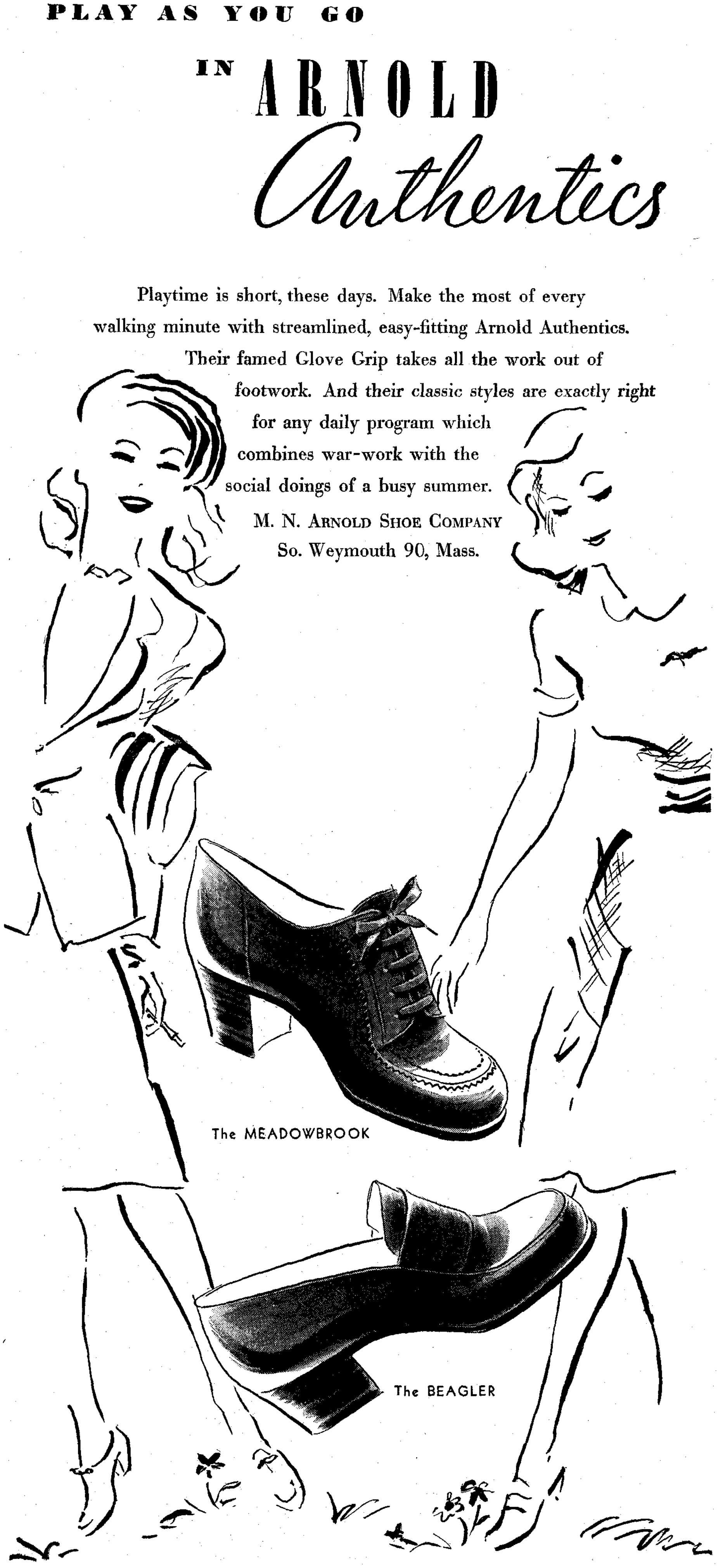

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

motion pictures, weekdays at 3 and 5:30 P.M. and Sun. at 1:20, 3:30, and 5:30 P.M. on the following schedule: WED. THROUGH FRI., MAY 24-26: "Madame Sans-Gêne" (1911), with Réjane; "La Dame aux Camelias" (1912), with Sarah Bernhardt; "Vanity Fair" (1915), with Minnie Maddern Fiske; and "Cenere" (1916), with Duse.... FROM SAT., MAY 27: "The Smiling Madame Beudet" (1923), directed by Germaine Dulac; "Menilmontant" (1925), directed by Dmitri Kirsanov; "Ballet Mécanique" (1924), directed by Fernand Léger; and "Entr'acte" (1924) directed by René Clair.

CIVILIAN WAR ACTIVITIES

Volunteer Work—Hundreds of men and women are still needed to fill emergency wartime jobs. Four organizations equipped to direct residents of the city into various kinds of work are listed below, along with a few of the most pressing needs of the moment. At the CIVILIAN DEFENSE VOLUNTEER OFFICE, 707 Fifth Ave., at 55th (PL 5-7300): men and women, especially those who speak Chinese or Italian, to take a short training course and then work five hours a week for the Office of Price Administration, checking prices in neighborhood stores; men and women with knowledge of any foreign language to aid foreign-born parents in writing to their sons in the service.... RED CROSS, 315 Lexington, at 38th (MU 4-4455): women to spend as much time as they can spare during the day making surgical dressings and filling kits for servicemen to take overseas; women to take an eighty-hour course and then work at least two full days each week as nurses aides in hospital wards, clinics, etc.... AMERICAN WOMEN'S VOLUNTARY SERVICES, 11 E. 58th: women who can pass a driver's test and then, after completing a course in mechanics and first aid, work three days a week in the Motor Transport Service, driving for the Armed Forces and government agencies (RE 7-3700); women to work three to five hours a day, several days a week, preparing refreshments for, and serving at, servicemen's clubs (RE 4-5982). ... UNITED HOSPITAL FUND, 370 Lexington, at 41st (CA 5-7150): men to take a short training course and then serve about six hours a week as hospital aides; women to serve at least six daytime hours a week as library aides in hospitals.

Note—The War Manpower Commission is recruiting volunteers for the U. S. Crop Corps, to harvest fruit and vegetable crops and to work in canneries during the summer and early fall. Applications can be made at the Farm Section of the U. S. Employment Service, 44 E. 23rd (AL 4-8500).

Salvage—Tin cans and wastepaper of all kinds should be kept separate from other refuse and given to your building superintendent, who will see that they both reach the proper authorities. Although cans in any condition are acceptable, it will facilitate handling if you flatten them after cutting out both ends. Wastepaper should be tied in easily-handled bundles.... The government urges that householders continue to save kitchen fat, used in the manufacture of explosives and sulfa ointments. Your butcher will give you two meat-ration tokens for every pound you turn in. ... Rags are urgently needed for use on ships, in war plants, and by mechanized forces. They can be turned over to any charitable organization or junk dealer.

Suburbs and Country—The setups for volunteer work and salvage collections are by no means uniform outside the city, but most rural communities have some sort of committee in charge of these activities. If your local police can't direct you to a convenient one, write for instruction to the War Council at your county seat.

Gifts, Loans, Etc.—Donors who wish to contribute blood to the Red Cross to send to field and base hospitals should call MU 5-6400 for an appointment.... The Coördinating Council of French Relief Societies, 457 Madison, at 51st (PL 3-4571), is collecting French books to send to the thousands of French servicemen in this country and in Canada. Contributions should be taken or mailed to the Council's offices.... The Citizens Committee for the Army and Navy, 36 E. 36th (MU 3-5366), will arrange to call for and distribute any furniture, radios, records, and pool or tennis tables that you may care to contribute for use in the recreational rooms of Army posts and Navy bases.... Musical instruments of all kinds, from ukuleles to pianos, are needed for Army and Navy hospitals, transport ships, and recreation centres. Contributions can be made to the Metropolitan Opera Guild, 654 Madison, at 60th (RE 4-2410), or to the Special Services Officer of the New York Port of Embarkation, Arsenal Bldg., 3 Ave. at 63rd, Brooklyn (WI 9-5400, Ext. 1476).... The War Emergency Board of the Fur Industry converts discarded furs, no matter how old, into vests for members of the Merchant Marine. The furs should be sent to the Fur Vest Project, 135 W. 26th (PE 6-4789).

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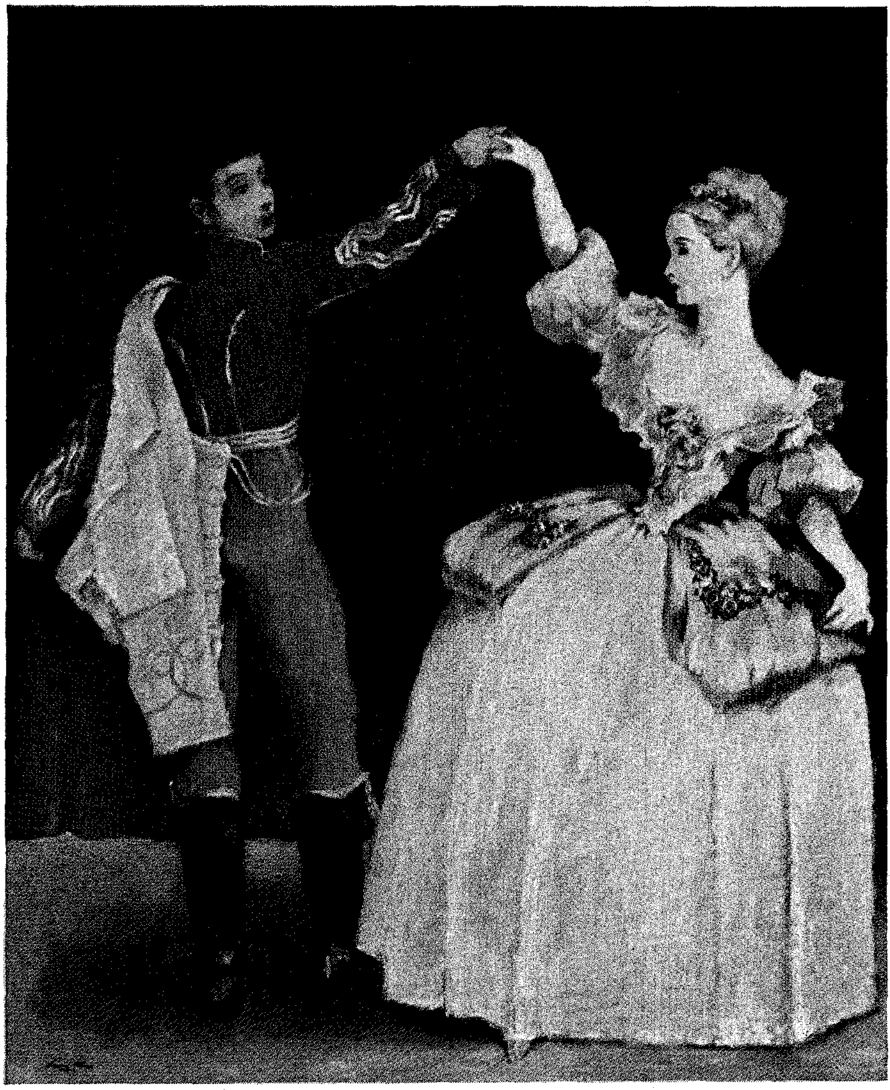
A MAN, A MAID AND THE MINUET



"The Minuet," *an interpretation of the third movement of Haydn's Symphony Number 94 in G Major ("Surprise"), painted for the Capehart Collection by Leon Karp. The painting is done in the romantic mood of the music and depicts two young people dancing the graceful minuet. The artist has deftly caught the quality of an Eighteenth Century miniature. . . . Portfolios of reproductions of paintings in the Capehart Collection may be secured at nominal cost from your dealer, or direct from the Capehart Division at Fort Wayne 1, Indiana.*

She curtsies deep as he touches her finger-tips. Violins sing for them in silken notes. Great chandeliers light the dancers, gleam on drifting figures of brocade. The melody tells their footsteps, tells their heart-beats . . . tells them that the minuet holds sway!

Be it the minuet or the more popular measures of today, music is the handmaid of dancing. And those who love dancing—or enjoy watching the dance—are particular about the music that accompanies their delighting pastime.

They are particular, too, about how they want music interpreted. That is why the Capehart gives them such unalloyed pleasure, for it is a supreme interpreter of the world's finest music.

Today the Farnsworth Television & Radio Corporation is developing and producing highly scientific electronic instruments for war; but new Capeharts will be available after victory is won.

The doors of your Capehart dealer's showroom are open to you. You are invited to go there to hear the minuet movement from Haydn's "Surprise" Symphony, recorded by Koussevitzky and the Boston Symphony Orchestra (Victor M-55), or recorded by Barlow and the Columbia Broadcasting Symphony Orchestra (Columbia M-363).

Capehart Division, Farnsworth Television & Radio Corporation, Fort Wayne 1, Indiana.

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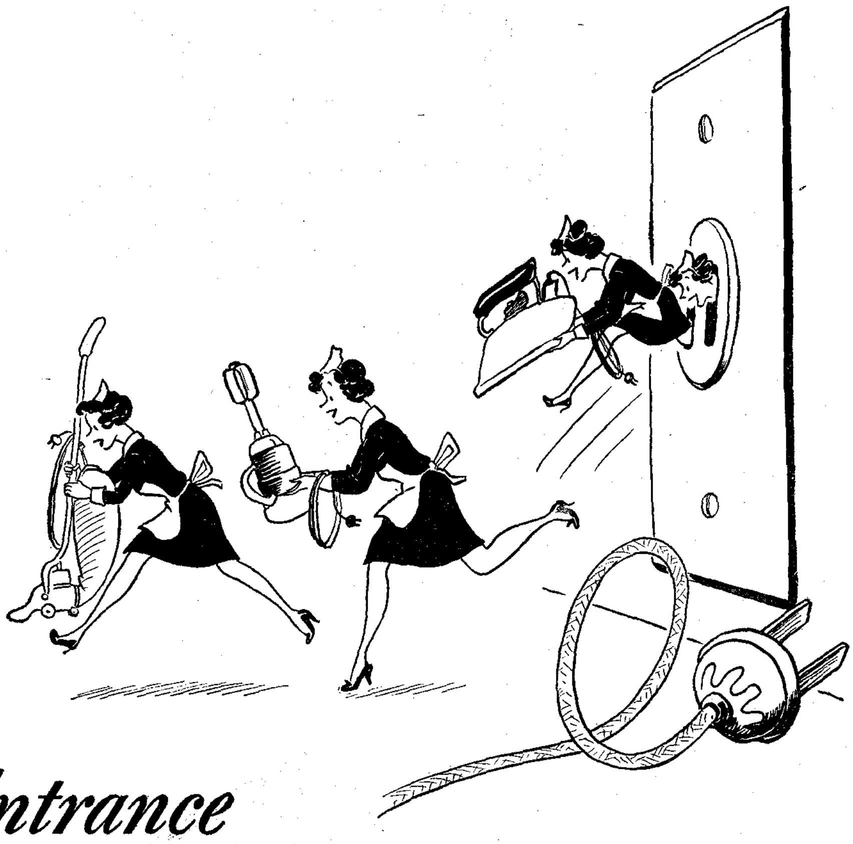

Servants' Entrance

Yes, that is a wall plug. It is in a farmhouse several miles from town. Electrical servants glide through it and work at lightning clip for a few cents per kilowatt hour. Such help makes this a very fortunate farm, though not an unusual one. Two farms out of five have electric service. Twice that many will have it shortly after the war, making rural America our biggest new market for electrical equipment and appliances. Farm Journal, though now limited to 2,500,000 subscribers, reaches more people in that market than any other magazine.

• • • •

To townspeople, electricity is a household convenience. On farms, however, as in factories, it has a wide variety of uses. It pumps water, milks the cows and gets the chickens up betimes. In ways galore it saves labor and boosts production. Part of Farm Journal's staff is engaged exclusively in the promotion of countrywide electric service for furthering the enjoyment and rewards of rural life.

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ONE
covers the rural market

FARM JOURNAL
AND *Farmer's Wife*

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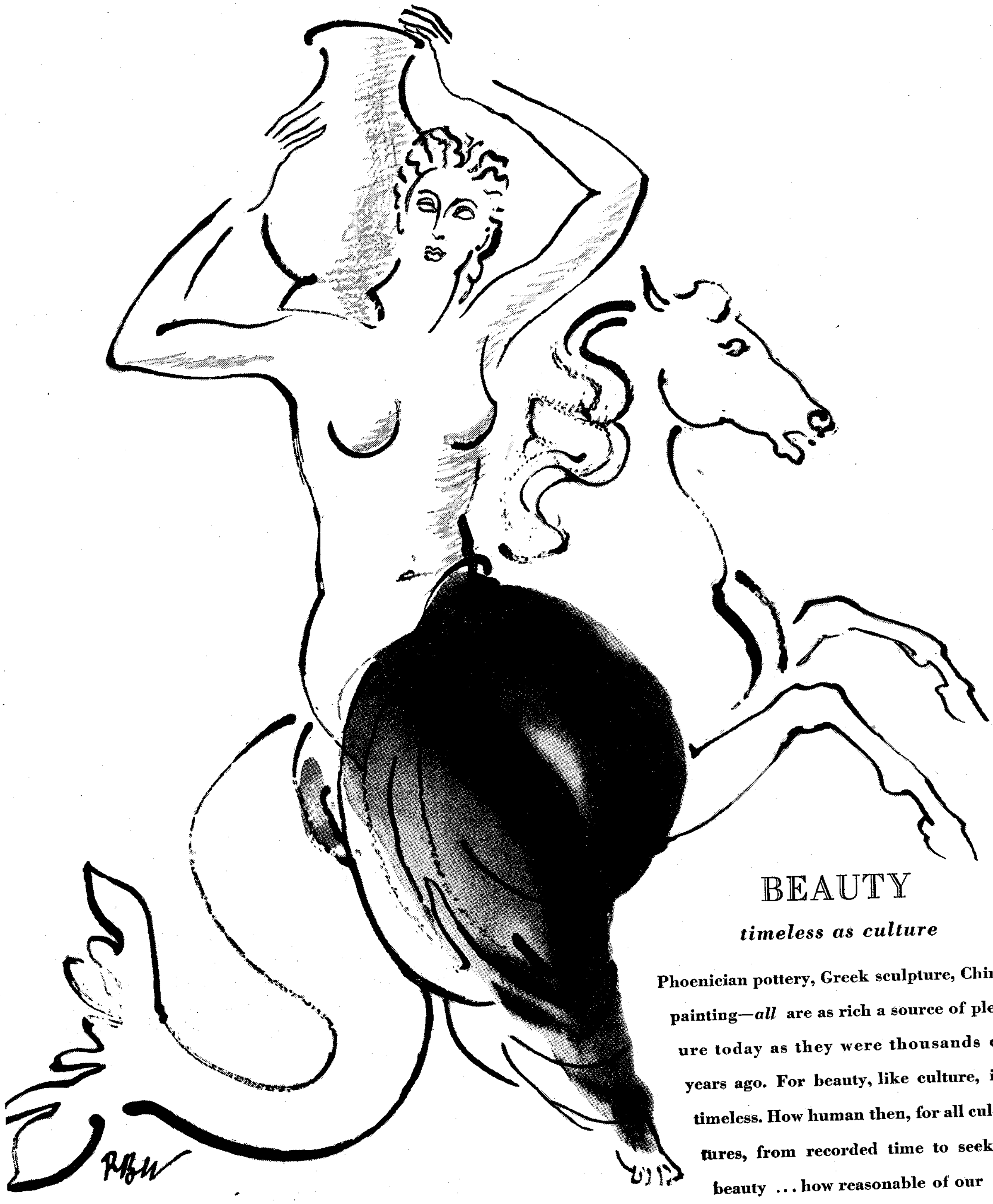
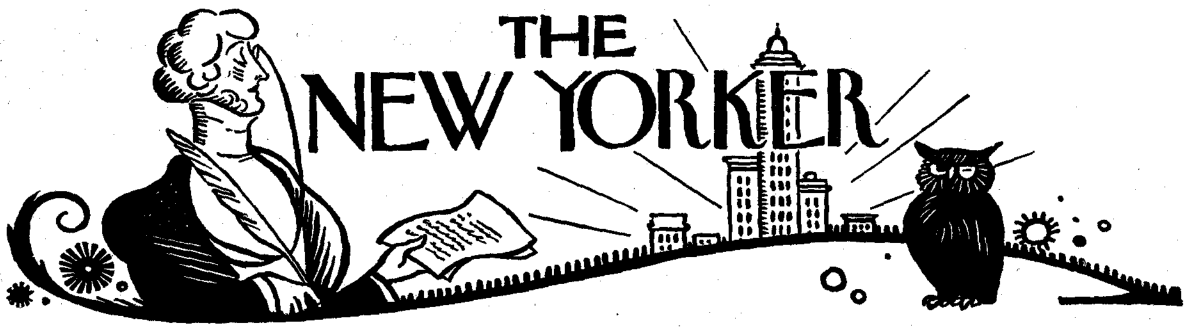


BEAUTY

timeless as culture

Phoenician pottery, Greek sculpture, Chinese painting—*all* are as rich a source of pleasure today as they were thousands of years ago. For beauty, like culture, is timeless. How human then, for all cultures, from recorded time to seek beauty . . . how reasonable of our own women to seek and find it in the jars and bottles of Monteil preparations!

Germaine Monteil

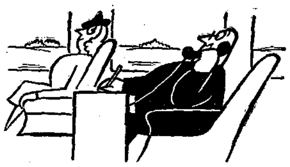


THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

"DOORS of the future must close quietly, efficiently," murmurs an advertisement for mechanical door closers. Remembering the noisy doors that have banged on our past, we nod in sober agreement and continue to riffle through a clutch of recent magazines, searching for further advice and prediction. Our radio is on, tuned low enough to filter out the soap and cigarettes but alert for the first word of the invasion; we wait and read. "Haven't you ever wondered why, in this automatic age, women should have to strain at a brake pedal . . . grope for a starter on the car floor . . . or tug at a steering wheel, in parking? There will be no excuse for that, tomorrow." O.K. Beginning tomorrow, we will accept no excuses (except from accredited statesmen), nor will our languorous wife. "Mother'll just push buttons and turn switches and zingo! the housework will be finished." Contact, Mother! "Your son Jimmy is going to find that Briggs bathroom a grand change from the jungles of New Guinea." No question about it, Briggs—a simply *scrumptious* change!

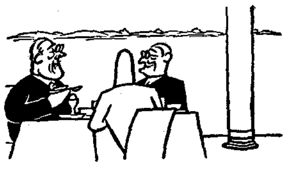
The postwar scene takes shape. Here is a picture of a businessman on a train. On a prewar train he would have been in the lounge car, drinking Old Crow and flirting with an unattached lady passenger, but now his boss can telephone him while he is en route and thus make sure that he is giving the company all the time they're paying him for. The man is leaning back in a chromium armchair, holding the receiver in one hand and taking notes with the other, smiling that utterly false conference-with-the-boss smile. Whether or not this man would agree with Ballantine's exclamation, a few pages further along, that "It's pretty grand, you know, to live in a country that's forever hunting 'something better,'" he certainly deserves a glass of ale to help him face the electronic future. "Alice, your wonderland has grown up!" cries an enthusiastic maker of plastic. "Already on the designing boards of today are compact bath and kitchen units and many other products as different and exciting as the wonders in the land of Lewis Carroll's imagination." As Humpty Dumpty remarked to Alice, long before the invention of the automatic door closer, "There's glory for you!"



The postwar American, the heir to these goodies, emerges as a carnivore and a conservative. "We were never a bland people," the meat packers remind us. "Our wives and mothers plan our meals around flavor—by native preference, the flavor of meat." "When you come back to me, you will find nothing changed," a wife writes to her soldier husband, via a Nash-Kelvinator ad. "You've said, 'That's the America I want when I come back . . . don't change that, ever . . . don't let anyone tamper with a way of living that works so well.' Never fear, darling—that's the way we *all* want it." Republic Steel brings us a thoughtful message from a soldier at the front. "This mess is a fine example of what dictatorship and regimentation can do when they really get going," he says. "And talk about bureaucrats"—apparently somebody has been talking about bureaucrats—"you ought to see what the ones over here are doing to what we call 'the common people.' Don't let this system get a toe hold at home, Dad. It's bad stuff. And the trouble is, it sneaks up on you. You don't realize that it's got you till it's almost too late." Till it's *almost* too late; well, there's a gleam of hope there. Never fear, darling.

Leaning back in our chair, we close our eyes and try to envision the postwar man in his postwar world, but all we get is a somewhat preposterous vision of Alf M. Landon at the World's Fair. Plunging anew into the magazines, we are momentarily cheered by General American Transportation's picture of a man fishing. But no, he isn't merely fishing; he's also telephoning his wife from the quiet backwater that his high-octane-fuelled outboard has brought him to. "I'll be a little late for dinner, dear," he says. In addition to a portable telephone, he holds what looks like an old-fashioned fishing rod. That's not all it is, of course; it's a combination fishing rod and radar underwater-detection apparatus with a finder firmly attached just behind the plastiplex grip, and it will spot a postwar pike at fifty yards.

ACCORDING to the Associated Press, President Roosevelt, during his recent stay at Hobcaw Barony, Bernard Baruch's South Carolina plantation, observed, after taking a drive around the countryside, "that there was what he termed an enormous amount of vacant land in the area, and he had an idea the country could support a lot more people." This conclusion, and the circumstances in which it was arrived at, seem to us to exemplify admirably two of our Commander-in-Chief's most engaging characteristics—friendly tolerance of the very rich, or uncommon, man, and a continuing solicitude for the not so rich, or common, man. It also seems to us that, as a person who likes to frequent an occasional pleasure dome, the President is sticking his neck out. Mr. Baruch's place comprises twenty-



three thousand acres, populated by some forty employees, so it is quite probable that part of the vacant land which struck Mr. Roosevelt as being capable of supporting a greater burden fell within the limits of Hobcaw Barony. Our guess is that Roosevelt, in his bread-and-butter letter, added a postscript advising his host to cut the place up into small parcels, suitable for two-family houses. This is not the sort of thing that most plantation owners like to take from house guests, but Baruch is a socially conscious old baron, with a long apprenticeship on park benches, and we imagine that he will understand and have the boss down again before the place is turned into a development.

Cultural Centre

GOADED by articles in *Life* and *PM* about the recent sale by the government of a lot of paintings, drawings, and so on left over from the W.P.A. Art Program, we went down to a sort of swap shop and second-hand store on Canal Street, near West Broadway, run by a Mr. Roberts, who bought the bulk of the stuff. The *Life* article gave us the impression that most of the work done on the Art Program had been junked by the government, but Mr. Roberts (and incidentally *PM*) said no, that what the government sold off was only a minute fraction—sketches for murals that had been completed, plus some paintings that for one reason or another hadn't been allocated to schools, hospitals, or other public buildings. Even so, we gathered that Mr. Roberts' purchases were considerable.

"What I bought was a pig in a poke," he told us dramatically. "Just big bundles of rolled-up canvases, and no way of telling what was inside. But when I opened them up, oh, my!" Mr. Roberts is a short, slender, energetic, bespectacled gentleman, and his place is a clutter of second-hand books, chinaware, old phonograph records, vases, bronze maidens holding lamps, and other oddments, all laid out on long tables and dominated by a sign which says, "Only Low Conversation Permitted." At the moment, too, there was a kind of overlay of paintings almost covering the rest of the bric-a-brac—paintings framed and hanging on the walls, paintings leaning against the furniture, paintings scattered in piles on the tops of the tables. Some were good, some were terrible. After a quick look around, we asked Mr. Roberts about the sign. "Well, that sign," he said. "That's what you might call a precautionary measure. This place here, it isn't just a second-hand store. It's a cultural centre. People don't come here just to buy something and get out again, whsst, like that. They come here to browse and refresh their minds, and then sometimes they get to talking, and, well, say a discussion gets started." Mr. Roberts paused, smiled at us benignly, and waved his hand. "Hence the sign," he said. At the end of his gesture, his hand came to rest on an old violin lying in its case on the table at his side. "You wouldn't be interested in what's said to be a genuine Stradivarius, would you?" he asked. We said no, and a man who was digging among the paintings nearby raised his head. "How d'you know it's a genuine?" he demanded. "Has it got some marking or something?" "Never go by the marking on anything—would you do that, friend?" replied Mr. Roberts, raising his voice a little, we're afraid. "Markings can be counterfeited, but the workmanship, never. That violin was brought to me here by the widow of a man that played in a symphony orchestra, and it had lain in her home for years. It's her word I'm giving you, not mine, and if you don't want to buy it, just say no. Nobody has to buy anything around here." Cowed, the man lowered his head to the paintings again. "Like those pictures you're looking at," Mr. Roberts continued. "There's some signed and some not, but do you think the good critic would bother about that? No, he'd look for the workmanship, every time. Right?" he said, turning to us. "Right," we said, and he went on to tell us about his venture into the fine arts.

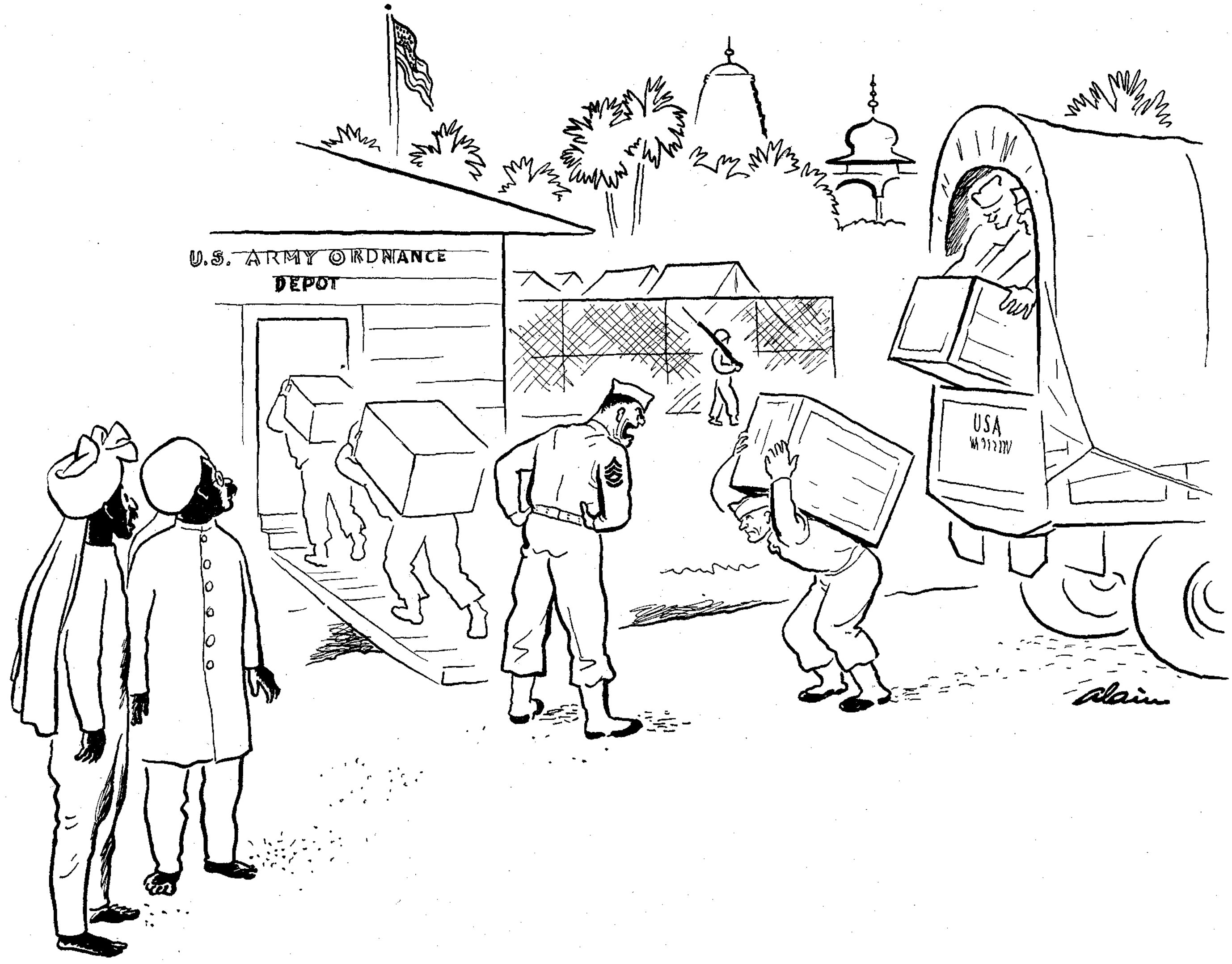
"It's been a liberal education for me—that's how I look at it," he said, in a quieter voice. "I got trimmed a little at the start. There were paintings by some well-known artists here, but I put them all on sale at five dollars apiece. The dealers and artists swarmed in, got their pick of things. There was one man, an artist he was, called me up all the way from Stroudsburg, Pennsylvania, wanted to know when the paintings went on sale. I told him next morning at nine o'clock, and sure enough there he was at nine o'clock in the morning, waiting at the door with his lunch in a package. Shows what interest there was." Mr. Roberts picked up a bronze statuette and fingered it lovingly. "I could have made more money if I'd handled things differently. But I'd made my price and I wouldn't change it. Five dollars they were and five dollars they are now—frames and mounting extra, of course—and anyway, this way I get a quicker turnover. Truck drivers and people like that we get in here now buying pictures, as well as artists. This is a cultural centre for all downtown New York." Mr. Roberts put on his most benign smile and held out the statuette for our inspection. "You wouldn't be interested in something like this, would you? A nice touch for a library table."

At His Word

HERE'S another story from the Washington cocktail lounges. A tired friend of ours went into one of them with a companion, a habitué of the place. The companion told the waiter he wanted his usual, a dry Martini with a couple of dashes of anisette. Our friend wanted a Martini too, but with no fripperies. "A plain *old-fashioned* Martini," he said. He got it, all right: gin and vermouth in a squat, thick glass with a slice of lemon, a slice of orange, a cherry, and a nice stick of fresh pineapple.

Our Own Baedeker

IN setting down these few notes about Greece, we will assume that our readers have all taken Ancient History I, and go on from there. The contrast between the productive culture of ancient Greece and the nation's relatively modest place in contemporary civilization has led some historians to speculate on the possibility that the climate has become warmer and less energizing. Well, we know that the date palm grew there in classical times, as it does today, and



"Do you suppose that's basic English he's using?"

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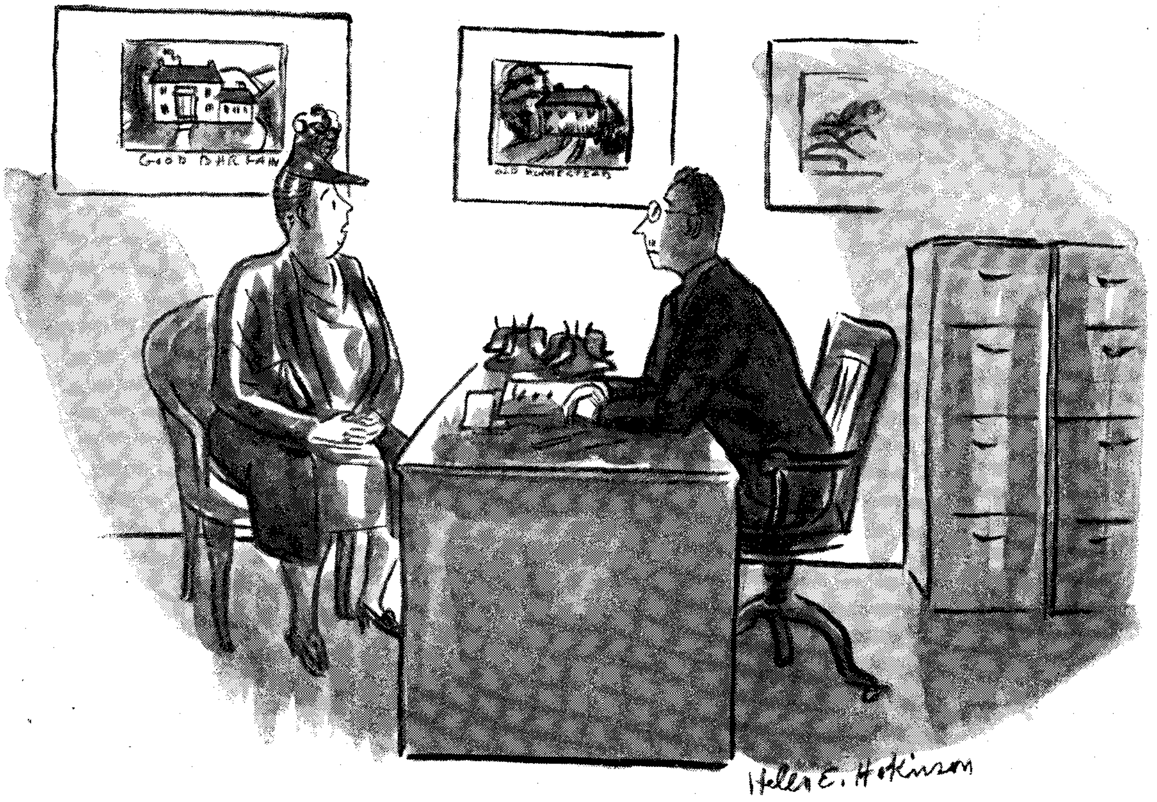
that it has always produced fruit which didn't ripen; that pegs the temperature for the last three thousand years at an average of about sixty-three degrees Fahrenheit and makes monkeys of the speculative historians. Geographically, Greece is notable for its mountains and its coastline, which is particularly irregular and, in proportion to the areas of the two islands, seven times longer than England's. There used to be leopards, panthers, and lions on the mainland, and the cat and the hen are relative newcomers there. By the time the classical age began, the Greeks had graduated from meat eating to vegetarianism, but they drank a lot, or said they drank a lot. Actually, they used to mix three parts water to two parts wine, and how they ever managed to get high on this remains a mystery. Modern Greeks drink their wine straight and like it flavored with rosin.

Burglars are rare in Greece. Tuesday, not Friday, is the unlucky day of the week, and the scary hour of the day is not midnight but noon. A Greek gets mighty nervous at noon, especially if he's near a spring, a river, or a crossroads—places said to be haunted by pallid female spooks called "midday maidens." The Greeks also rejoice in seasonal elves called *kalikanzaroi*, mischievous, goat-legged creatures visible only between Christmas and Epiphany. In some regions the bones of the dead are exhumed after three years, washed in wine, and deposited in an ossuary. No Greek will lend you a cake of soap after sundown, this being a sure way of souring all the wine on the premises. The Greeks use tobacco only in cigarettes. If you compliment a mother on her child, she yells "Σκόρδο!" to ward off the evil eye. The island of Crete has a bad reputation as the home of vampires, but at least there are no snakes there; driving them out was one of the labors of Hercules, bedad, and he got iv'ry one of thim.

Discounting the current famine, the Greeks are still the greatest fasters of the modern world, more than a third of the year being passed in abstention from meat, fish, eggs, oil, cheese, and butter. They fast Wednesday and Friday of every week, all during Lent, for the forty days before Christmas, from August 1st to 15th (the Fast of the Falling Asleep of the Virgin), and on assorted single fast days. On a promontory of the Peloponnesus lives a tribe called the Maniotes, thought to be descendants of early Slavic invaders, whose peculiar pleasure it is to stand overlooking the sea and wail at passing ships. Modern Greece became a political entity in the eighteen-twenties, winning a rebellion against the Turks, who had ruled it for almost four hundred years. You remember that Byron went to Greece to help fight the Turks, caught a fever, and died there. Talking up the Spartan virtues is a fashion that dates back to the ancient Athenians. They did a lot of talking, but it is noticeable that none of them ever visited Sparta. The robber bands in nineteenth-century Greece always had a chaplain with them, and



"Of course, when I say farm, I don't mean cows or chickens or anything like that."

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there is a record of their severely beating up an English traveller because they found eggs in his box lunch on a fast day. In the Middle Ages, Greek mothers used to take their children to the shrine of St. Pachys—St. Fat, literally—to pray that they would grow up fat and sleek. Part of the worship ritual was eating cakes soaked in oil, which helped just that much.

Poem

IF the awarding of the Pulitzer Prize for poetry had been in our hands (and God knows stranger things have happened), we'd have had no hesitation about giving it to the author of some free verse that appears in the window of a print shop up on York Avenue. It goes:

> I wonder if I'll outlive Adolf Hitler
> Boogie-woogie, stork or no stork
> I came into this world with a laugh
> A smile and smile awhile
> This is the year of 1944
> The year to end the war!

Gaucherie

AN advertisement in *Variety* reading, "Left-Handed Artists Wanted for Radio. Write N.C.A.C., 711 Fifth Ave." took us over to 711 on the double. There we learned that N.C.A.C. stands for National Concert and Artists Corporation, a booking agency. The left-handed idea was expounded to us by its Mr. Ed Browne, a dynamic, right-handed agent. What it is—now, get the picture; it's terrific—is a radio show for which only left-handed people will be employed: script writers, director, musicians, conductor, announcer, and actors. Gesturing enthusiastically with his right hand, Mr. Browne further informed us that sponsorship of this program may possibly be offered only to left-handed manufacturers. "Left is right! *Gauche est droit!*" cried Mr. Browne, in a burst of bilingual enthusiasm. "We are going to establish once and for all the essential advantages of leftyism. Maybe I'll wind up by being left-handed myself."

According to present plans, naturally subject to revision at the drop of a hat, the program will go on once a week, under the title "The Lefties." It will deal, in part, with the life stories of famous left-handed people, dramatized by left-handed writers and acted out by actors who always drink their neighbor's coffee at banquets. There may also be personal appearances of famous lefties—"Judy Garland!" Mr. Browne exclaimed. "Babe Ruth! George Raft! Lefty Gomez! W. C. Fields! Lucy Monroe! Lefty Gomez! Vaughn Monroe! Lefty Gomez!"—as well as humbler lefties who have mastered such techniques as butchering, dress cutting, tailoring, and rifle shooting. So far, a director, a script writer, an orchestra leader, and a pianist have been lined up. The conductor is confident that he can get together a full complement of left-handed musicians, but he and the pianist are worried over the question of a left-handed piano, one with the bass on the right and the treble on the left.

Ambidextrous performers will be considered, Mr. Browne told us, and right-handed people will be used as stooges. They will appear in contests of manual and intellectual skill against left-handed people, who will probably win. "But everything will be gently done," Browne assured us. "We won't let the right-handed people get inferiority complexes." The response to the notice in *Variety* was satisfactory. Among numerous others, N.C.A.C. heard from a left-handed inhabitant of deep Brooklyn who said he could sing in five voices, including one like a nine-year-old child's; one of the actors in "Othello," a twenty-year-old girl who plays a hot violin while holding the bow in her left hand; a man in Texas who claimed an uncanny skill at throwing darts with his left hand; and a script writer who bleakly said he was right-handed but wrote a damn good script all the same. "There's something strange and fascinating about the entire project," Browne said, taking the words right out of our mouth.

Meteorology

CALIFORNIA has had an unusually cold and unhappy spring, we're told, but the inhabitants have found a satisfactory explanation of it. One of our agents out there overheard a soda-fountain girl expounding the theory to a customer. "It's cutting through that new Alaska highway," she said. "They shouldn't have done it."

Very Old Party

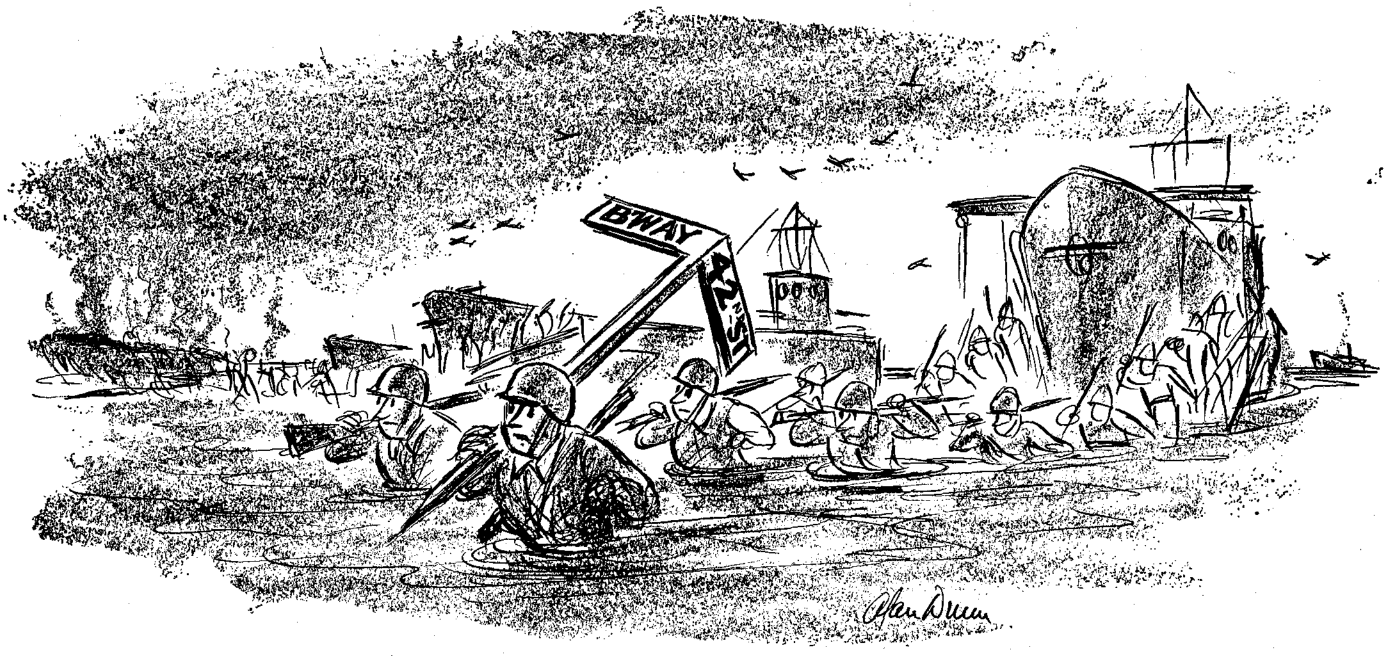
IT occurred to us recently that, for a man turned seventy, Somerset Maugham was still in there pitching surprisingly well. To be sure, "Sheppey," his latest Broadway play, opened and closed almost simultaneously, but it brought a good price from Hollywood; the movie version of an earlier novel, "The Hour Before the Dawn," has just appeared; and his latest novel, "The Razor's Edge," is selling nicely. When we interviewed him last week, we found him looking very fit and enjoying life at the Ritz, where he has stayed when in New York for the past twenty-five years. "A small, comfortable family hotel," he fondly told us. "These days, of course, I can afford it only two months out of the year. Or don't you know about British subjects and their allowances? I never see any of the nice American dollars I make any more, you know. They're all shipped overseas to buy Spitfires with. Then some small clerk in some enormous office looks over all one's enormous commitments and decides upon some small sum to be assigned to one to live on for the duration. On this one must support one's secretary, one's daughter, one's two grandchildren, and oneself. I see you notice I have become senile and whining," he added briskly. "Really, all I care about is walloping the fellows."

Six months of the year, Maugham lives in a small house in South Carolina, on a plantation owned by Nelson Doubleday, his publisher. During this period he gets most of his work done—principally, he says, because it's so hard for people to call him on the telephone. "I'm on an eleven-party line," he told us, with obvious pride. "My ring is two longs and three shorts." After his two-month stay at the Ritz, he will move on to the Colonial Inn, on Martha's Vineyard, for most of the summer, and then go back to the plantation for more work. "Sheppey," which he wrote in 1933, was his final play. "I had decided, about five years before, that I would write four more plays, and that that would be the end of that," he said. "Starting now, I shall write three novels, or maybe only two, which I already have in my head, and that will be *that*. When I was twenty, I used to tell people that writers ought to call it a day at forty. By the time I was forty, I was in favor of giving them a little more time. Well, you know writing is a very healthy profession—you live on and on, and you feel fine. But this time I've got to mean it. This time I shall simply shut up shop."

Maugham's daughter, who has one son and one daughter, has settled here in town, and the boy, his grandfather reports, has lost every trace of his English background. "Of course, I've always been in favor of America and Anglo-American relations and all that," he said, "but it does give you quite a start to find that your own grandson has become a Central Park ruffian with a noticeable Bronx accent." As for the war, Maugham's prediction is that the European end of it will be over th tumn. He looks forward to going ba to his villa at Cap Ferrat, on the coast of southern France, between Nice and Monte Carlo. "It was a fine house," he said. "I was prepared to spend the rest of my life there and die in the painted bedstead in my room. For forty-eight hours after I left that house, in 1940, I could think of nothing but how unhappy I was at leaving it. All my books and manuscripts were there, and we had just planted a new bulb garden. Finally I said the filthiest words I knew, and have been reasonably resigned to it ever since." Maugham would like to be around to watch the course of history during the next twenty-five years or so, he says; he imagines it would be interesting. "But the more I think about it," he added, "the more I've got to admit to myself that, damn it to hell, I'm getting to be a very old party."

Authentic

PURSUANT to the Good Neighbor policy, the boys and girls at a progressive school we know of here in town made maps of South America on which the principal items of export were indicated by real coffee beans, grains of wheat, scraps of leather, and the like, pasted right on the maps. On the map prepared by one little boy was a spectacular indication of Brazil's supremacy in the export of precious minerals—a large, square-cut, unmistakably real emerald. They gave him an "A" for his map and rushed the emerald home to Mummy by armed messenger.



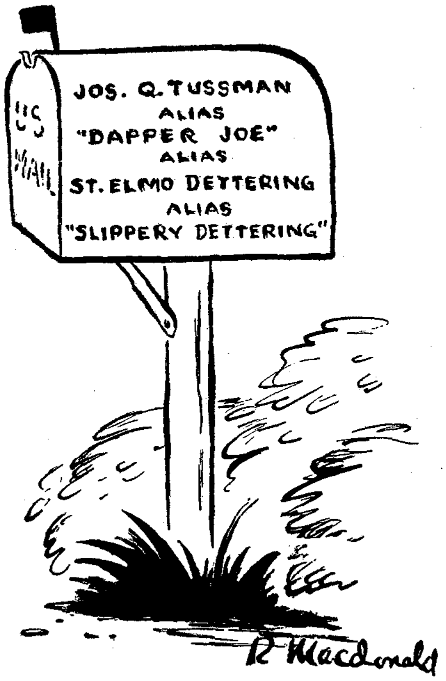
SLEEPY-TIME EXTRA

WHEN it was first noised along Publishers' Row that the John B. Pierce Foundation, a non-profit research organization, had instituted a survey dealing with American family behavior, attitudes, and possessions, public opinion was instantly split into two camps—into the larger, and drowsier, of which I fell. There is nothing like a good, painstaking survey full of decimal points and guarded generalizations to put a glaze like a Sung vase on your eyeball. Even the fact that the results of the poll were to be printed in that most exciting of current periodicals, *Business Week*, did little to allay my fatigue. Then, one morning in early April, hell started popping at my corner stationery store. "What's good today, Clinton?" I asked, browsing over the magazine rack. "Well, I tell you," replied Clinton, thoughtfully scratching the stubble on his chin (he raised corn there last year but is letting it lie fallow this season), "we just got the new number of *Business Week* containing the John B. Pierce Foundation survey on American family behavior, attitudes, and possessions." "Well, dog my cat!" I exclaimed, struck all of a heap. "Let's have a nickel's worth of those licorice gumdrops, will you, Clinton?" "Sure," said Clinton reluctantly, "but how about this new number of *Business Week* containing the John B. Pierce Foundation—" "Listen, Clinton," I said suddenly, "did you hear a funny little click just then?" "Aha," breathed Clinton, round-eyed. "What was it?" "A customer closing his account," I snapped, closing my account and taking my custom elsewhere.

It took a stray copy of the Buffalo *Evening News*, abandoned late yesterday afternoon on my bus seat by some upstate transient, to reveal the true nature of the survey and dispel my apathy. "Married Couples Favor Double Beds," trumpeted the dispatch. "Eighty-seven per cent of husbands and wives sleep together in double beds but 5% of the wives are dissatisfied with this and 40% think maybe twin beds would be ideal, *Business Week* Magazine reported today on the basis of a survey by the John B. Pierce Foundation, non-profit research organization. Other conclusions of the survey . . . include: In summer, 70.3% of the wives sleep in nightgowns, 24% in pajamas, 5% in the nude, and seven-tenths of 1% in shorts. Sixteen per cent of the women reported they would like to sleep in the nude, causing the Pierce Foundation to comment: 'Here we have clear-cut evidence of an inhibition.' . . . Fifty per cent of the husbands report no activity after getting into bed, 22% read, 12% talk, 7% listen to the radio, 3% say their prayers, 4% smoke, 2% eat. Comparable percentages for wives were: 40% no activity, 29% read, 11% talk, 8% listen to the radio, 5% say their prayers, 3% think, 2% smoke, 2% eat."

THOUGH one could speculate on the foregoing until the cows came home and distill all manner of toothsome psychological inferences, I cannot help wondering what machinery the Foundation used to obtain its statistics. Were these delicious confidences stammered into a telephone mouthpiece or haltingly penned in a questionnaire or whispered to a clear-eyed, be-dirndled Sarah Lawrence girl at the kitchen door? Somehow there is a grim, authoritative quality about the project which convinces me that the researchers went right to the source for their data, and I venture to think that more than one must have found himself embroiled in a situation like the following:

[*Scene: The bedroom of the Stringfellows, a standard middle-aged couple. Monty Stringfellow is a large, noisy extrovert who conceals his insecurity under a boisterous good humor. He affects heavy, hobnailed Scotch brogues and leather patches at the elbows of his sports jackets, is constantly roaring out songs commanding you to quaff the nut-brown ale, and interlards his speech with salty imprecations like "Gadzooks" and "By my halidom." Tanagra, his wife, is a sultry, discontented creature on whom fifteen years of life with a jolly good fellow have left their mark. As the curtain rises, Monty, in a tweed nightgown, is seated upright in their double bed singing a rollicking tune, to which he beats time with a pewter tankard and a churchwarden pipe. Tanagra, a sleep mask over her eyes, is trying to catch a little shut-eye and getting nowhere.*]



MONTY (*con brio*):

"Come quaff the nut-brown ale, lads,
For youth is all too fleeting,
We're holding high wassail, lads,
And life's dull care unheeding,
So quaff the nut-brown ale, lads—"

TANAGRA: Oh, shut up, for God's sake! You and your nut-brown ale.

MONTY: What's wrong?

TANAGRA: Nothing. Nothing at all. What makes you think anything's wrong?

MONTY: I don't know—you seem to be on edge lately. Every time I open my mouth, you snap my head off.

TANAGRA: Every time you open your mouth, that blasted tune comes out. Haven't you anything else in your song bag?

MONTY: Gee, Tanagra, I always looked on it as our theme song, you might say. (*Sentimentally*) Don't you remember that first night at the Union Oyster House in Boston, when you made me sing it over and over?

TANAGRA: You swept me off my feet. I was just a silly little junior at Radcliffe.

MONTY: You—you mean our moment of enchantment has passed?

TANAGRA: I'll go further. Many's the night I've lain here awake studying your fat neck and praying for a bowstring to tighten around it.

MONTY (*resentfully*): That's a heck of a thing to say. You keep up that kind of talk and pretty soon we'll be sleeping in twin beds.

TANAGRA: O. K. by me, chum.

VOICE (*under bed*): Aha!

MONTY: What's that? Who said that?

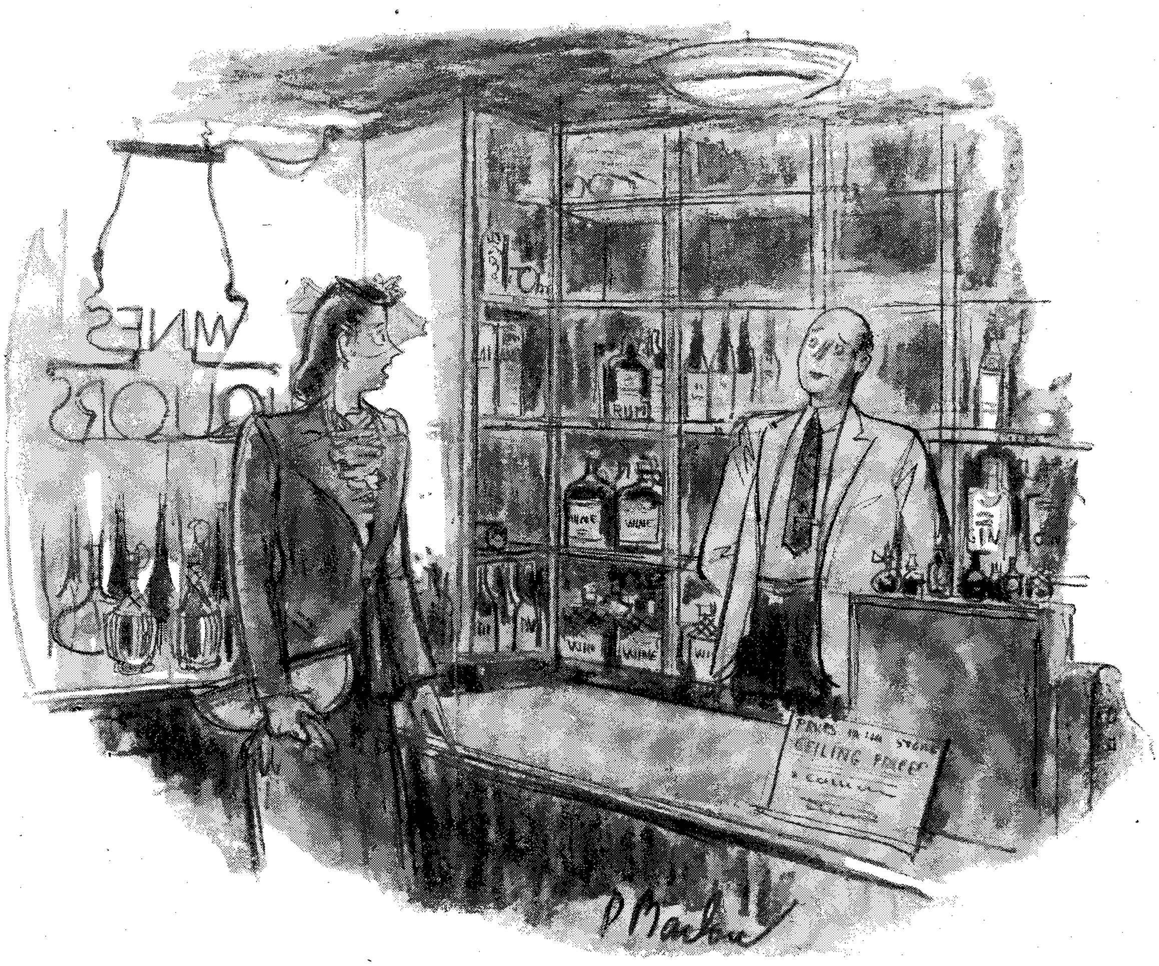
TANAGRA: I'm sure I don't know.

MONTY: There's somebody under this bed!

VOICE: There's nobody here except just us researchers from the John B. Pierce Foundation.

MONTY: W-what are you doing down there?

VOICE: Conducting a survey. (*Otis



"Now I don't want you to start shaking your head before I even open my mouth!"

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"Speedball" Ismay, ace statistician of the Foundation, a personable young executive, crawls into view from under the Stringfellow four-poster, flips open his notebook.) Evening, friends. Close, isn't it?

Tanagra (*archly*): I never realized how close.

Ismay: You the lady of the house? I'd like to ask a few questions.

Monty: Now just a minute. I don't know whether I approve—

Tanagra: Batten down, stupid, he's not talking to you. (*Brightly*) Yes?

Ismay: Let me see. You prefer sleeping in a nightgown rather than pajamas?

Tanagra: Well, that depends. With this clod, a girl might as well wear a burlap bag.

Ismay (*with a disparaging glance*): Yeah, strictly from Dixie. You know, that's a darned attractive nightie you've got on right now.

Tanagra: What, *this* old thing?

Ismay: It sends *me*, and I'm a tough customer. What do they call these doodads along the top?

Tanagra: Alençon lace.

Ismay: Cunning, aren't they?

Tanagra (*provocatively*): Think so?

Ismay (*tickling her*): Ootsie-kootsie!

Tanagra: Now you stop, you bad boy.

Monty: Hey, this is a pretty peculiar survey, if you ask me.

Tanagra: Nobody asked you.

Ismay: Wait a second. You *could* tell me one thing, Mister—Mister—

Monty: Stringfellow. Monty Stringfellow.

Ismay: Do you belong to any lodges, fraternal associations, or secret societies?

Monty: What kind do you mean?

Ismay (*impatiently*): It doesn't matter. Any kind that keeps you busy evenings.

Monty: Why, yes. I'm Past Grand Chalice of the Golden Cupbearers of the World, field secretary of the Rice Institute Alumni—

Ismay: Fine, fine. Don't bother to list them. We merely wish to know what evenings you spend away from home.

Monty: Every Tuesday and every other Friday. Is this all part of the survey?

Ismay: Part? It's practically the lifeblood. Well, I think you've given me all the information I need. Oh, just one more detail, Mrs. Stringfellow. You understand there's a high percentage of error in an informal cross-section of this type and naturally we like to check our findings.

Tanagra: Naturally.

Ismay: I'd ask you to drop in at my office, but it's being redecorated.

Tanagra: Yes, I read something in the paper to that effect. Is it serious?

Ismay: No, no, it'll be all right in a day or two. For the time being, I've moved my charts and figures to the Weylin Bar, third table on the left as you come in at four-fifteen tomorrow afternoon.

Tanagra: I'll be there half an hour early.

Ismay: Splendid. (*To Stringfellow*) Thanks, old man, don't bother to show me to the door; I'll use the fire escape. Couple more calls to make in the building. Good night, all! (*He goes.*)

Monty (*chortling*): Ho ho, that bird certainly pulled the wool over your eyes! He's no statistician. He didn't even have a fountain pen!

Tanagra (*placidly*): Well, I swan. He sure took me in.

Monty: Yes siree bob, you've got to get up pretty early in the morning to fool old Monty Stringfellow! (*He slaps her thigh familiarly and Tanagra sets her alarm for six forty-five.*)

Curtain

—S. J. Perelman

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Two people on my list, very high people, answered with a single succinct monosyllable, "Russia . . ."—*From "D Day," by John Gunther.*

People don't come any higher than that.

THE DOCTOR'S HOUSE

BEFORE the Japanese attacked Hong Kong, I scarcely knew Dr. Selwyn-Clarke, the Director of Medical Services. I was, though, on intimate terms with his wife, Hilda. We lunched together every fortnight, unless she didn't have the time, for Hilda was active in the duties that naturally fell to her lot as Selwyn's wife. Of course I'd met him. I admired his tall, gravely handsome person, but I was scared to death of him. Once in a while I sat next to him at dinner, and his manner was always exceedingly formal. Also, his choice of conversational subjects struck me with awe and left me inarticulate. The nutritional value of the soybean, for example; Dr. Selwyn-Clarke had a lot to say about that. And once, I remember, we spent a sprightly ten minutes discussing leprosy in the subtropics, but it didn't really draw us together. No, I wasn't what you could call a close friend of Dr. Selwyn-Clarke before the war, but when I had my baby in the government hospital, six weeks before Pearl Harbor, he unbent surprisingly, and during my confinement he called on me whenever he made his official tour of inspection there.

"Oh, yes," said Hilda wisely, when I reported this to her during one of her visits toward the end of my stay in the hospital. "Selwyn approves highly of motherhood. You put yourself in his good graces by having that baby."

"I was amazed," I said. "He was actually human. I mean—excuse me, Hilda, I mean—"

"I know exactly what you mean," said Hilda. "Tell me, Mickey, did he make a joke?"

"You could call it that," I said cautiously.

"Did he smile?"

"Oh, yes," I said. "He smiled. The nurses are all very respectful because he's been so attentive."

"Yes, Selwyn approves of motherhood," said Hilda. "I can promise you, every time in future that you are confined he'll call on you."

Unfortunately, I didn't have time to test this promise, for the Japanese set out to enlarge their empire shortly after I returned home with that, my first, baby. It was this action of theirs, however, that forced my acquaintance with Dr. Selwyn-Clarke into a closer relationship.

Hilda had always maintained that I should go and live with her if war were declared. She was very definite about it when she called on Charles and me at our apartment one evening in late November. "You won't want a wife and household in that case, Charles," she had said briskly. "You're a staff officer; you'll have to move to headquarters. I have my Mary, and Mickey and Carola will be comfortable with us up on the Peak; we mothers will do better with our forces joined." And Charles had said sincerely, "I'd be very grateful."

SO when hostilities started, a few weeks later, I found myself actually living in the same house with the imposing Dr. Selwyn-Clarke. I must admit, however, that a whole lot of other people were living there too—the Assistant Director, Duggie Valentine, was there, and his wife, Nina, who was head of the auxiliary nurses, and other doctors and hospital people, with their several children.

Our first job was to distribute ourselves through the house in such a way as to avoid disturbing the Director's privacy.

"Selwyn can put up with any hardship," Hilda explained, "except the sacrifice of his privacy. He *must* have a room to himself."

"He can keep it," I said, "if six of us take that end room."

Hilda shook her head. "That won't do," she said. "Selwyn says under no circumstances must more than five persons sleep in a room. It's evidently one of the first rules of hygiene—a matter of oxygen."

I was much impressed, and submitted without argument to an arrangement which left me alone on little Mary's sleeping porch. Carola and her amah were somewhere on the other side of the house. I felt cold the first night on the porch, and frightened and lonely, listening to the guns. Next day our calculations were upset, for the first time. (They were to be much more upset before we finished.) Selwyn, returning home after dark, was coldly furious because our blackout was incomplete. He had seen a glow of light from my sleeping porch. To prevent a recurrence, we had to nail blankets over the door between house and porch and close it up permanently. So that was that. Selwyn didn't know it, but the next night six persons slept in one room.

Shelling began on the second day. It wasn't as bad as it was going to become, but it was bad enough. The whistling sound of the shells was nerve-racking, and the noise they made when they hit was worse. Bombing became brisker, too. We women and children learned to run into the cellar in record time that day, the more swiftly because of the odd architectural character of the house. We didn't have a cellar, strictly speaking. The house was built on a steep slope, with an entrance directly from the garden into what passed for a cellar, on the downhill side. There was no way of getting into this room from inside the house. You came out a side door and ran like hell around the corner to get into safety, such as it was.

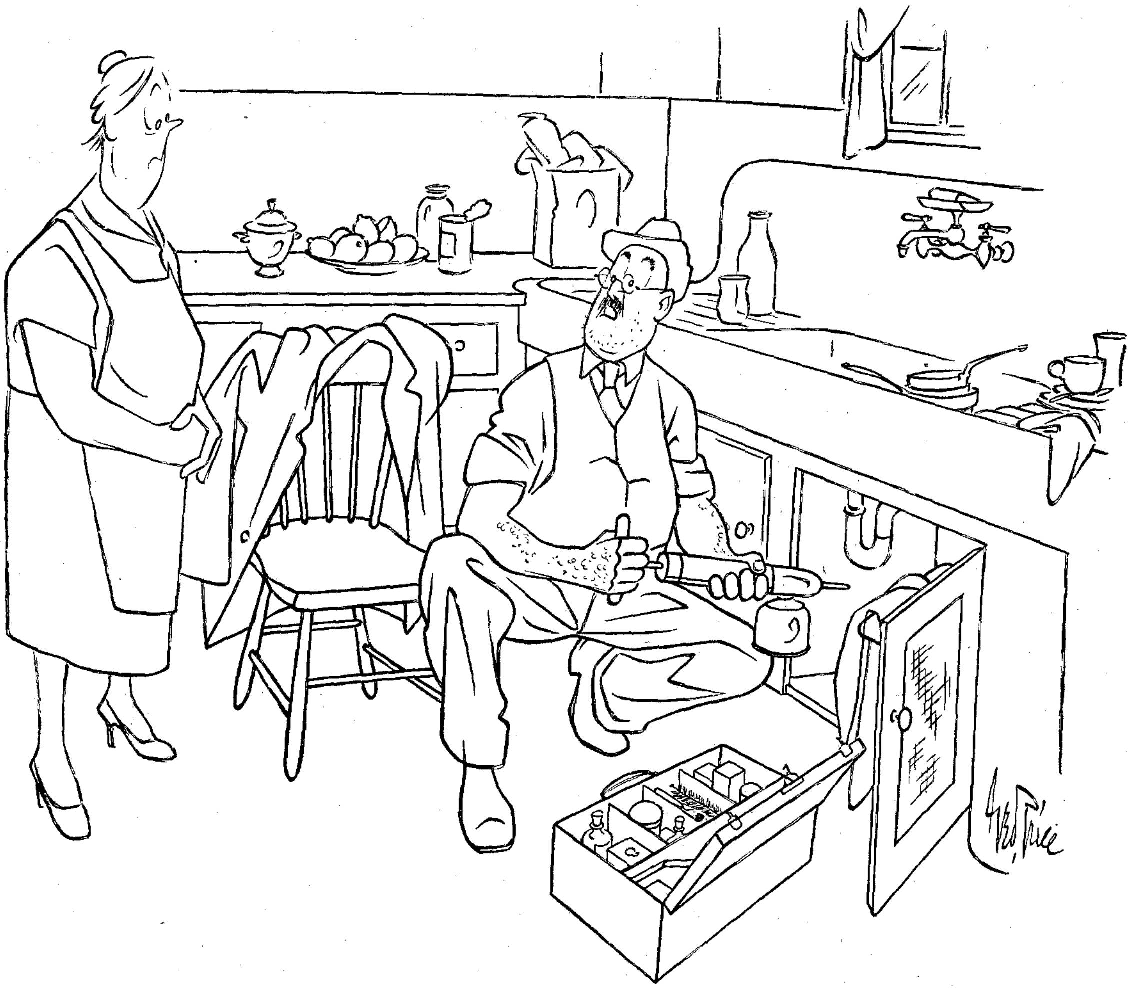
None of these little difficulties was obvious to Selwyn, who left the house at six in the morning and came back at eight in the evening. The first several evenings when he came home he found us ready for dinner, fairly calm and composed, and with the children asleep in spite of the shells' incessant whistling. And, since there was no night bombing, he received a totally erroneous impression of peace and domesticity. I'm glad now that he had that much surcease. He looked drawn and harried, for he understood what we were in for eventually, and we didn't. The fact that he underrated our trials and tribulations, however, naturally irritated his wife, and I was unwillingly present at one of their arguments late at night. The three of us were sitting at the fire while I nursed my baby.

"I know you don't care what becomes of us, Selwyn," Hilda began. "I quite appreciate that you are completely absorbed in your duty. But I do think that even though I am only your wife—no, don't go, Mickey—your child is entitled to some consideration."

"Consideration?" demanded the Doctor, glaring fiercely at his wife from under his bushy brows. "*Consideration?* Have you seen the unfortunate Chinese downtown?"

"As manager of your household, I want to know when you're coming home at night," Hilda went on hastily. "You were out until eight tonight, and I was convinced that you had been bombed in your car."

Dr. Selwyn-Clarke said stiffly, "You must realize that as Director I inspect all the hospitals on the island in person, daily. Not to mention an obligatory



"Their first reaction is one of fright and hysteria. Then a strange apathy seems to seize them and they lose the will to live."

visit every other day to Kowloon."

"Even now?" Hilda asked, horror in her tone.

"Certainly," said Selwyn, raising his brows. "I can hardly neglect our people at the first-aid posts, can I?" Impatient with himself for wasting time in silly discussion, he stalked into his study, where he slept on a cot and maintained his privacy in company with a telephone that never stopped ringing.

The shelling became so busy that night that everyone except the Doctor, the Valentines, and I moved down to the cellar and slept there. Selwyn pointed out that four of us, at least, should stay upstairs, since otherwise the cellar would be unhygienic with such a drain on its oxygen content. The Valentines simply weren't afraid of shells; they never seemed to be afraid of anything. I was, but I wanted to be out of earshot when Carola cried. I preferred being afraid. Explosions, they say, don't bother small babies. Maybe not. They wake them up, though, and when small babies are wakened suddenly, they usually cry. I was beginning to hate hearing Carola cry. It sounded like a reproof to me for having had her at all during a world war. So I stayed upstairs with the shells. The four of us woke earlier next morning than the cellar sleepers. The Valentines were slow in dressing, and there I was, having breakfast alone with Dr. Selwyn-Clarke. All alone in the dawn's early light.

His personality was so tremendous that I was still afraid of him, though there were many other things to claim my attention and respect that morning. Conversation with him, never rippling, was doubly hampered now by a gunboat which kept firing stubbornly at points all around the house. Selwyn decided to ignore the gunboat and I tried to. As I entered the dining room, he rose to greet me with all the conventional politeness of a host. "Good morning," he said.

"Good morning," I replied. We both sat down and I took some toast.

"I trust you slept as well as could be expected?" asked the Doctor.

"POWWWWWWW," went a shell somewhere nearby. I winced.

"Pretty well, thank you," I said, somewhat belatedly. The servant brought me a bowl of rice porridge. Dr. Selwyn-Clarke said something.

"Wheee-*eee*-YEEEEEEEEEEE BAM!" said a shell on the hill behind us.

"I beg your pardon, what did you say?" I asked, leaning forward.

"I said, perhaps you would prefer red rice. It has more vitamin content. We are rather fond of red rice here."

I shouted, "No, thank you! It's so dry and hard to eat!"

Whatever he said in answer to that was lost in the racket.

I cleared my throat. "Dr. Selwyn-Clarke," I began timidly.

"Yes?" He peered at me over a glass of milk, and he looked not unkindly.

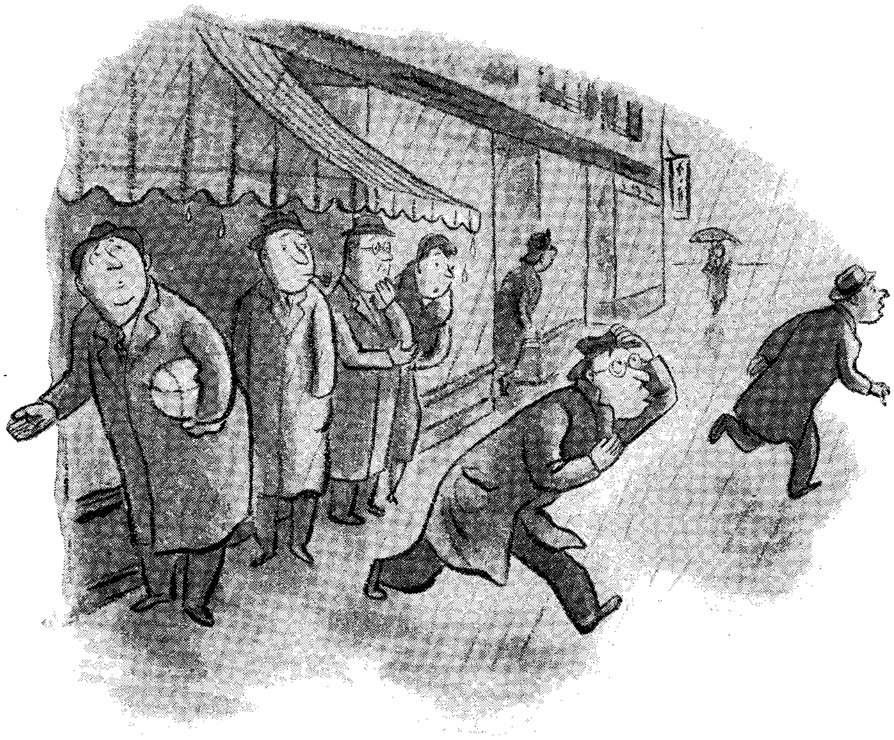
"What do you think is going to happen? How is it going?" I blurted out.

For a moment he frowned and I thought he was about to tell the truth, but, if so, he checked himself. "One never likes to say until the last moment," he replied. "But in the meantime, ah, Mickey"—I reflected that it had taken the war to bring him to the point of using my nickname—"I depend on you to keep Hilda occupied. She's inclined to be high-strung."

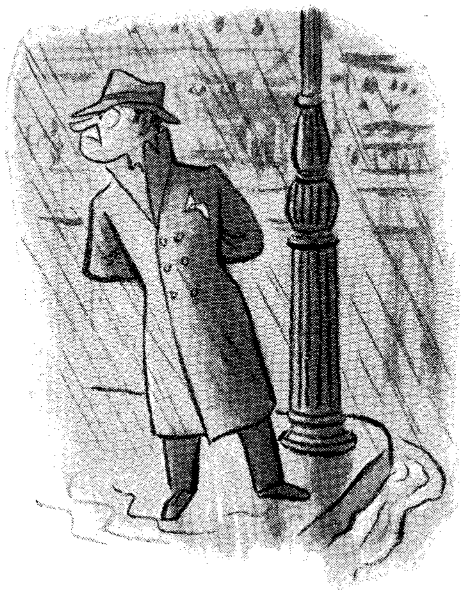
"Yes, Dr. Selwyn-Clarke." He had said the same thing to the Chinese girl who did the housekeeping, to Mary's nurse, and to Nina Valentine. "I'll do my best," I said.

The first air raid of the day was now announced by the siren, which went off at the same time that the planes began bombing. The Doctor took his metal helmet and went out. He left me in the grip of a strong sense of responsibility. He always did that to people. There was throughout the house a desperate determination to live up to Dr. Selwyn-Clarke. It kept his spirit pervading the air even when he wasn't there. I laughed at it, but it

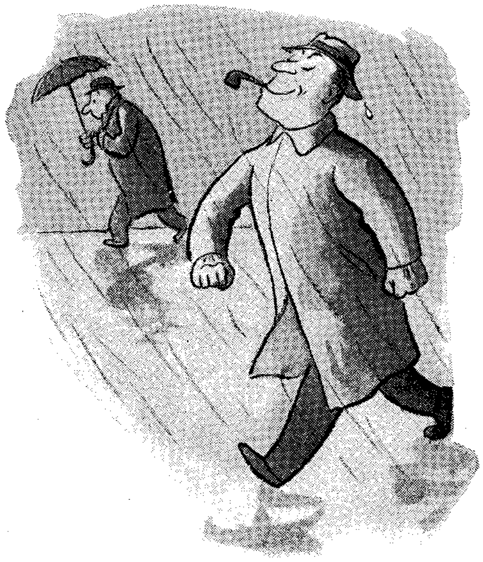
RAIN



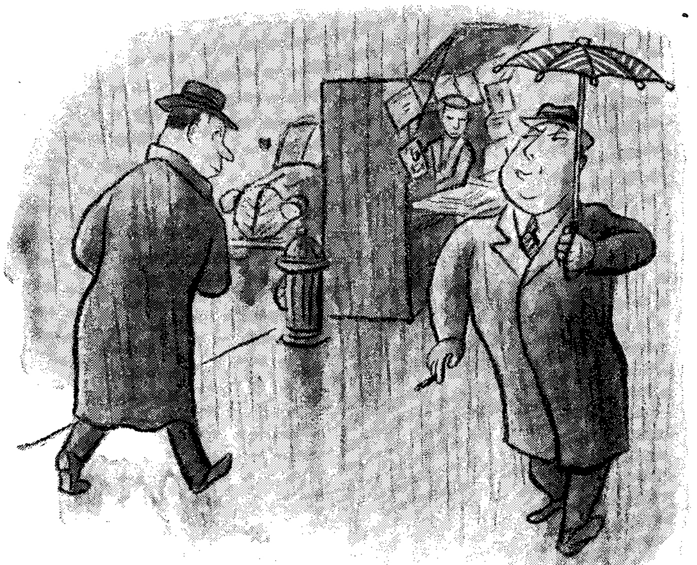
Now or never



Stood up



His weather



The lady's umbrella

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affected me just as strongly as it did the others.

THAT morning Hilda and I, according to schedule, crossed the road and did a bit of desultory work at the hospital, to which we were assigned. It was no use pretending that they needed us, however. There were many volunteers underfoot and very few patients. "I'm knocking off, my dear," Hilda said to me when we had listed the medicine in the dispensary for the third time. "We'll have to drive down to town and buy food. Selwyn told me this morning to lay in enough stock for three months."

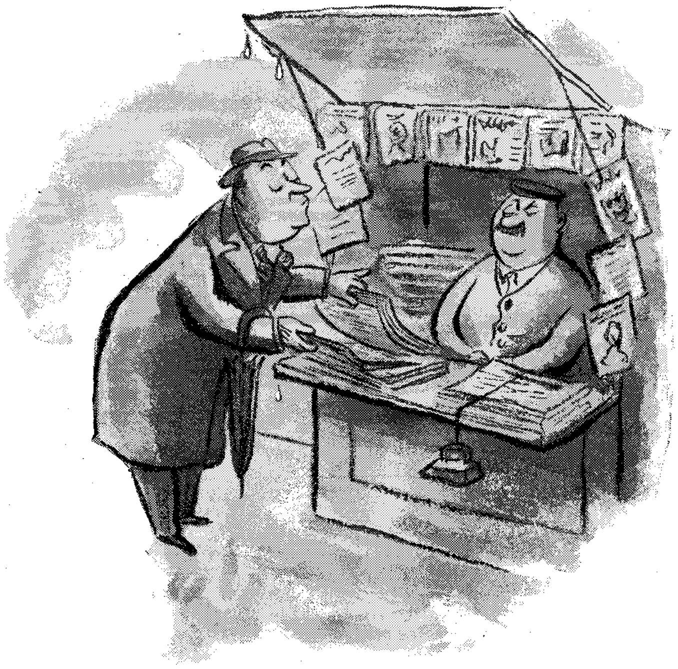
I was astonished. "Three months? Does he expect us to last out three months? We never will, Hilda. Either we're rescued or we surrender *soon*."

She shrugged. "Government orders. That's what Selwyn said."

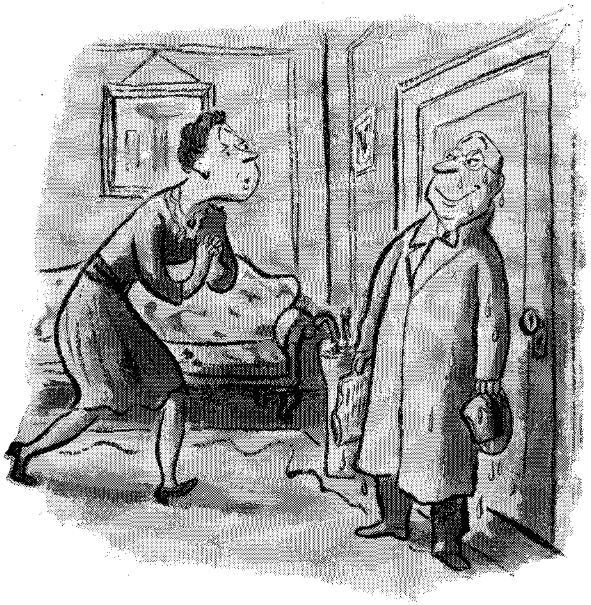
"Well, I'll go to town," I said promptly. "I want to go to town. Charles told me on the phone that he'll try to meet me today at your office."

"Oh, that's exciting. We'll have to go anyway in that case," said Hilda.

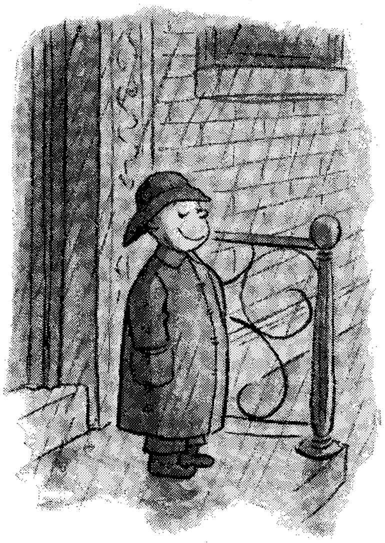
Getting into the city was still quite safe and simple before the Japs occupied Kowloon, across the bay, from where they could train their guns accurately on the Peak Road. We drove down quietly, stopping only once for a short air raid. Hilda had desk space in an office in the



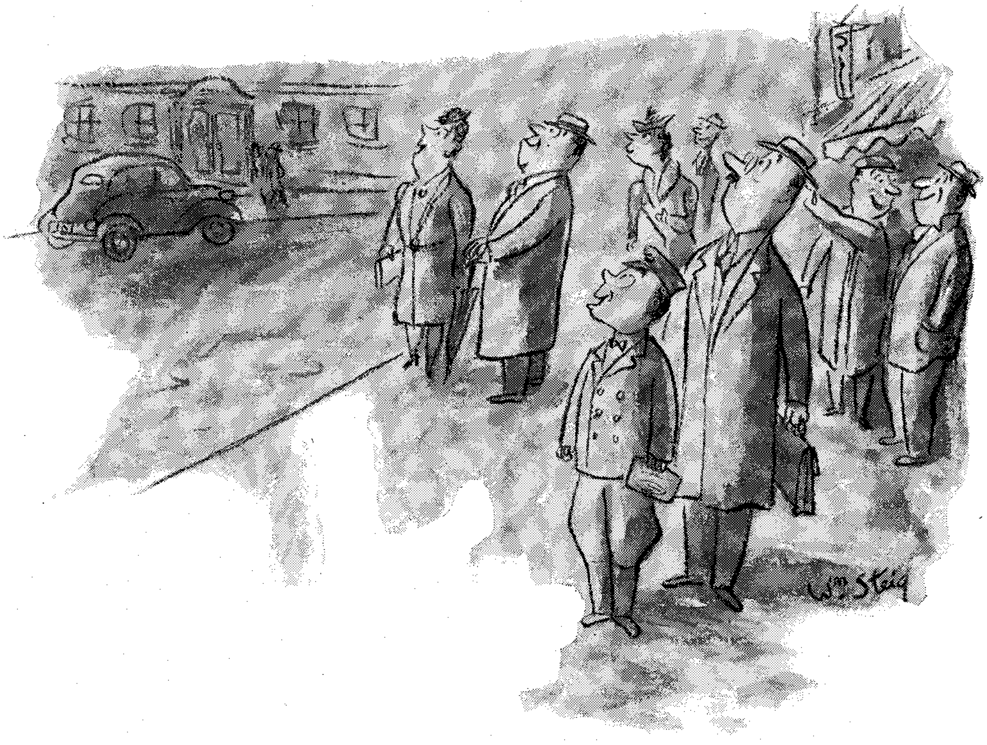
A dry newspaper



"You poor thing!"



New outfit



Rainbow

* *

Gloucester Hotel, from which she had sent supplies into China's interior, organized birth-control clinics, and so forth.

The corridors of the Gloucester were crowded with Chinese who had brought chairs with them and were just sitting there day and night, hiding from the bombs, patient and forlorn. Every night the police made a futile effort to make them get out and go home, but they wouldn't. The air was awful and the floors littered and filthy.

We made our way at last to Hilda's office. It was full of people telephoning, typing, or just standing around. Officially, nobody should have been there without some sort of business to transact, but there was a fearful fascination in being able to peer from the windows at Pedder Street, usually busy but now deserted, and a number of people were hanging around to do that. We all expected bombs to come crashing into the downtown section, but they never did; the Japanese, it turned out, had no desire to smash a city which would soon be theirs. Two young Chinese, well-known sportsmen about town, kept shoving up to the windows until a plane flew over, and then they would giggle and shriek and race out into the corridor. They were irritating, but one didn't like to say so.

"What time is Charles coming?" asked Hilda, already busy at her desk.

"If he can come at all, it will be before one," I said. "Gosh, but it looks queer, Hilda, out there in the street. There's Maizee's with a dress still in the window. The bookshop has paper pasted all over the plate glass."

"Charles ought to come," said Hilda. "He's neglecting you."

I stared at her incredulously. "They probably need him for this war," I reminded her.

She didn't reply. Other people who had desks in the office were winding up their affairs, tearing up letters and packing up papers to be taken home and burnt. I sat there telling myself how strange it was to have a war going on in a city you know well. I had always assumed that Charles, when he went into battle, would say goodbye and start off in a plane or something. Now, here he was, presumably within a mile of me, conferring with other officers, or perhaps coming through the littered streets toward the Gloucester. Was he coming? Might he be hit by shrapnel or a rifle bullet before he arrived? Or would we be bombed before he got here? If he got here, would he have time to take me down to the bar for a drink? It was still open. It was a queer war. Maybe wars are always queer.

Charles had said not to wait after one o'clock. It was one o'clock. It was time to go home to Carola. But I sat there, hoping Hilda wouldn't say that we must go. If she did, I would have to comply, because it was her car. He had said not to wait after one o'clock, but I had to wait. I had a lot of things to say to him. I waited, and Hilda said nothing, and the other deskholders went away one by one, carrying briefcases of documents to be burnt.

At one-thirty, Charles came in, walking fast. He was covered with objects hanging on straps, his tin helmet bouncing on top of a knapsack. He needed a haircut.

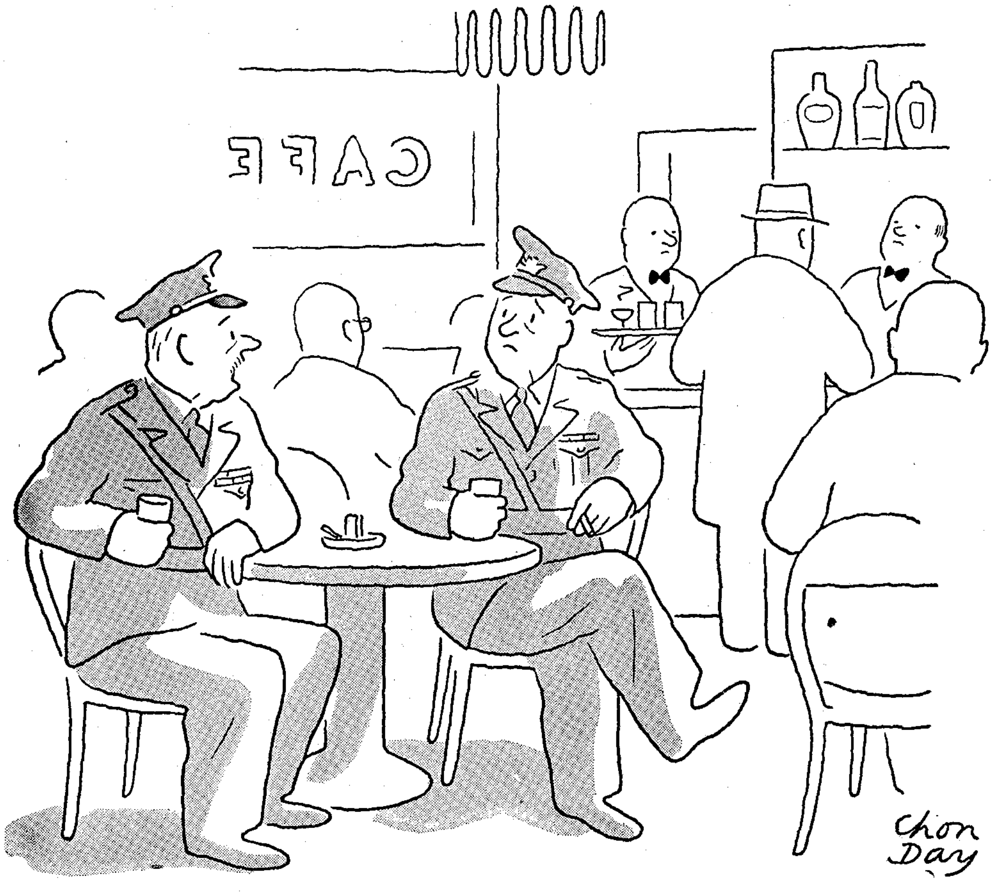
There didn't seem to be anything to say, after all. I couldn't think of anything because he was in such a hurry, being so efficient. "How did you get here?" he demanded at once. "Have you a car waiting outside?"

"Yes."

"Well," he said, "both of you get into it and go back up the Peak. Now. At once."

I stared at him and he looked straight at me and I knew I couldn't ask questions. "All right," I said. Then he went out. But Hilda asked questions. She ran after him into the hall, bombarding him with questions, and she began to cry in a way Selwyn would not have liked.

"What is it, Charles? Charles, is it so bad? What's the matter?"



"What do you figure on doing between wars?"

"It's not so good," I heard him saying. "Hilda, don't be so upset. Why should you act like that? We asked for it and we're getting it, that's all. Take Mickey back up the Peak."

Hilda returned, obediently trying to control herself. She picked up her hat and bag and sighed shiveringly. "Come on to medical headquarters," she said. "We'll ask Nina what it's all about. These *men*."

We drove through the streets to Nina, among people who were hurrying from one building to another. Nina was in an almost-empty office.

"The Japs are coming into Kowloon tonight," she said.

THE news at home was trivial, but we welcomed it after the insanity of downtown. Little John, one of the guest children, had made a collection of shrapnel fragments from the tennis court. "You have to wait a while before you pick them up," he said. "They're hot sometimes."

Mary Selwyn-Clarke had had a row with her nurse because she had delayed an exodus to the cellar while she looked for her green shoes. She had found her blue shoes and her red shoes and her white and her black, but she had wanted the green ones. By the time she found them the raid was over and the nurse had almost fainted with terror. Mary was being brought up along the very latest lines, and the nurse had strict orders to let her come around to a reasonable behavior by herself, but I think all that was probably shelved as the war went on. There were traces of tears on Mary's cheeks, and some of the guest mothers were looking daggers at her.

Carola hadn't had a good, undisturbed nap all day. Once the amah had put her out on the tennis court in the sun, but planes came over just afterward and she was whisked into the dark cellar again, howling. "Oh, you planes!" the amah had cried furiously, shaking her fist at the sky. "No can stop one minute, let my baby sleep?"

We gave the children their tea at six. It was still light enough for bombing, and the Japanese came over once more just for luck. By tacit consent none of us mothers made the children run for the cellar this time. It was simply one time too many. We would rather have been hit. I wanted to murder Mary myself at the table, for as we were talking busily and bombs were popping, she got out of her chair, came around to her mother, and started to climb into her lap. The noise of the bombs was nerve-racking, and still we had to listen to Mary, all of us, sitting rigid and tense at the table, waiting to be bombed. "Nice pudding, Mummy," Mary said. "*Nice* pudding."

THAT evening, Nina, Hilda, and I sat by the fire, waiting for Selwyn. It got to be awfully late. Every so often the housekeeper came in, looked at the clock, sighed, and went out again.

"But why can't he think of *us* sometimes?" Hilda asked suddenly. "Why can't he send word if he's going to be late? Can't he do that?"

"My dear, he's your husband, not mine," said Nina, adding, "Thank God."

"He'll be along," I said, just a trifle too slowly.

Hilda said, "I'm going to have another cocktail. What about you?"

I said I didn't want to make the baby drunk, but Nina had one. Her husband was spending the night in town; she had nothing to wait for. The power of Selwyn's spirit seemed to have waned that evening. I wondered if I dared be superstitious and decide—privately, of course—that he was dead.

"They'll torture us and kill us," said Hilda, over her drink. Her face was haggard. "Perhaps they have captured Selwyn already."

"Oh, Hilda, shut up," I said.

"My dear, it's quite possible.... Anyway, I have some prussic acid."

"Isn't that the cowardly way out?" asked Nina.

"Oh no," I said eagerly, for it is a favorite subject of mine, and Hilda chimed in too. "No, no, it's quite courageous, really."

"I'm with you on that poison, remember," I said.

"Not without Charles' permission. I wouldn't *dream*— Anyway, I probably haven't enough for two," said Hilda, who was always inclined to be grasping.

Nina stood up restlessly and moved to the mantelpiece. "It does no good to talk that way," she said. "Things aren't as bad as all that." She looked over her shoulder, haunted by the spirit of Dr. Selwyn-Clarke. I felt uneasy myself. He wouldn't have liked it.

"And besides," said Nina to me, "you must remember Carola."

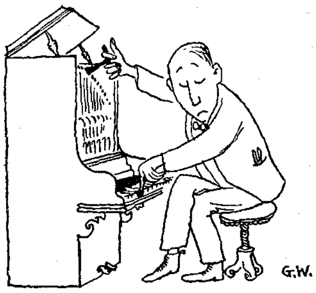
"But if I can't do anything for her anyway— Still, you're probably right." It was my sop to Selwyn.

"I," announced Hilda, "have made arrangements. Mary will be taken in by a Chinese family. They are ready and willing to do it."

"You think of everything, Hilda," I said disapprovingly. I was jealous.

"Oh, God, where *is* that man?" she demanded in despair. It was ten o'clock, and the housekeeper had stopped coming in to look.

It wasn't Selwyn's house any more; it was Hilda's. The shells whined past in the night and crashed far off. Hilda stood up and staggered over to the mantelpiece, leaning against it. "We couldn't ever get through all this by ourselves, Mary and I," she said, dragging her hand through her heavy red hair. "I can't do it. If only we had gone away when the women were told to go, last year; if we had gone to Australia—"



"Really, Hilda!" Nina was coldly disgusted.

"Selwyn kept us here," said Hilda wildly. "How could he do that, how could any man do that to his wife and child? When he knew all along how badly the Army was prepared?"

"He tried to send you. You wouldn't go," Nina said.

"Selwyn should never have married," said Hilda.

There were several remarks one could have made there, but neither Nina nor I made them. It was Hilda's house.

Then we heard the car outside, churning slowly uphill in the dark. Out in the corridor the houseboy hurried to open the door for Master.

SELWYN walked into the room blinking at the light. He was pale and dirty. There were leaves sticking to his hair. I saw them just as Hilda threw herself on his neck, sobbing. From the hearth, Nina winked at me.

Selwyn was embarrassed. "My dear, I must have my bath," he said.

"We were *frantic!*" gasped Hilda into his shoulder.

"I'm sorry, my dear. We had motor trouble over in Pokfulam."

"Your helmet—"

"I gave it to somebody," he said. He put his hand up to his hair and felt the leaves and looked startled. "Oh, yes, that must have been when the shrapnel hit the bank above us," he said. "My dear ladies, I do apologize. You must be exceedingly hungry."

"We are," said Nina, "rather."

"I won't be five minutes," said Selwyn, starting for the door. "Oh, by the way, Nina, Duggie sends his best. We've been busy today."

"So I should imagine."

The room was quiet and well behaved again. Even the crash of shells outside seemed to subside a little. Selwyn stood at the door. Hilda blew her nose and put a piece of wood on the fire. Why had everything stopped short? Then I realized that Selwyn was searching his mind for some politeness he could give to me before departing, because it was my turn. He bowed his head a little, stiffly, in my direction. "You and your child are quite well, I hope?" he said pleasantly. "I understand from Dr. Valentine that you were in town today. And how is your good man?"

"He's quite well, thank you, Dr. Selwyn-Clarke."

The Doctor went upstairs to take his bath.

—EMILY HAHN

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CLUB WINDOW

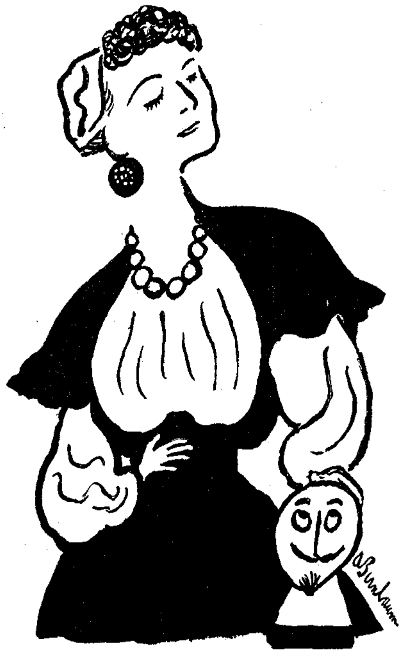
Fifth Avenue, he'd say, is still the hub
On which the city turns—too fast, perhaps.
At four o'clock you'll find him at the club
Beside his favorite window, catching naps,
The *Wall Street Journal* draped across his knees,
Mured in that mausoleum which was built
For something more than solemn obsequies.
His red carnation never seems to wilt.

There he looks out upon the world, a bit
Stunned by outrageous fortune's fatal turn,
Brooding on times when wisdom used to sit
In board rooms with majestic unconcern,
Watching the Course of Empire as it went
Rolling along at eight or ten per cent.

—LESLIE NELSON JENNINGS

PROFILES

WE



Margaret Webster

A NUMBER of people have asserted, in the three hundred-odd years since Shakespeare's death, that his spirit has spoken to or through them, or even that they are themselves Shakespeare. No one, at least among the living, has had a better right to such claims than Margaret Webster, the English actress and stage director. Miss Webster is witty, shrewd, and neither psychic nor subject to delusions, but she cannot help referring to Shakespeare with the intimate and sometimes jealous authority of an alter ego. Having listened to, studied, acted in, and directed his works for at least thirty-six of her thirty-nine years, Miss Webster tends, in moments of excitement, to substitute for a relatively unimpassioned remark such as "Shakespeare wrote it that way," the bald statement "That's the way we meant it, and that's the way it's going to be."

Miss Webster's apparent compulsion to air the views of the master sometimes wears heavily on her friends. Probably the chief victim is John Haggot, associate producer of the "Othello" which Miss Webster staged for the Theatre Guild and which, without sign of a let-up, has already run two hundred and forty-four performances, an all-time American record for a Shakespearean play. Mr. Haggot had already worked with Miss Webster on the recent productions of "Macbeth" and "Twelfth Night," and is familiar with, but by no means resigned to, the fact that Shakespeare's infallibility extends to matters which have no bearing on his works. "Once, when some friends and I were talking together," Haggot complained not long ago, "we got on the subject of characterization. It was just a routine dispute—didn't have a thing to do with Shakespeare. Peggy hadn't opened her mouth till then, but bang, there was the voice of the bard at my elbow. Of course we had to give in to her, or rather to it. You can't argue with someone on the other side of the grave."

Miss Webster's behavior during the production of the six Shakespearean plays she has directed on Broadway has been compared, not without bitterness, to that of a theatrical agent who, having crossed the Atlantic expressly to safeguard a client's interests, will compromise on nothing. In the course of the conferences with the Theatre Guild which preceded the rehearsals of "Twelfth Night," it was suggested to her that the shipwreck scene, which rather illogically follows the opening scene in Orsino's palace, be used as a curtain raiser instead. Trembling with both indignation and authority, she vetoed the idea. "Shakespeare likes it in that order," she declared. "Do you think he doesn't know his own mind?" During the rehearsals of "Macbeth," she quelled no less firmly a brief rebellion against the original text. The rebellion was led by a group of subversives who wished to omit the three witches, on the ground that to modern audiences they would seem ridiculous. It was urged that they be replaced by an ominous mist out of which three eerie voices would chant their prophecies. Miss Webster decreed that since the master had taken his description of the three witches' appearance from a highly reputable contemporary work on witchcraft, the three witches would remain as they were. Thrown into confusion by Miss Webster's reasoning, her opponents fell silent. "You can shout down Peggy alone if you talk loud enough and long enough," one of them explained afterward, in a weary apology, "but who the hell can shout down Shakespeare? *I* don't know what books he read."

To support her claim to be the sole representative of a genius generally considered in the public domain, Miss Webster can present imposing credentials. She is a Shakespearean scholar of a breadth and erudition equalled by only a handful of authorities—all of them soft-spoken, easily frightened males—on either side of the Atlantic. Furthermore, unlike the average scholar, she has not only directed a variety of the master's works with artistic and financial success but has portrayed more than twenty Shakespearean rôles, ranging from the Gentlewoman in John Barrymore's "Hamlet" to Emilia in the current production of "Othello." She reflects in her appearance her oddly contradictory abilities, resembling at first glance a high-school teacher who has dipped herself giddily into a pot of mascara. Visitors who see Miss Webster while she is rehearsing a play note that, although her clothes are dowdy, her shoes are sensible, and her haircut is mannish, her voice—full, resonant, and glossy—is as theatrical as her eyelashes. Her manner is neither scholarly nor coy; it combines backstage bonhomie with an absent-mindedness so acute that old acquaintances have been left to stare after her on the street, their brusquely ignored hands still poised in mid-air. "One moment you're Peggy's very best friend," the victim of such an encounter lately recalled, "and the next moment you don't know what the devil you are."

This curiously withdrawn quality may be accounted for, at least in part, by Miss Webster's absorption in what most people regard as a dead and departed figure. Her communion with the master is of such long standing and so harmonious that she is likely to pounce, in a white heat of indignation, on anyone who even unwittingly slights his name. She saw nothing funny in the incident of the English housewife who, after attending a lecture given a few years ago by Miss Webster in a town hall in Kent, came up to her to confess that until then she had thought that Shakespeare was simply another name for God. Miss Webster was torn between pity for the woman's ignorance and a temptation to throw scholarship to the winds and agree with her. Any tribute to Shakespeare, however humble the source, is cherished. Miss Webster likes to tell how the manager of a movie theatre in a small Kansas town, where her "Richard II" was playing a one-night stand, forbade the peddling of Love Nest chocolate bars during the performance because he thought it would lower the tone of the evening. "It was just a little thing," Miss Webster says, "a very little thing, but it meant a lot to us."

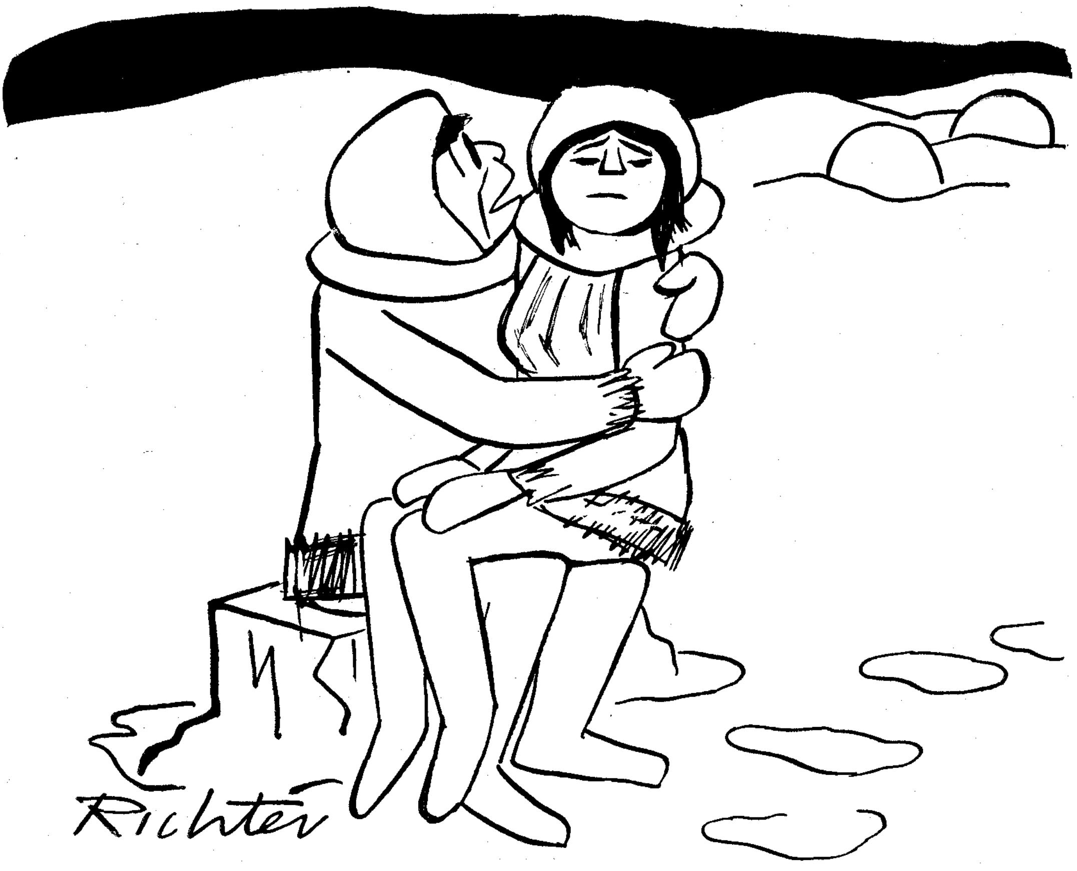
WHEN Miss Webster came to this country from England in the winter of 1937 to direct "Richard II," a drama which had not been performed here for fifty-nine years, her feelings, she recalls, were not unlike those of a Baptist minister approaching a beach crowded with Fiji Islanders. However, the fruits of her labor here have been, even from a purely statistical point of view, awe-inspiring. In a country in which presentations of Shakespeare have been, with few exceptions, ill-fated, she has directed productions of "Richard II," "Hamlet," "Henry IV, Part 1," "Twelfth Night," "Macbeth," and "Othello," plays whose combined runs in New York alone amount to over two full years. All of these have flourished at the box office. "Othello" played to standees for the first twenty-one weeks of its run, an all-time record for Shakespeare in the United States, and "Richard II" had a New York run of a hundred and seventy-one performances, an all-time record for this drama anywhere. Miss Webster, happier, she says, than she had ever been before or has been since, saw to it that all members of the cast got a ten-per-cent raise. "Shakespeare has declared a dividend," she told them.

Until 1941, Miss Webster could find no fault with the manners of the American critics, all of whom composed eulogies of Shakespeare and herself as thickly strewn with superlatives as the jacket blurbs on a best-seller. Brooks Atkinson called her the "finest director of Shakespeare this town ever had" and John Mason Brown said without equivocation that she was a genius. After the opening of "Macbeth," however, a tendency toward what Miss Webster regards as petty carping was apparent in the notices. The late John Anderson, for one, complained that the production was "dull and listless, and wholly lacking in the force needed to drive its lunging melodrama across the stage." Shortly afterward, in a newspaper interview, Miss Webster suggested tartly that the critics had been at the game too long and that a change of occupation might freshen them up. Like the good Elizabethan she is, Miss Webster does not readily forgive, and the fairly rapturous critical comments which greeted her "Othello" this year did little to change her opinion of the tired wretches who composed them. At dinner with an acquaintance a while ago, she could no longer contain her animosity. "New York criticism stinks," she announced abruptly, stabbing at her plate with a knife and fork and glancing about the restaurant as if to challenge any critics present. "Do you think it would have been tolerated in Shakespeare's day? It bloody well wouldn't have, I can guarantee you that!"

From time to time, when Miss Webster is running through a rehearsal, she feels an uneasy prickling at the back of her neck and finds it hard not to glance up toward the shadows in the rear of the boxes. She cannot rid herself of the conviction that it would be the most logical thing in the world for Shakespeare to drop in to see how his rehearsal is getting on. It is probably the belief that she is interpreting a contemporary author rather than a literary institution which gives her productions their animated quality. She sees her career as an attempt to prove that Shakespeare is not an ancient, almost forgotten gaffer in lace collar and silken doublet but a lively spirit whose impact on modern audiences, through her, is every bit as telling as that of Maxwell Anderson, Thornton Wilder, or, for that matter, William Saroyan. A few years ago, reading in her morning newspaper that the Japanese government had refused to permit "Hamlet" to be presented in Tokio because it was "too revolutionary," Miss Webster clipped the item and showed it to all her friends as evidence supporting her old contention that Shakespeare is alive. Nothing infuriates her more than for Shakespeare to be surrounded by what she calls "the nauseous odor of sanctity." "Shakespeare isn't the Bible," she has pointed out sharply. "He's an author with thirty-seven plays to his credit, most of them successful and a dozen or so of them smash hits."

Although Miss Webster is not easily distracted, she has on occasion taken a temporary interest in one of the lesser playwrights. In 1939 she directed Lenore Coffee's and William Joyce Cowen's "Family Portrait," which was much praised and had a moderately long run, and this season she directed her own and Eva Le Gallienne's production of Chekhov's "The Cherry Orchard." Despite the fact that her relations with Chekhov are not all they are with Shakespeare, she managed to give his play some of the same animation she has given the works of the master.

It may or may not be something



"I'd go to the end of the world for you."

RETRACTION

"Lovers," I recall I said,
"Keep winter thoughts in summer's head."
And now, remembering, I fear
You thought I meant compress the year
To winter only. I repent,
Assure you now, in supplement,
That I would not for anything
Deny reality to spring.

For certainly I must remember
Though Helen brought a world November,
Yet she and Paris, girl and boy,
No doubt enjoyed the trip to Troy.
Francesca and Paolo bled,
Blast-driven with the hopeless dead;
Their suffering made Dante swoon,
But they'd enjoyed their afternoon.

And if some two, misunderstanding,
Wandering and hand-in-handing,
Wandering when May is green,
Thinking themselves alone, unseen,
Wandering in the new-bloomed garden,
Trip on me, I beg their pardon
For saying lovers ought to keep
Bare fields in mind when grass is deep.

Stretched there myself, and in my eye
Love's candid-camera symmetry,
I should resent as much as they
December thoughts. And yet in May
And moonlight by my hand I see
A rock turn silver, suddenly
Reach out my hand to touch the stone
And feel the cold stab to the bone.

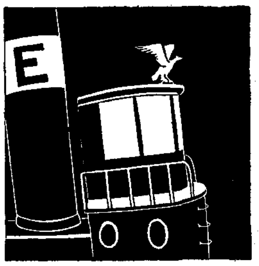
—George Marion O'Donnell

• •

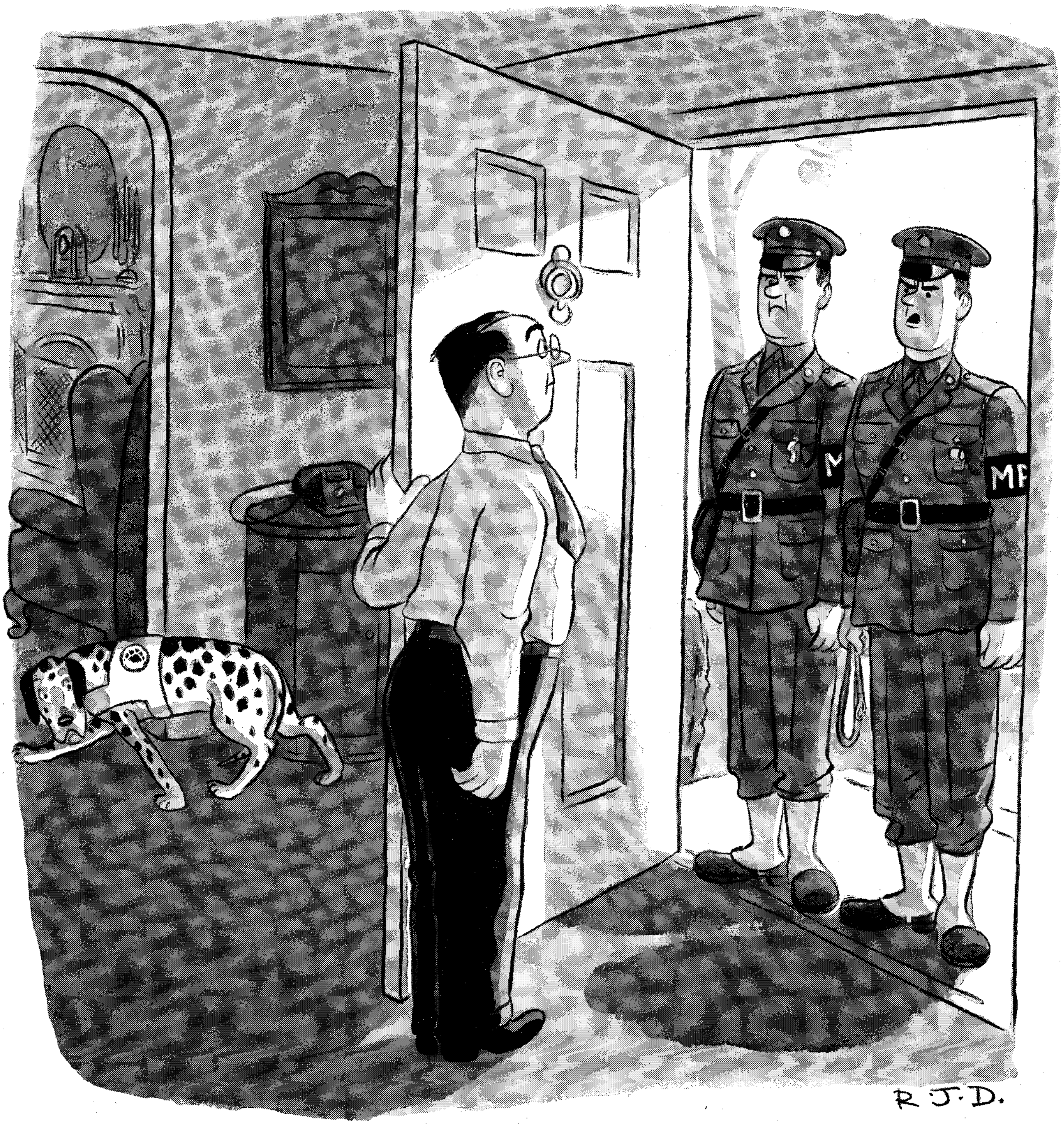
of a paradox that although Miss Webster's approach to a Shakespearean play is wholly Elizabethan, the production which results has the pace and vitality of a good musical revue. Unlike many directors, she has never used the master's name as an excuse for elaborate settings, all-star casts, and an air of respectful and ponderous extravagance. She adheres instead to the Elizabethan device of sets which are little more than backdrops before which the actors are supposed to keep things humming. In Shakespeare's day, Miss Webster points out, "Romeo and Juliet" consumed two hours' playing time, considerably less than it does now. Shakespeare's audiences demanded unrelenting action, and they had never heard of intermissions. Modern audiences, whom Miss Webster regards as a puny lot, would obviously never stand for such a thing, she feels, and as a sop to their inferior powers of endurance she provides them with a single intermission toward the middle of the play. Thanks to blackouts, sets which soar into the flies, and a traveller—a curtain which cuts a stage neatly in half and permits a new scene to be set up while the actors play downstage—Miss Webster's scenes flow into one another, marked, as they were in Burbage's day, merely by a musical flourish.

A JOB of direction by Miss Webster is based on intricate and elaborate study. For several months before one of her productions goes into rehearsal, she is busy with what her friends refer to far too flippantly as "Peggy's homework." She spends a considerable amount of time pottering among old books in the Public Library, shaping the play into the form which she believes the master would be, or is, most likely to approve. One of her recurrent nightmares during this period is that she will commit an error important enough to arouse those Shakespearean scholars who arrive at her plays armed with their variorums and ready to start an argument. She was careful to justify her casting of Paul Robeson as Othello—a selection which called down on her head a deluge of academic disapproval—in a lengthy preface to the souvenir program. In it she proved, at least to her own satisfaction, that Shakespeare, when he used the term "Moor of Venice," meant "Blackamoor of Venice." In the spirit of a disciple quoting a quip his master surely would have made if he had thought of it, Miss Webster sometimes transposes phrases and lines from one act to another. Editing Shakespeare is a ticklish matter, and Miss Webster regards such an effort by anyone who is not in direct touch with him as sacrilegious butchery. She incorporated an entire scene from "Henry IV, Part 2" in "Henry IV, Part 1," an innovation, she was pleased to observe, which apparently none of the critics noticed. Once she has completed her research, she gets out an old leather box filled with charms, collar buttons, and toothpaste caps, and selects from it the objects which she feels best symbolize the characters in her play. Thus the figure of a small gray mouse has doubled for Hamlet, a cameo for Ophelia, and a gold signet ring for Claudius; Rosencrantz and Guildenstern have been toothpaste caps. She pushes her dummies about on a ground plan of each set until she has worked out a series of well-composed pictures, with each actor neatly arrived at a given point at a given moment. Close students of Miss Webster's work have complained that so deliberate a technique occasionally defeats its own purpose. Watching one of her productions, they say, they are sometimes reminded of Ten Steps to Boston, a playground game in which the participants must freeze in their tracks at set intervals. Miss Webster's tidy knack of seeing to it that even the least of the walk-ons has his bit of business in every scene, it has also been pointed out, leads to an excess of twiddling and byplay.

One result of Miss Webster's painstaking methods is that her cast, seeing her arrive onstage for a rehearsal, a promptbook full of notes under one arm and a roll of blueprints under the other, is awed into unusual alacrity. At rehearsals, she invests herself with all the dignity of one who is not only director but oracle. Pacing moodily back and forth, her hair tangled, her cheeks smudged, a cigarette slanting from her lips, she will brood over the meaning of a line until finally, with a jerk of her head, she whirls on the waiting cast and breaks the all but unbearable suspense. "What the old boy meant by that," she begins decisively, and goes on to expound in detail the significance of a phrase or even of a single word. On other occasions, when the meaning seems plain enough to Miss Webster without any such pondering, she turns on an actor impatiently. "Well, just look at what Shakespeare *says*," she commands. "If you'd only bother to listen to him!" Stagehands who have watched her during rehearsals are deeply impressed by such outbursts. "She drips that cigarette and smoke comes out of one eye just like she was a volcano," one of them commented recently, not without respect.



It is Miss Webster's ambition to convey to her audiences more the solid flesh-and-blood consistency of Shakespeare's characters than the poetic quality of his verse. She wishes people to per-



"All right, where is he?"

• •

ceive that the men and women onstage are involved in situations in which they themselves might easily be involved. To this end, during rehearsals, she repeatedly cites for her actors contemporary counterparts to every scene. "Try not to forget," she told the cast of "Othello," "that when you arrive at Cyprus you are Europeans in a semi-tropical garrison town. Although the heat is getting on your nerves and the natives are not too friendly, you have to be pukka sahibs." Another of Miss Webster's favorite devices is to have at least one member of the cast start to undress during the course of a play. "There's nothing like it for getting your audience into the spirit of the thing," she explains. Whatever her methods, the critical consensus has been that no other director in America has so successfully brought Shakespeare's plays to life for present-day theatregoers.

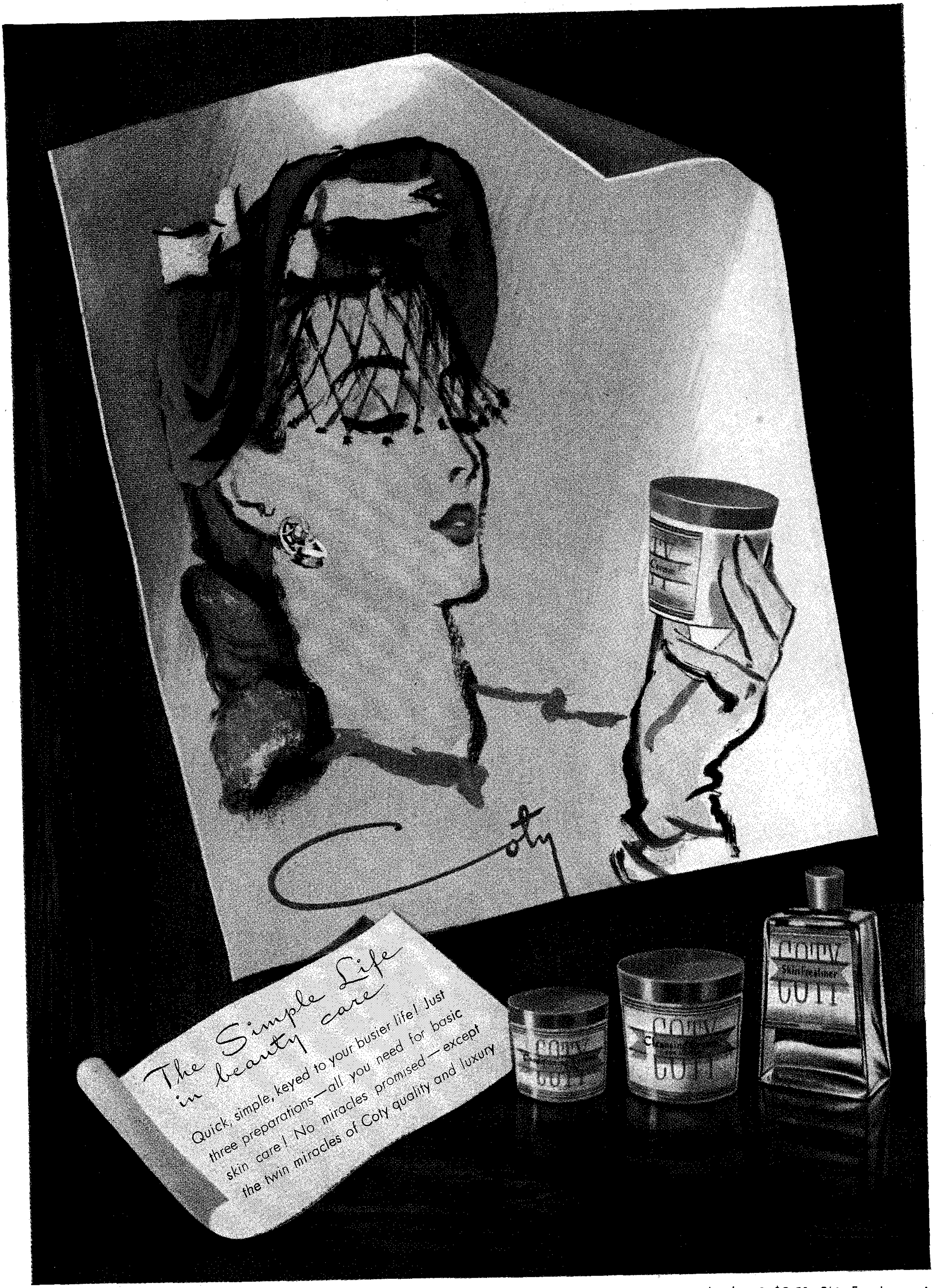
Though Miss Webster is herself a fastidious scholar, she is convinced that too much dry scholarship can be injurious to Shakespeare. When another scholar tried to draw Miss Webster into a discussion of the exact meaning of one of Hamlet's soliloquies, she brushed him aside. " 'Hamlet,' " she announced tersely, "is not a study in dyspepsia, it is a fast-moving drama with a rather silly plot." This impatience over matters which she feels should be left to the master and herself sometimes causes her actors, as they are hustled through rehearsals, to complain that certain of the subtler aspects of their rôles are being left by the way. Miss Webster soon makes it clear to them that she has no interest in psychoanalytical interpretation. "It's walking all around the block, that sort of fiddle-faddle. It is not what Shakespeare wanted," she says flatly.

Just why Margaret Webster decided to make Shakespeare's fortunes her own is something even her parents don't know. Her father, Ben Webster, the English actor, appears to regard it as a simple act of God, while her mother, Dame May Whitty, is convinced that she introduced her daughter, at the age of three, to the master by reading him to her just before bedtime. Miss Webster suspects that her ancestry may have had something to do with it. Her paternal great-grandfather, Ben Webster I, after a youth spent in acting "Richard III" in English cow barns and farm yards, not only rose to the managership of the Haymarket Theatre in London but went so far as to name his second son William Shakespeare Webster. Probably because of his name, William never went on the stage, but his son, Miss Webster's father, became known as the handsomest Gratiano of his day.

It was at Queen Anne's School, in Caversham, that Miss Webster began to demonstrate her kinship with the master by falling upon a difficult examination on "Richard II" and "Macbeth" with delight. "They did their best to turn Shakespeare into a form of punishment at that school," she says indignantly, "but they couldn't spoil him for me." Up to that time, Margaret, a plump, determinedly cheerful little girl, had enjoyed the serene life of an only child whose parents are often away from home. Because her father happened to be filling a theatrical engagement in New York at the time, Margaret was born, on March 15, 1905, at an address on West Fifty-eighth Street which is now a parking lot. At the age of five, back home in London, she took her education into her own hands by announcing that she thought it high time she went to school and that she had heard from playmates about a school she thought she would enjoy. Her mother obligingly enrolled her, and from that moment Miss Whitty and Mr. Webster were careful to consult their daughter before making any decisions in her behalf. Though somewhat disturbed by the growing solemnity of the literature which appeared on little Peggy's bedside table, they saw no reason to question her tastes. "If we came into Peg's room and found a volume of Pushkin lying there, we accepted the fact that she wanted to read Pushkin," Dame May explains.

The outward circumstance which convinced Miss Webster that her destiny lay with Shakespeare was her success with amateur theatricals at boarding school. After her graduation, at a time when she weighed a hundred and forty pounds and had a taste in clothes which was a matter of concern to everyone who knew her, she informed her parents that she was particularly eager to play the rôles of Juliet and Beatrice. Her first professional appearance on the London stage, as the Gentlewoman in Barrymore's "Hamlet," was remarkable for the fact that immediately after her entrance the stage lights went out for three minutes. Two years later, following the usual prolonged and futile vigils in managers' waiting rooms, she joined the Ben Greet Players. This company put on Shakespearean plays at colleges and other institutions, the performances usually being given out of doors under conditions which many an actress might have deplored but which Miss Webster embraced. "It was like holding a boat against a high wind," she says. On one occasion, as Lady Macbeth, she swept triumphantly up and down the fire escape of a dormitory which was being used as a backdrop. On another occasion, while she was playing Portia, her trial scene was interrupted by a postman gravely pedalling along the gravel path across the greensward which was serving as a stage.

Miss Webster took up directing in 1931 to while away the periods between engagements. Deciding that this was a more effective way of putting across the master than merely reciting his verse, she first tried out her theories on benefits and Drama League shows. In London she organized the Schools Theatre, whose aim was to give students a livelier knowledge of Shakespeare than the sullen, suet-pudding introduction she had been made to endure. Under her plan, eight actors presented plays at London schools in a blend of reading and performance. The scheme was mildly successful and is still in operation. Her first real job as a director was drilling eight hundred members of the British National Federation of Women's Institutes in a gigantic outdoor presentation of "Henry VIII." In the performance of this outrageous task, Miss Webster feels that she learned very little except that eight hundred actresses are, as she has said, too many. It was while rehearsing with a London amateur group in a tearoom near Oxford Circus that she met Maurice Evans—the first important turning point in her career as a director. Evans was then a clerk in a music-publishing house, but, through the good offices of Dame May Whitty, he was able to join the Old Vic, the famous repertory company. He and Miss Webster continued to meet from time to time to discuss a common ambition, which was to



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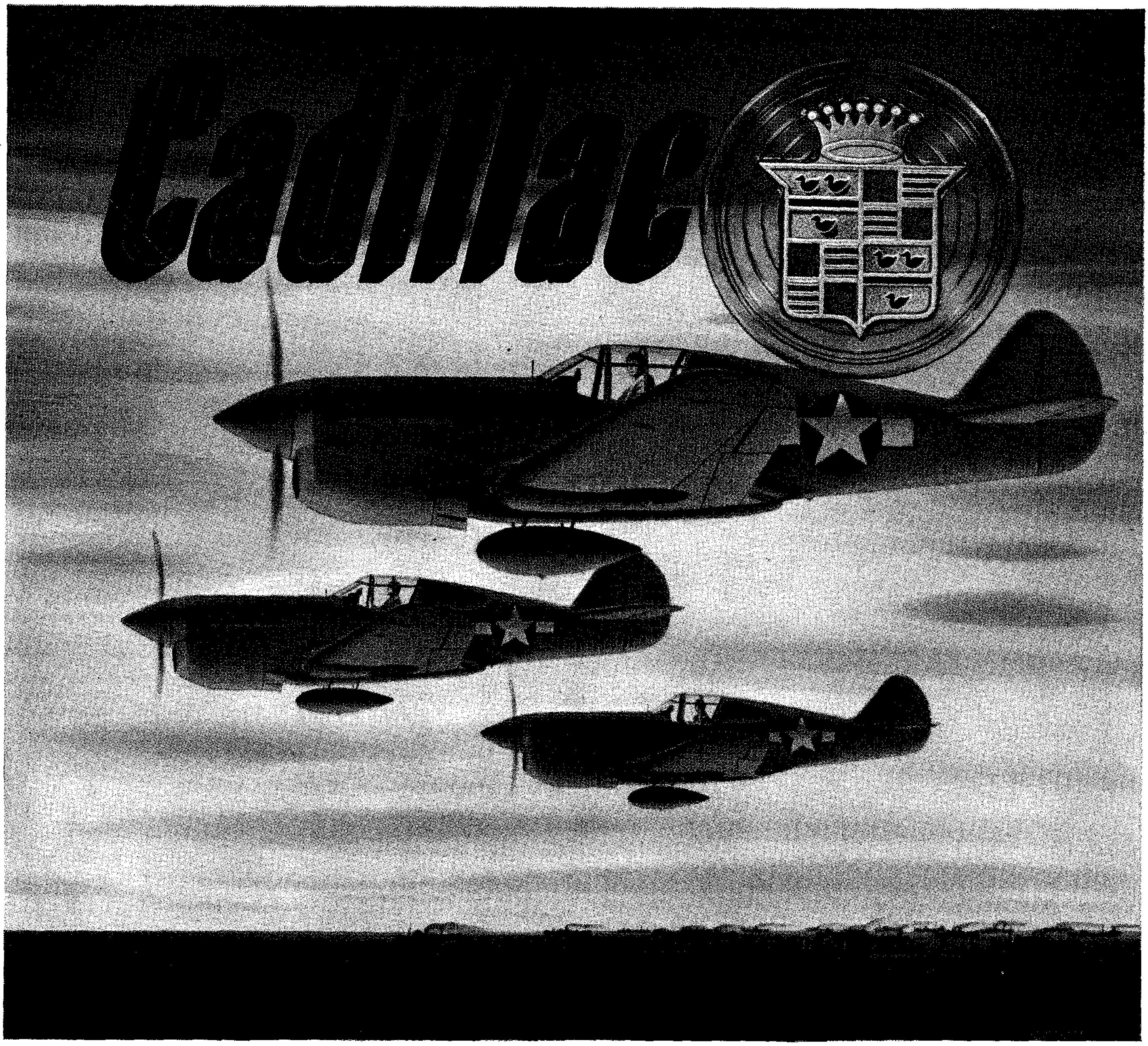

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launch their own Shakespearean repertory. In 1935, Evans was imported to New York by Guthrie McClintic to act as a leading man for Katharine Cornell. Here Joseph Verner Reed, the producer, having seen Evans play Napoleon in "St. Helena," which Evans did after appearing with Miss Cornell in "Romeo and Juliet," offered him backing to stage anything he wished. Evans decided to risk a repertory season of four plays, beginning with "Richard II," and he immediately cabled Miss Webster to come to this country to direct the project.

When Miss Webster talks about her association with Evans, who is now a captain in the United States Army and stationed in Hawaii, she generally remarks that he taught her how to subtract. The summer before Evans produced "Hamlet," he and Miss Webster spent days debating fine points such as the exact hour at which it would cost the least to have the scenery moved in for the dress rehearsals. Miss Webster does not regret what she learned, since it has enabled her to produce Shakespeare at a cost highly attractive to prospective backers, but she eventually found Evans' trick of cutting corners more than she and the master could bear. Her irritation exploded during a rehearsal of the battle scene in "Henry IV." "Christ!" she exclaimed, slamming the script down on a table. "Here comes my army of four again!"

The idea of a repertory was speedily abandoned by Evans, despite Miss Webster's unflagging enthusiasm, when the success of "Richard II" made it plain that single productions, starring himself and allowed to run as long as they paid, would make much more money. The nearest his company ever came to establishing a repertory was during the road tour of "Richard II." For several weeks the cast rehearsed "Henry IV" in hotel lobbies and on trains, as Miss Webster went buoyantly from seat to seat, coaching the actors in pairs. By the time the Webster-Evans "Macbeth" came along, in 1941, most of the original company which had appeared in "Richard" had been replaced by actors whose salaries were several cuts lower. There were other economies, too. A sharp-eyed member of the first-night "Macbeth" audience claimed that he recognized, at Dunsinane, drapes from "Hamlet," armor from "Henry IV," and a footstool from "Twelfth Night."

As is often the experience of those in the theatre, Miss Webster's fondest dream turned out to be her most dismal failure. In 1939, while still working with Evans, she was asked to manage a miniature reproduction of Shakespeare's old Globe Theatre in the Merrie England Village at the New York World's Fair. Joyfully she chopped down four of the comedies—"A Midsummer Night's Dream," "The Comedy of Errors," "As You Like It," and "The Taming of the Shrew"—to boisterous, forty-minute "Pygmy Classics," as the concessionaire called them. Performances of these pygmies were to be given in rotation seven times a day. The World's Fair management had absorbed so little of Miss Webster's enthusiasm that actors arriving for the first rehearsal found the Globe Theatre's stage cluttered with carpenters, sawhorses, and lumber, in the midst of which Miss Webster was to be seen hauling at a tangled mass of wiring and cursing vehemently. Because of Miss Webster's efforts, the Globe opened on schedule, but since the pygmy classics had received no advertising, the spectators were outnumbered by the cast. In the middle of one of the evening performances, the fireworks began to go off at the Lagoon of Nations, and the audience, rising as one man, clumped away up the aisles. Miss Webster had been hovering mournfully in the neighborhood of the box office. Now, hearing the approach of her audience, she flung herself desperately across the exit, presenting, in her anguish, a figure wild enough to frighten the spectators back to their seats. At the end of eleven slow weeks, the fireworks won out over Shakespeare.

In March, 1940, Miss Webster signed a contract with Paramount Pictures which was said by a Paramount press agent to be "one of the most munificent gestures toward posterity ever made by Hollywood." According to its terms, she was for the first six months merely to acquaint herself with the art of picture making, and after that, if she took up her option, she was to set to work directing pictures. The experiment was no happier than that of the pygmy classics. Miss Webster, who had planned to bring the master to the masses on a suitably colossal scale, found that her suggestions were met by an awkward and confused opposition, so she let her option lapse. "I can't figure that dame out," one official complained during a conference at which Miss Webster's name was mentioned. "She must be an intelligent woman, but she keeps talking about *Shakespeare* all the time."

FOR the past few years, Shakespeare has left Miss Webster little or no time to herself. She is accustomed to remark that her private life is lived for her by her secretary, Thelma Chandler, a pleasant little woman who is also a stage manager. Whenever Miss Webster has any leisure, she likes to sit in her apartment on West Twelfth Street and read. Her living room is notable for containing a large skylight, a Cairn terrier, and a great number of books. Among the books are two sets of Shakespeare, bound, respectively, in red limp leather and blue morocco. Her typewriter is nearly always at hand, since one of her favorite relaxations is composing articles on the master for newspapers and women's magazines. A fairly recent article in *Good Housekeeping*, "Shakespeare in the Chimney Corner," assured the housewife that in the dramatist's works she would find her "own problems stated with a probing accuracy that no contemporary could surpass." For the *Times*, a newspaper whose readers were assumed to require robuster bait, Miss Webster wrote "The Famous Case of the Macbeths," which was alluringly prefaced with the statement that the play presented "perhaps the most notorious of all the great murder cases in fiction or recorded history." Miss Webster is particularly beguiled by the idea of picturing Shakespeare in a modern setting. Thus, in an article which she called "Mr. Shakespeare Comes to Flushing," written in the Merrie England days to publicize her World's Fair venture, Miss Webster had the poet wandering over the Triborough Bridge, gazing at the Manhattan skyline and mouthing "The Tempest." She recently wrote a three-hundred-page volume entitled "Shakespeare without Tears." The book, which received generally favorable notices and has sold very well, summed up her various theories on how Shakespeare should be played and directed, and presented her first-hand report on what the poet was driving at.

Whenever Miss Webster has left New York in the past few years, it has been either to check up on a road tour of one of her plays or to lecture to women's clubs on Shakespeare. She spends her summer vacations in her house on Martha's Vineyard, but for a real holiday she prefers to act. The good director, she has frequently remarked, is the one who, at the end of rehearsals, has entirely effaced himself in the successful exploitation of the author. She feels that acting, on the other hand, justifies a happy expansion of the ego. She portrayed Emilia in her production of "Othello" for the first few months of the run.

Toward the drama now being played out on the European stage, Miss Webster exhibits a curiously dreamy attitude. Speaking, for instance, of the London blitz, she remarked happily on the fact that the Old Vic company, driven from its theatre, toured "Macbeth" through the mining villages of South Wales at low prices to untutored audiences. Sometimes, however, with the air of a woman waking from a trance, she considers with some slight feeling of guilt her detachment from current events. "I suppose I really ought to swot up on the papers," she said to a close friend a while ago. "Take the other afternoon. I was having a drink with an actor at a bar in some hotel. We were discussing the part of Iago. The boy knew what he was talking about, and it was a very interesting discussion. Then somebody switched on the radio. Roosevelt was about to make an important speech. Of course, I knew I should listen to it. But did I? I did not."

—BARBARA HEGGIE

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PLACE: W. Broadway and Worth St.

ANSWERS:

Miss Paula Kravitt, Clerk, 1324 Teller Av., The Bronx—I try to be by being sociable and good company. When things get dull at a party I start cracking jokes and start trying to get everyone in a happy mood. I have a double-jointed hip and usually kick it out and everyone begins to roar. It's a sure laugh getter.—*The Post.*

Not all girls are so lucky—you got to remember that.

•

MOST FASCINATING NEWS STORY OF THE WEEK

[*The following item, reprinted in its entirety, is from the Phoenix Arizona-Republic*]

LACONIA, N. H.—(AP) Now, about that needle in the haystack—

Truman French, employed at a local sawmill, lost his watch in a pile of sawdust that later was poured into 1,100 bags and shipped to Somerville, Mass.

Today, Charles R. Ryan, an inspector at the Somerville plant, notified of the loss, looked over the 1,100 bags, yanked one out at random.

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How tall are you?

TRY the modern ROGERS PEET

STYLE-SMARTNESS FOR EVERY BUILD

Our artist sketched this thinnish six-footer just after he'd taken off his Rogers Peet suit—a suit specially designed to make a man of narrow and lanky proportions look his best.

"Looking your best!"

That's what "Style" really is—and that's exactly what *you* get in clothes by the *modern* Rogers Peet.

Rogers Peet Company

In New York:
Fifth Avenue
at 41st Street

13th Street
at Broadway

Warren Street
at Broadway

And in Boston:
Tremont St.
at Bromfield St.

Cartier

The Dependable Service Watch — from Cartier

Precision and all 'round efficiency — waterproof, shock-resistant, dustproof, unbreakable crystal and luminous dial. In 14 karat gold with a 17 jewel Swiss movement. Valued gift from Cartier — $105. (20% Federal Tax included)

Mail orders filled carefully.

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Mrs. A. ATWATER KENT, Jr.

carries on her family's tradition for beautiful entertaining at her estate, "Foxcroft Hill"

Mrs. Kent's dinner table with crystal candlesticks, bowls, and handsome Waterford glasses.

AGAINST LILIES, FREESIAS, LILACS, SPARKLES MRS. KENT'S FAVORITE, THE WATERFORD DESIGN

Astonishingly talented, Mrs. A. Atwater Kent, Jr. is a landscape painter, an expert yachtswoman and skier. She is an interested member of the Philadelphia Stage Door Canteen, the Officers' Club, the Navy League—and she is a hostess of exquisite taste.

"I love the solid crystal of the Waterford pattern," says Mrs. Kent. *"Its bold proportions are so much in the mood of today's new decor."*

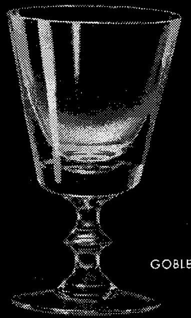
Waterford is just one of the many hand-blown patterns of Libbey Glass. Although the master-craftsmen who created this exquisite crystal are now making glass products demanded by war, you may still select Libbey patterns in leading stores. You may even purchase a few pieces—knowing that after the war, you can add to them.

LIBBEY GLASS

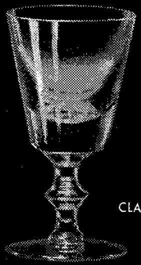
Established 1818

A PRODUCT OF OWENS-ILLINOIS GLASS COMPANY, TOLEDO, OHIO

Libbey Waterford pattern shown on Mrs Kent's table



GOBLET



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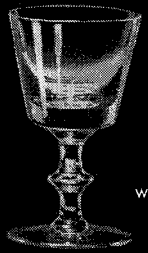

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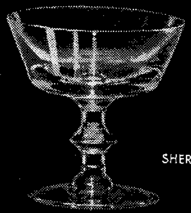

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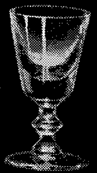
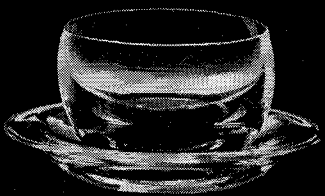
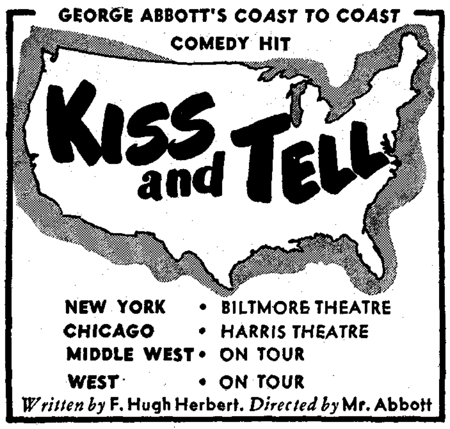


CORDIAL

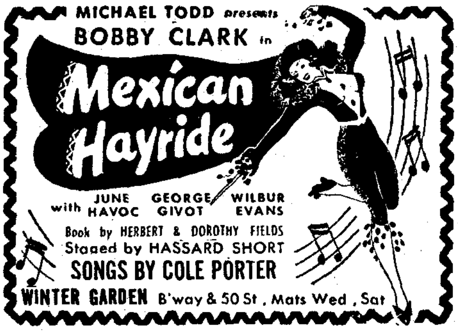


FINGER BOWL AND PLATE

Hand-etched on every piece — Libbey



GEORGE ABBOTT'S COAST TO COAST
COMEDY HIT
KISS and TELL
NEW YORK • BILTMORE THEATRE
CHICAGO • HARRIS THEATRE
MIDDLE WEST • ON TOUR
WEST • ON TOUR
Written by F. Hugh Herbert. *Directed by* Mr. Abbott



MICHAEL TODD *presents*
BOBBY CLARK *in*
Mexican Hayride
with JUNE HAVOC GEORGE GIVOT WILBUR EVANS
Book by HERBERT & DOROTHY FIELDS
Staged by HASSARD SHORT
SONGS BY COLE PORTER
WINTER GARDEN B'way & 50 St. Mats Wed. Sat

"A RIBALDY AMUSING FARCE COMEDY"
—*George Jean Nathan*
Meyer Davis presents
WALLFLOWER
The Laugh Hit
by Mary Orr & Reginald Denham
CORT, 48th St. E. of B'way. Mats. Wed. & Sat.

"Big and important...human, convincing"—News
THERON BAMBERGER *presents*
TOMORROW THE WORLD
By JAMES GOW & ARNAUD d'USSEAU
Staged by ELLIOTT NUGENT
CONRAD NAGEL SHIRLEY BOOTH
BARRYMORE, W. 47th. Evgs. 8:40. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:40

N. Y. CITY CENTER • DESSOFF CHOIRS
PRESENT
BRAHMS REQUIEM
Conducted by PAUL BOEPPLE
preceded by World Premiere of
ERNST LEVY'S "ELEGIE FRANCAISE"
Conducted by LEON BARZIN
NEW YORK CITY CENTER—MAY 21, 3 P. M.
Tickets: 90c to $2.40

MOTION PICTURES

HOLLYWOOD B'WAY AT 51ST.
WARNERS'
"ADVENTURES OF MARK TWAIN"
starring
FREDRIC MARCH
ALEXIS SMITH
CONTINUOUS
POP. PRICES

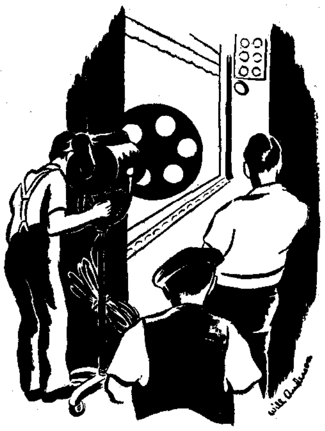
RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL
50th St. & 6th Ave.
HELD OVER—SECOND WEEK!
"THE WHITE CLIFFS OF DOVER"
IRENE DUNNE • ALAN MARSHAL
A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture
Gala Stage Show • Symphony Orchestra
1st Mezzanine Seats Reserved. Circle 6-4600

THE THEATRE

A SECOND HELPING

JUVENILE delinquency, a problem very recently discussed in "Pick-Up Girl," turned up again last week when "Hickory Stick" was offered at the Mansfield. This drama, which, in the words of a famous press agent, flew open and shut like a door, was intended to give us some idea of what goes on in a vocational high school, apparently, in this case at least, the last repository for those who can't be educated in more usual ways. "Pick-Up Girl," though of a conventional and literary design, had at least a certain documentary value; "Hickory Stick" was a crowded and demented melodrama, clearly designed to shock the customers out of two and a half hours' growth. Unfortunately, it made some laugh, drove others prematurely and indignantly from the theatre, and impressed nobody, I'm afraid, as anything resembling rational social comment.

The goings on at old Truxton, the name chosen by Frederick Stephani and Murray Burnett for their modern Dotheboys Hall, were so varied and preposterous that I doubt if much of their flavor can be trapped in print. There was a student rendered so offensively cynical by reading Nietzsche and Schopenhauer that one of his little classmates finally felt obliged to shoot him. There was an idealistic schoolmaster, a wounded soldier back from Guadalcanal, who believed that the young demons in his charge could be redeemed by kindness but first found it necessary to establish a certain atmosphere of authority by knocking one of them cold with a terrific right uppercut. By something of a coincidence, his victim turned out to be the younger brother of one of his comrades who had been killed in the Pacific; by even more of a coincidence, the boy was also the brother of a notorious gunman on the lam who rather arbitrarily burst into the classroom to dispose of a gun subsequently used to rub out the disciple of Nietzsche (and Schopenhauer). There was some sequence in all this, some ghostly semblance of a plot, but it was never clear in my mind, and I don't think we'll go into it.



Anyway, it was only a fragment of what went on at the Mansfield. There were also a virtuous young schoolmistress, inevitably attracted to the hero of Guadalcanal; a couple of reactionary pedagogues who felt that, since their charges were bound to wind up in Sing Sing anyway, there wasn't much point in bothering about them; and a great many other more or less fascinating characters, including an amiable girl who occasionally sold herself for fifty cents in order to buy the works of the German philosophers for the doomed scholar, whom she inexplicably seemed to admire. All these queer people were in a state of violent commotion throughout the evening—when nothing else occurred to the authors, a fist fight or a hair-pulling was apt to spring up somewhere on the stage—but the total effect was rather less exciting than the average preliminary bout at Madison Square Garden. It is hard to tell these days when a theatrical season officially ends, but for the past few weeks this one has had a distinctly moribund air about it.

Since "Hickory Stick" is now a matter for only the theatrical historian, there is no particular reason for badgering the actors who were employed to grapple with its childish complications. Those who took what I suppose you might call the leading parts dealt with them conscientiously, shooting and knocking one another down with a great deal of spirit. The others just sort of milled around.

—WOLCOTT GIBBS

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Other items on the 1944 Borough budget include: Police, $35,770; Board of Health, $11,285; Poor Administration and Relief, $9,380; Parks and Playgrounds, $3,500; Town Library, $10,33
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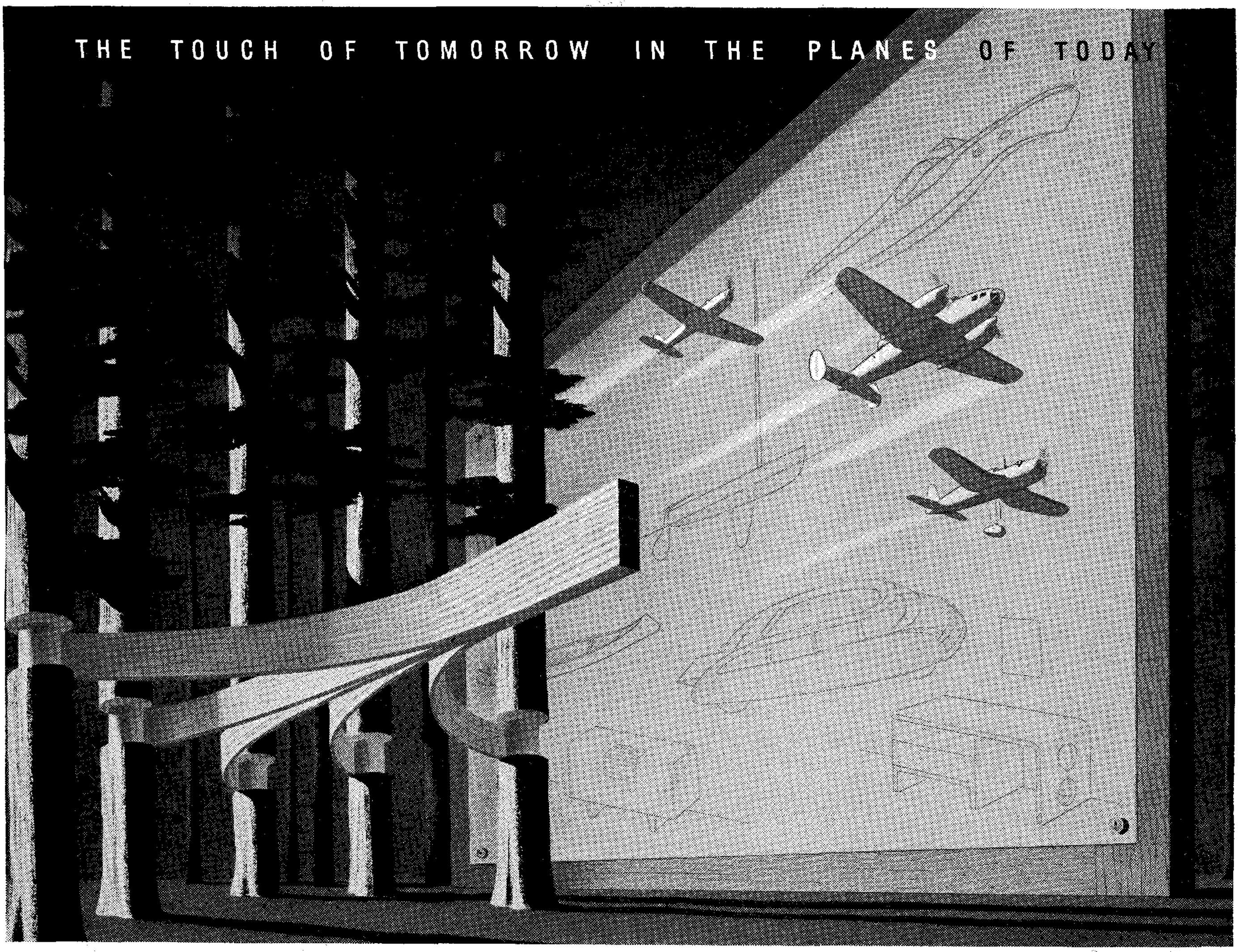
—*Princeton (N.J.) Herald.*

Quiet, please!


THE TOUCH OF TOMORROW IN THE PLANES OF TODAY

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A REPORTER AT LARGE

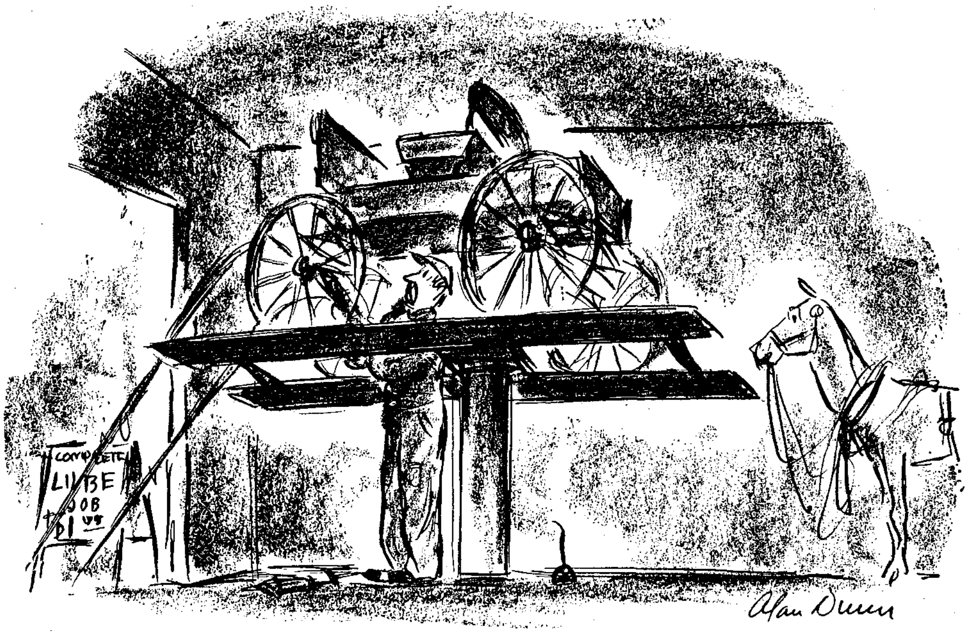
NO PLACE LIKE HOME

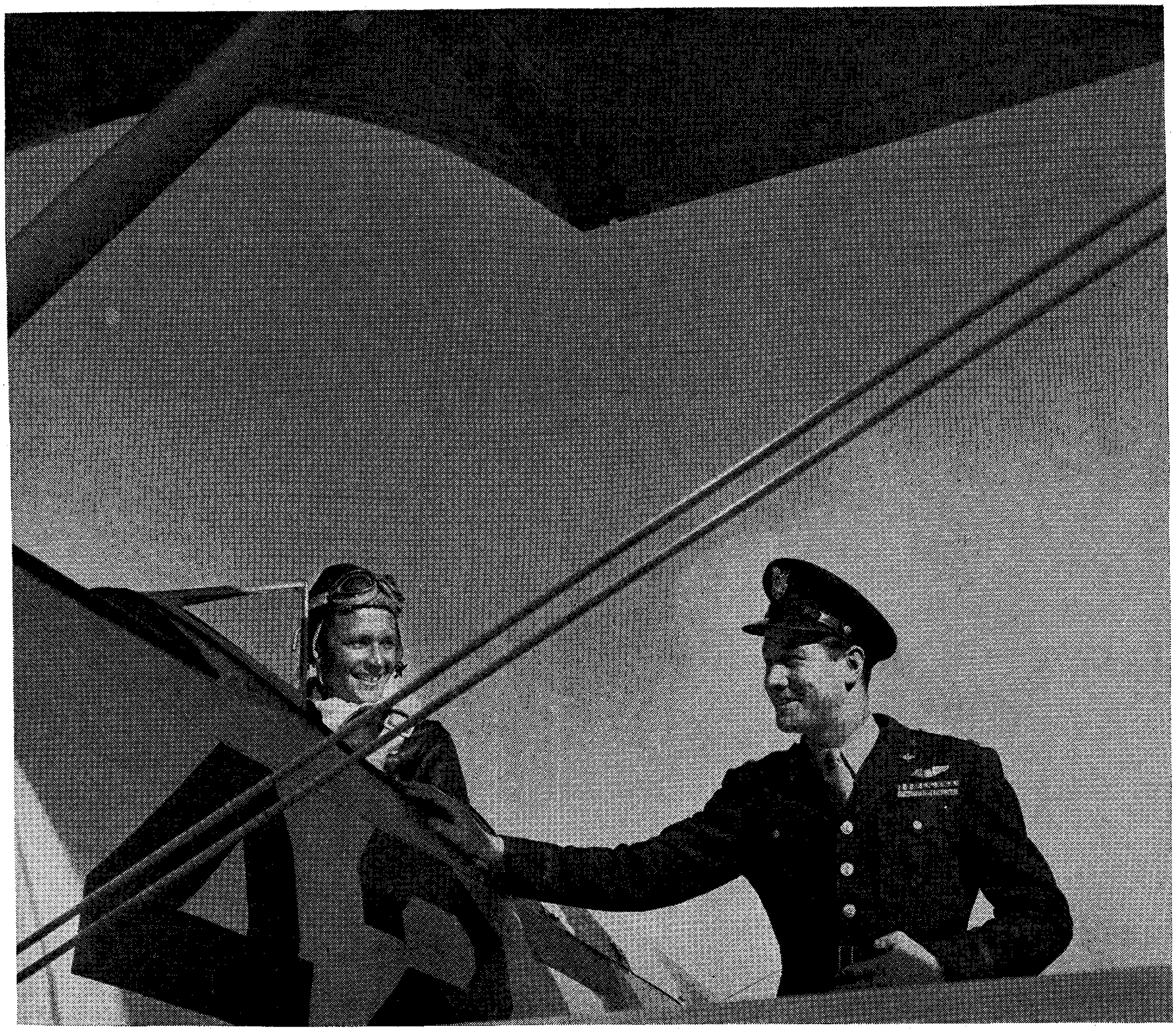
As the war goes on, informal surveys made among American soldiers in combat zones indicate an understandable eagerness on their part to get home for a little while. Lately, quite a few men from overseas who had no particular reason to believe that they would see the United States again before, as some military people say, "the duration and six"—unless, of course, they were badly wounded and sent back for extended hospitalization—have been quietly trickling into this country under what the War Department calls a rotation plan. Compared to the number of men in foreign service, these repatriates are not an impressively large group. However, the rotation system has a real importance, since, because of it, every front-line soldier has at least the sustaining hope that he may see his home again before the war is over. Infantrymen, for example, have for a long time been reading about the periodic homeward jaunts of airmen who have completed a certain number of combat missions—say, forty. They do not begrudge them their vacations, but they have sometimes become depressed at realizing that after forty combat patrols on the ground, where the chances of being killed are just as good as in the air, and often better, about all they have to look forward to is their forty-first.

A few weeks ago I happened to be at an Army camp in this country where some officers and men just back from Italy were briefly quartered before being moved home. The part of the camp I was especially interested in goes by the name of the Overseas Discharge and Reassignment Unit. Some of the officers and men who pass through the O.D.&R.U. are going to be discharged, for one reason or another, but most of them are soldiers with considerable battle experience who, after furloughs, are to be reassigned to new military chores, at least temporarily in this country. The O.D.&R.U. occupies a section of a more or less typical camp, a symmetrical and businesslike community crowded with tar-papered buildings. It is not a particularly prepossessing installation, but it has real barracks, heated and roofed, and the men from abroad, who have been sleeping on the ground, in foxholes, in pup tents, in the shells of bombed-out buildings, and, most recently, in the cramped confines of a troop transport, think the barracks are wonderful—in some cases almost too wonderful. "I didn't sleep a wink last night," an infantry sergeant complained the day after his arrival. "Those beds were too soft; they didn't feel right. Why, the guy beside me lay down on one of them and two minutes later he had cramps in both legs." No one took him very seriously.

The Army is as solicitous as a brood hen about these returning soldiers, and its objective is to move them out of this camp and toward their homes as quickly as possible. The officers running this O.D.&R.U. have orders not to keep their guests hanging around longer than seventy-two hours, and the man in charge at the time of my visit, a brisk, efficient, and thoughtful captain named Brooks, who has seen thousands of soldiers come and go and who rather wistfully keeps a collection of foreign currency under the glass top of his desk as mementos, told me proudly that the group I saw would be around a mere thirty-six hours, a new record. His chief job is to see that the men who leave the O.D.&R.U. are decently clothed; the regulations state that within twenty-four hours of a soldier's arrival he must be issued a new uniform if the one he has "does not insure comfort and present a good appearance for travel in the United States." Otherwise, civilians unaware that a man is a veteran of battle or military policemen in the pursuit of their peculiar duties might get the impression that he is just sloppy. When the men debark from their troopships, they are dressed in all sorts of bizarre styles. Some wear English jackets, some still wear parts of the untidy uniforms they have fought in, and a large number wear unorthodox headgear. One first sergeant I saw had on a flying coat—handsome but un-American—he had bought from a captured Italian pilot. Now that the men are back, they are expected to travel in the Army's relatively unspectacular "A" uniform—the regular dress uniform, which consists of hat or cap, blouse, trousers, shirt, tie, and shoes, shined. Veterans grumble a bit at this, for they feel that the fact they have been shot at entitles them to some eccentricity of dress, but for the most part they are so glad to be home that they probably would, if told to, wear Boy Scout suits. The only person I ran into who seemed actually perturbed about clothes was a nurse, back from nineteen months of overseas duty, during nearly all of which, she said, she had never worn anything but comfortably rumpled field uniforms. "I'm sort of worried about my new job," she said. "I'm afraid they'll put me in a general hospital back here and make me wear starched whites."

Long before the men who are being rotated have even started for the States, they know a good deal more about their itineraries than travelling soldiers ordinarily do. This is because, after the returned men have been spruced up at the O.D.&R.U., the Army sends them to whichever of fourteen reception centres handling rotation—in New York, Massachusetts, Maryland, North Carolina, Mississippi, Illinois, Indiana, Missouri, Louisiana, Texas, Utah, California, Colorado, and Washington—they have chosen while still overseas. The idea is that they usually pick the one nearest where they live, because by starting their furloughs fairly close to home they





Finish the Fight with War Bonds

First Love

He came back from a year in the flak-filled sky over Europe. A Flying Fortress pilot, veteran of over thirty bombing missions, with a major's leaves on his shoulders, and plenty of ribbons below his silver wings.

One place he visited was the primary training base where he had done his first flying. When he reached the flight line his face crinkled in a boyish grin.

"Boeing Kaydets!" he said. "If I fly a hundred years there'll never be a thrill like my first solo in one of those babies. I was so scared my fingers felt like sausages. But she took me off and purred away upstairs, sweet and honest and steady—and she was all mine!

"There've been a lot of others since, but I'll always keep a warm spot in my heart for that old PT-17!"

The quality of the training given American fliers is proved a thousand times a day, wherever they strike the enemy. And more of our fledgling eagles have learned to use their wings in the Boeing-built Army PT-17 and Navy N2S-2 and N2S-3 than in any other primary trainers. Hundreds of these same rugged Boeing planes are used for training airmen in other Allied countries.

The strength, stability and simple, dependable flight characteristics that make the Boeing Kaydet a great primary training plane result from the same thorough engineering, design and production that have helped to make aviation history with the Flying Fortresses, B-29 Superfortresses, Stratoliners and Transocean Clippers.

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When the war is won, Boeing will apply its diversified engineering and manufacturing skills to peacetime products. And you can have full confidence . . . if it's "Built by Boeing" it's bound to be good.

DESIGNERS OF THE FLYING FORTRESS • THE NEW B-29 SUPERFORTRESS • THE STRATOLINER • TRANSOCEAN CLIPPERS **BOEING**

waste as little as possible of their own time and money on travel. It is not customary for soldiers to state their preferences about anything in Army camps, and some men, when the opportunity is unexpectedly afforded them, are at first a mite suspicious. When they find that their preferences are actually being respected, they figure that the Army must be under new management.

I MET some of the returned officers and men one morning at Captain Brooks' office, a bustling, long, bare room with a stove at each end of it and countless soldiers wandering in and out, many of them asking hopefully for passes. They had come to the camp the night before on a special train, after a brief interval at a pier, where they had been fed doughnuts and coffee by ladies of the American Red Cross. The captain told them that officers would be permitted to leave for a short while but that the only enlisted men who could get off were those with relatives or close friends in the vicinity. He added comfortingly that there was nothing to do in the neighborhood anyhow. Some soldiers came in to ask when they were going to be paid and were told that they'd have to wait until they reached their reception centres. One lieutenant colonel, who evidently had been saving his money, drifted in with two large cellophane-wrapped boxes of candy hugged under one arm and an ecstatic, anticipatory look on his face. A lieutenant wearing wings and a flight jacket with five German crosses on its back was sitting near one of the stoves. He had a bandaged foot, and he was the nearest thing to a hospital case visible. The new arrivals who wouldn't be ready to go home until they had had medical treatment in this country had been transferred to a hospital train at the pier.

Three extremely youthful-looking fellows, one a Negro, were sitting in a corner, waiting, I discovered, for an officer to talk to them about the fix they were in; they had not been returned under the rotation system but because it had been discovered that they were under age when they enlisted. One of them, a veteran of several major battles, was especially distressed because he would be eighteen in June and he expected that if the Army discharged him now, on the ground that he was a minor, he would soon be drafted and, perhaps, put through basic training again. Three soldiers, clearly of age, were smirking over a mimeographed and anonymous "Guide to the United States" they had found lying on a table. It was a parody of the publications distributed to soldiers who are about to land on foreign shores, and its introduction, which was one of its few printable sections, began:

> You have been assigned to duty in the United States and the helpful rules of conduct contained in this pamphlet will be of great assistance in cementing a great friendship with the civilian population. The impression you create will cause the native to judge all soldiers, therefore it is important to be polite, courteous, generous, but at all times firm. Naturally, having been overseas, you have automatically become a leading authority on practically everything and your opinions will carry great weight. A practical plan of entering into any conversation is to preface all remarks as follows: "Now when we landed in North Africa," or "When we invaded Sicily." This will silence all other conversation and secure instant attention, especially when a slightly loud tone of voice is used. In any ensuing monologue about invasions, you must always remember that you landed in the first wave. These things are hard to check.

It was easy for me to recognize the infantrymen, because of their hands. They had the rough, torn hands of men who have been digging in the ground with them. Their faces were tight and drawn, and had the deep sunburn you acquire not from a few hours on a hot, white beach but from weeks of active life on a beachhead. The men were all glad to be home and made no bones about it. One infantry captain told me, "I didn't have the gray hairs I've got now when I left the States." He said this sort of jokingly, but he *did* have gray hairs. "Along toward the last in Italy, up on that Anzio beachhead, I'd just about reached the end of my rope," he said. A corporal who had been wounded twice and who each time, after recovering, had gone straight back into the lines said that the day of his return here was the best day of his life. A private first class said it was heaven. "All I had to hear were those train whistles at the pier," he told me, "and it felt like home. I thought it would be paradise when I got here and I know it is now." A lieutenant colonel in the Medical Corps, who had been with an evacuation hospital in the North African and Italian campaigns, was paying fervent tribute to the food in the camp. "I've had two meals here," he said, "and I've had two quarts of milk. It's wonderful. We missed milk and eggs the most. Oh *God*, it's wonderful. The whole damn air smells good here."

I wanted to find out just how it feels to a soldier in a combat zone to be suddenly rotated home, so I went up to a man sitting by himself in a corner of the office. I thought he was a private,

THEATRE GUILD PRODUCTIONS
THE MUSICAL HIT
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Based on LYNN RIGGS' "Green Grow the Lilacs"
Music by RICHARD RODGERS
Book & Lyrics by OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN 2d
Directed by ROUBEN MAMOULIAN
Dances by AGNES de MILLE
Betty GARDE · Alfred DRAKE · Joseph BULOFF · Joan ROBERTS
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(in association with Jack H. Skirball)
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The FRANZ WERFEL - S. N. BEHRMAN COMEDY
Staged by ELIA KAZAN
LOUIS CALHERN • ANNABELLA • OSCAR KARLWEIS
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The MARGARET WEBSTER PRODUCTION
PAUL ROBESON
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EDITH KING • JAMES MONKS
Production designed and lighted by
Robert Edmond Jones
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—BARNES, Herald Trib.
ALFRED de LIAGRE, Jr.
presents
Margaret SULLAVAN & Elliott NUGENT
in
JOHN VAN DRUTEN'S
Comedy
the Voice of the Turtle
with
AUDREY CHRISTIE
MOROSCO, 45th St. W. of B'way.
Evenings 8:35 Matinees Wed. & Sat. 2:35

"HELEN GOES TO TROY
is funny, musically fetching, lovely to look at and jubilantly gay. A musical farce of the first order."
—BARNES, Herald Tribune
ALVIN Theatre, W. 52 St. Eves. 8:40.
Mats. Wed. & Sat.

"Hilarious, Irresistible."
—GEORGE JEAN NATHAN
CHICKEN EVERY SUNDAY
with
MARY PHILIPS • SIDNEY BLACKMER
HENRY MILLER'S Theatre • 43 St. E. of B'way
Eves. 8:40 • Mats. Wed., Sat. & May 30, 2:40

"Smash hit!" Winchell
MILTON BERLE in
ZIEGFELD FOLLIES
SENOR WENCES · CHRISTINE AYRES · SARA ANN McCABE
NADINE GAE · TOMMY WONDER · JACK McCAULEY
and SUE RYAN
Staged by JOHN MURRAY ANDERSON
IMPERIAL THEA., 45th St. W. of B'way. CO-5-2412
TWICE SAT. & SUN. 2:35 & 8:35. No Perf. Mon.

HERMAN SHUMLIN presents
LILLIAN HELLMAN'S New Play
CORNELIA OTIS SKINNER * DENNIS KING * DUDLEY DIGGES
IN
The Searching Wind
with BARBARA O'NEIL and ARNOLD KORFF
FULTON W. 46 St. Eves 8:40. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:40. Air Cond

"My beer is RHEINGOLD
—the DRY beer!"
says JANE HOUSE,
MISS RHEINGOLD 1944

PHOTOGRAPH BY PAUL HESSE

Rheingold

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Lager Beer

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It's beer as beer should taste!

DRY tells you WHY!

Rheingold, the DRY beer, is not sweet, not bitter. It has a clean, real-beer flavor. *It's beer as beer should taste!*

So it's not surprising that in 1943, as in 1942, more than *twice* as many New Yorkers switched to Rheingold as to any other New York beer.

Try Rheingold. On tap and in quart and 12-oz. bottles all over town.

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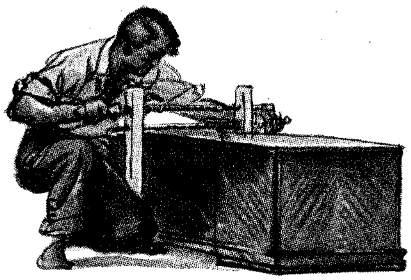
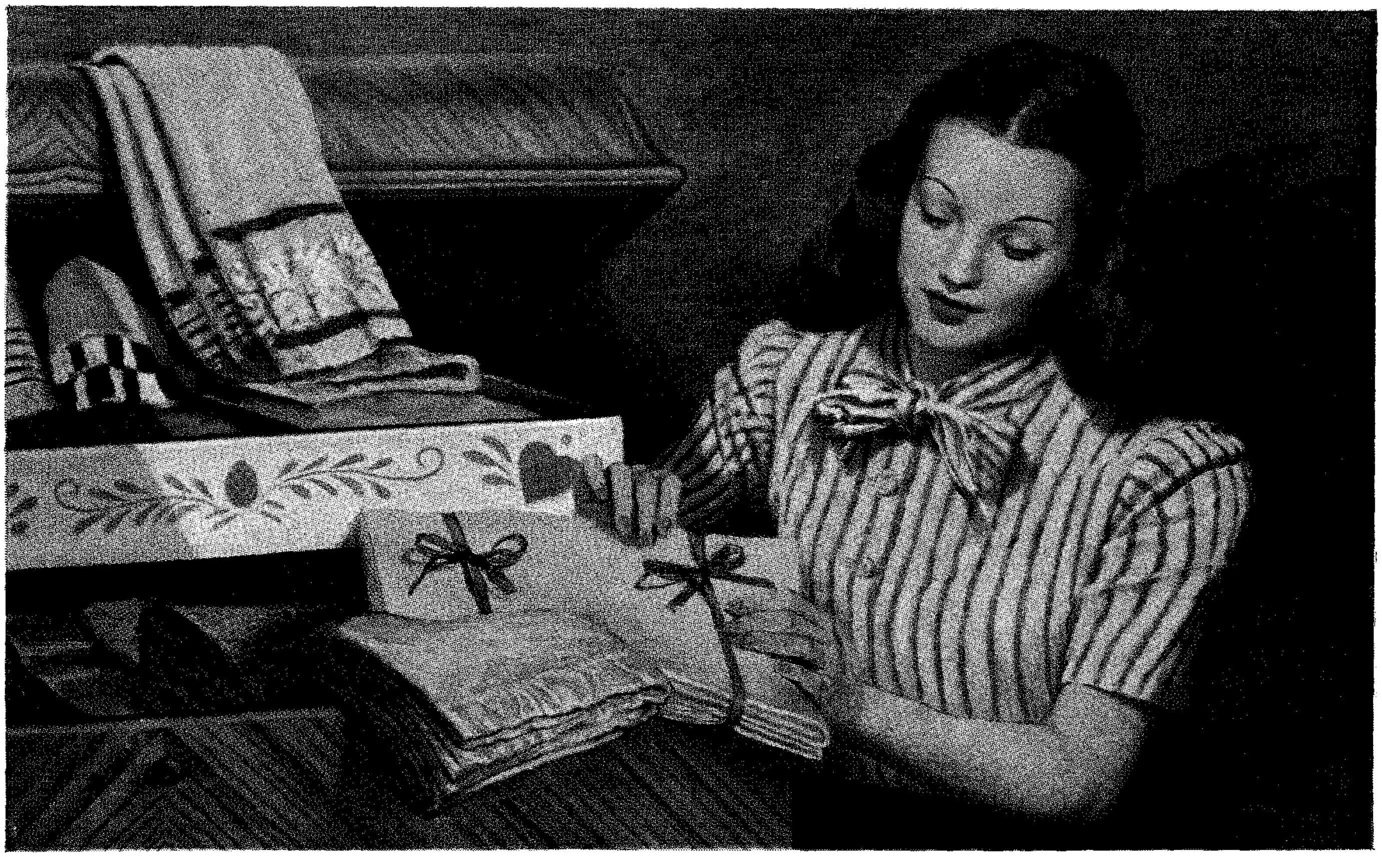
AMERICA'S STRENGTH IN WAR AND PEACE—THE PARTNERSHIP OF MAN AND WOMAN



HE *fashions the chest*



Painted for McCall's by Francis Criss

SHE *fills it with hopes*

The making of the chest is man's work but the "making" of the home is woman's . . . and the hope chest has ever been a symbol of what that home is to be. She fills it not only with the tangible expressions of the home — fine linens and shining silver — but with faith and love and dreams. Naturally, this difference in interests and responsibilities between men and women creates a difference in *reading* interests, too!

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In war as in peace, McCall's is edited directly to the three primary interests of the American Woman—Her Heart, Her Home, Herself.

McCall's

THREE MAGAZINES IN ONE

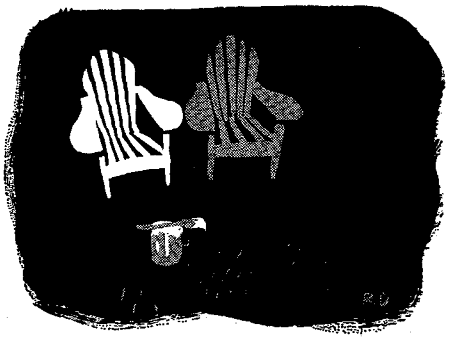
because there were no stripes on his sleeves, but he explained that he was a master sergeant, wearing a new shirt he had just been issued. After I had apologized for my mistake, he introduced himself as Richard A. Elshire, of Rapid City, South Dakota. "It seems like a dream, being here," he said. "It never really hit me that I was in the States till I called up my wife at Dayton, where she works at an airfield. Up to the time I spoke to her, it seemed like I was making just another move. And then I couldn't make *her* believe I was back. She kept saying 'Dick, Dick, is it *really* you, Dick?' and she didn't seem to be able to say much more. I had to do most of the talking to try to snap her out of it. You know, it was my twenty-fifth birthday the day I got back, but my wife was so excited that she forgot to congratulate me."

Sergeant Elshire, it turned out, had been married for three years and he hadn't seen his wife for nearly twenty-seven months. He was overseas most of those months, first in Northern Ireland, then in Scotland, and later in North Africa and Italy. When he got his orders to return home, he was chief clerk of a staff section in an infantry division headquarters, one of the most responsible jobs an enlisted man can hold in a combat outfit. In that position, he was able to keep much better informed on military developments than most soldiers, and he had heard about the rotation scheme shortly after it was announced last fall. "I looked over the circular when it reached us and never gave it a thought," he said. "I figured it was just another of those Washington circulars nothing would be done about in Italy." Even when it seemed possible that something would be done about it, Elshire didn't think seriously of his being personally affected. "Several months ago, I heard a rumor that my name was in," he said, "but you know how those rumors are. I said 'Yeah?' and never paid any more attention to it. Then, over three months later, I went back to the rear command post one day, about ten miles behind our forward C.P., near Cassino. While I was there, the phone rang. It was a corporal in my section. 'Hey, Dick,' he said, 'your name came through on rotation.' I said 'Yeah? No kidding?' 'No, I ain't kidding,' he said. 'Get your rear end up here in a hurry because you got to leave in the morning.' I still couldn't believe it, so I called back and checked with another guy there. He said no kidding, too, so then I knew I was going."

After thinking the matter over, Elshire decided not to go up to the forward command post until next morning. "I was at ease at the rear C.P., out of artillery range," he explained, "and figured I might as well stay there and get a night's rest. The next morning I took off at six, in a jeep." When he reached the advance C.P., he began collecting what little equipment he had—a musette bag, a pack, and a barracks bag only half full—and saying goodbye. "Some of the boys said, 'Happy to see you go, Dick,'" he told me. "The others had a look of—well, how would I describe it?—sort of a speechless look. I was mighty fortunate. There were others who deserved to go just as much as I did—more than I did, in fact."

Sergeant Elshire is not overly superstitious, but he didn't waste any time pulling out. "Up there, outside of Cassino, you saw Jerry on that hill in that monastery clear as could be, and it sort of gave you the urge to hurry up and get the hell out of there," he said. He took a jeep back to the rear C.P., picked up the few necessary forms and some copies of his special orders, and boarded a truck for Naples, where he reported in at a staging camp and waited five days in a building whose windows had all been knocked out by bomb explosions. He ran into men from other units who were also moving toward home, and they sat around comparing experiences and congratulating one another on their good luck. Finally, they were put on a ship and debarked at a North African port, from which they proceeded in boxcars of the traditional "forty-and-eight" kind to another port. There they were given forms to fill out, specifying, among other things, which reception centre in the United States they wanted to be sent to.

Elshire had been sending his wife souvenirs from various parts of the world—linens from Ireland, a leather purse from North Africa, cameos and coral jewelry from Italy—and had just received a request from her for a leather hassock. He shopped around in the port and bought a large, handsome hassock and a pair of Arab slippers, presumably



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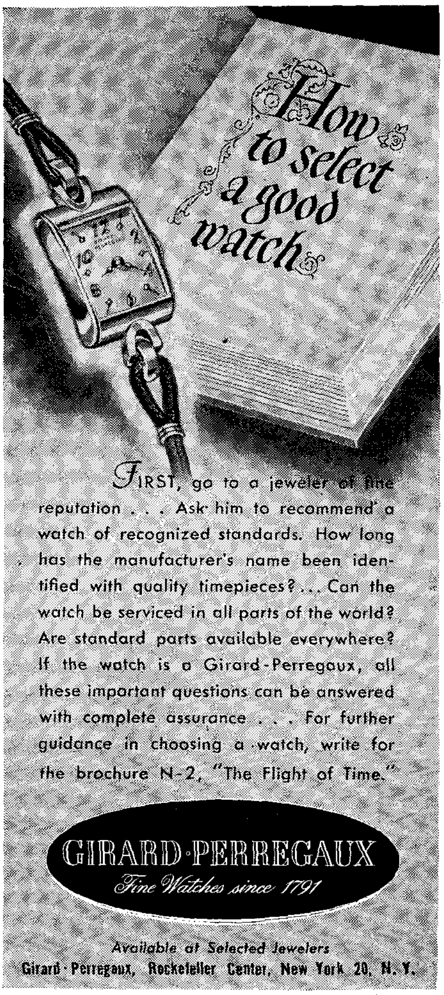

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for her to wear while she sat around with her feet on the hassock. A supply sergeant let him exchange one of the shirts he had with him for a better one, and he sailed for home with a creditable wardrobe (for a man just out of combat) of a pair of pants, two shirts, three sets of underwear, four pairs of socks, half a dozen handkerchiefs, a pair of new shoes, a necktie, a field jacket, and an overcoat. He also had a gas mask; he was told in Africa that he couldn't board the ship without one. As soon as he reached the States, the gas mask was taken away by a supply sergeant, who said sharply that he never should have brought it with him. Elshire accepted all this resignedly; he has been in the Army a long time.

Some of the soldiers who were being rotated vowed aboard ship that they would kiss the ground as soon as they reached this country. Elshire had entertained that notion, too, he told me, but when he walked down onto the pier and didn't see anything more kissable than some dirty wooden planking, he changed his mind. So did the rest of the group. A few of the boys scraped their feet and said "This is really it," but there was no kissing. After they had been taken by train to the camp at which I met them, they were assigned to barracks. Elshire slept on the first bed with springs he had seen for two years. He didn't have any trouble sleeping. Then he had his first breakfast of fresh eggs and fresh milk in nearly as long. Then he set off at a clip for a telephone, to call his wife. He had to wait for over an hour to get at a phone, and talked to her for exactly five minutes. I asked him why he had cut the conversation short at that precise moment. "Well," he said, "as I was waiting there, I noticed a sign on the bulletin board asking people to limit all their long-distance calls to five minutes, on account of the war and everything. So I did." As a consequence of waiting to make his phone call, Elshire missed lunch at the mess hall, and ate at the post exchange instead. It was a fine American meal, he said: a piece of cake, a carton of chocolate ice cream, and three Coca-Colas.

SERGEANT ELSHIRE excused himself to go off and find out about his "A" uniform, and I strolled over to the post exchange to see what long-missed delicacies the other men were enjoying there. The place was jammed and the floor was littered with empty ice-cream cartons, candy wrappers, and pop bottles. As I entered, I almost bumped into a technical sergeant wandering around

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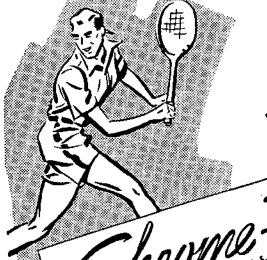

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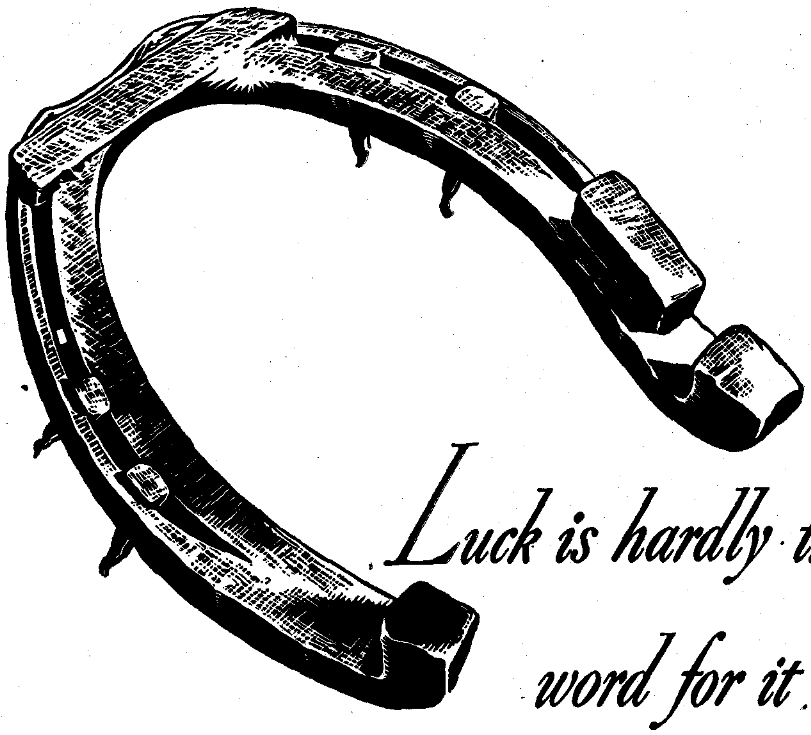
in a daze with a half-filled bottle of Coca-Cola in each hand and a pair of new pants tucked under one arm. He was wearing a blouse from which he hadn't yet bothered to remove the numerous yellow tags the Army attaches to its new garments. Five men were clustered around a juke box, feeding it nickels fast enough to keep it in constant operation, and listening with wonder and admiration to the new tunes. "Mairzy Doats" was not among the selections available. A lady in the manager's office told me that there had been no requests for that garbled anthem; most of the returning soldiers want nothing but sad, sentimental music. The favorites of the five men were a satisfyingly dirgelike number called "No Love, No Nothing" and a mournful rendition by Gene Autry of "You'll Be Sorry."

Most of the men passing through, the post-exchange lady said, want beer above all else. It is sold only in the evening, and then a limit is imposed of two bottles a man at a time. This restriction has been established merely to keep traffic moving; a man may come back for as many pairs of beers as he wants, provided, of course, there is nothing in his gait offensive to the M.P.'s standing around. Drunkenness is infrequent; for one thing, the beer is all 3.2. Since the post-exchange people never know how many thirsty repatriates are going to drop in, they are sometimes caught with an insufficient supply on ice, so the beer is often warm. After beer, the most popular purchases are Coca-Cola, ice cream (chocolate is the flavor in greatest demand), cigarettes (anything but the brands which soldiers most frequently find packed with their rations), candy (Hershey almond bars, all other varieties of chocolate, and coconut concoctions), and magazines, in that order. Comics and Westerns are far in the lead among the publications. "The boys like them because they're something light," the lady said. "They can read them without having to think." However, I noticed that when a newsboy approached a gathering of newly arrived soldiers, he was practically knocked off his feet by the demand for his papers. Presumably the men wanted to know how things were going in the foxholes they had lately vacated. Quite understandably, they are not so deeply concerned with international activities as people whose personal problems have been less dangerous and taxing. I asked an infantry corporal who not long before had spent seventy-three straight days in rather intimate



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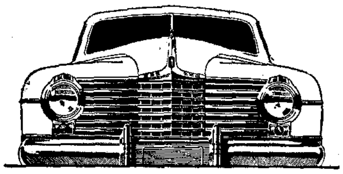

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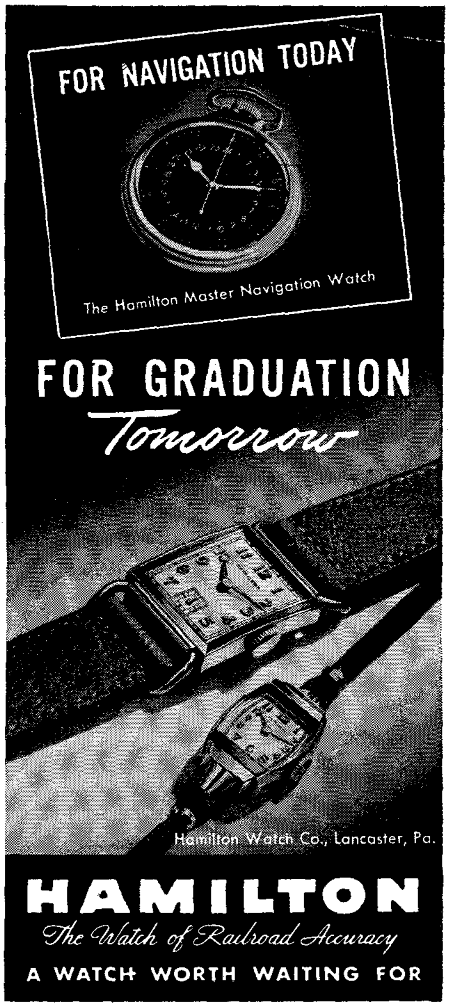
touch with Germans how he felt about the Japs, and he readily admitted that he never gave them a thought. "You've got a lot on your mind when you're up there, you know," he said.

BACK at Captain Brooks' office, I talked with one of his sergeants, who said that the two principal questions asked by incoming soldiers were, first, where could they buy a bottle, and, second, how long would they have to hang around before being shipped out. After being told that there isn't any chance, officially, of getting liquor, they are promised that they won't be kept around more than a few days. Many of them are highly skeptical of this prediction and are always agreeably surprised when it turns out to be accurate. The captain came over to me and said that he tried to see that the men got plenty of fresh eggs and milk, because that was what they wanted the most, at least of the items he is authorized to provide. He added that among the other treats his guests receive are showings of two free movie shorts—one a cartoon and the other what he described as a "leg-art picture." I asked him for the title of a recent one, and after reflecting for a moment he mentioned one called "Girls at Vassar." These days you never know who'll be pinned up next.

The movie shorts are generally shown in conjunction with a welcome-home speech by the colonel in command of the camp. This is a brief lecture, the captain said, in which the colonel starts off by telling his audience, "We're service troops here, and we're here to give service." Then he points out to the men that they are back in the States now, that they will be judged by their appearance as well as by the deeds they have done, and that they will be expected to follow the Army's usual local ground rules and to resume saluting and calling officers "Sir" and doing the other little things many of them have perhaps neglected, if not exactly forgotten. This last polite admonition, a sergeant stationed at the camp told me later, sometimes draws scattered laughter. Like most field soldiers, the men coming home take a poor view of conventional discipline and particularly like to scoff at the M.P.'s on the post, spick and span in uniforms with gleaming white accessories but few campaign ribbons. The M.P.'s accept all this with fortitude.

I didn't get a chance to hear the colonel's remarks, but I watched his prospective audience march off to the theatre in which he was going to address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them. They lined up in the street outside of the O.D.&R.U. headquarters and waited patiently—calling out in Italian to some Italian prisoners who passed by and silently acknowledged their cordial cries of "*Paesano!*" and "*Miserabile!*"—until a band swung in at the head of the column. The band started off, playing a lively march, and the repatriates began to strut stiffly along after it. It was an odd parade. Marching at attention, behind the music, were infantry privates in wrinkled field jackets and combat boots, Air Forces majors in blouses and pink trousers, nurses in blue and in olive drab, paratroopers with their pants tucked in their distinctive boots, fighter pilots in well-worn flight jackets, a handful of Negro medical officers, men in long overcoats, men in short overcoats, men in their shirtsleeves, the sergeant with the yellow tags on his new blouse, soldiers of all sizes and branches of the service wearing Silver Stars and Purple Hearts and Air Medals with innumerable Oak Leaf Clusters. They moved on toward the theatre, looking straight ahead and saying nothing, and it occurred to some of us watching them march by that this motley bunch, swinging down a dirt road, without a flag or a torn-up telephone book in sight, was the nearest thing to a legitimate victory parade any of us was apt to see for a long, long time to come. —E. J. KAHN, JR.

•

AM bored, am very bored. People I know tire me; am seeking amusing partner to travel with me searching extraordinary amusement. Am blond girl, 25, divine figure. Continental taste. Box E-129, Times. —*Adv. in the Los Angeles Times.*

Which continent?

•

The authorities said that an investigation was being made and declined to say what was being served for lunch today at the Ritz-Carlton. There was a report, however, that roast bee hash was under suspicion.—*The Herald Tribune.*

It would be a logical thing to look into.

•

NEATEST TRICK OF THE WEEK

[*From "Under Cover," by John Roy Carlson*]

And on the platform of Ebling's Casino—rich in memories of Kuhn, Kunze, McWilliams, Thorkelson, Cassidy—a short woman in a long bob kept her right hand firmly on her hip, jutted her jaw forward, waved her arms and launched into what seemed to be a cheap imitation of Hitler-Mussolini oratory.

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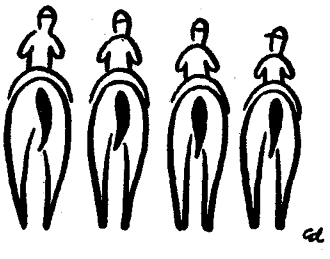
THE RACE TRACK

Pensive Still

IF you think that I'm going through life searching stables for horses to beat Pensive, you're crazy. After watching him win the Preakness at Pimlico last weekend, I made up my mind that somebody else can have that job. Even if you agree, as almost everyone does, that the three-year-olds are no great shakes this season, you must admit that Pensive's performance was a good one. He's still not quite another Whirlaway in *my* book, but the way he runs is certainly reminiscent of his celebrated stablemate. He doesn't take so long to get going as Whirlaway always did, but he finishes with the same sort of spectacular rush. In the Preakness, he was more than half a dozen lengths behind the leaders half a mile from home, yet he ended up beating Platter comfortably. And if you've seen the newsreels, I don't need to tell you how he came from behind in the Kentucky Derby.



The Preakness was an exciting race, and an easy one to watch. Stir Up, who was beautifully ridden by Arcaro, led by lengths for more than a mile, then Platter went to the front for a dozen strides, only to be overtaken by Pensive in the last sixteenth. As for the others, Alorter went lame, and Gramps Image, Gay Bit, and Stymie were down the course at the end. Maybe you'd like to know how three jockeys whiled away the afternoon before the big race. McCreary, who rode Pensive, played checkers; Longden, who rode Platter, sat on the roof and languidly watched the races; and Arcaro rode a couple of horses just to keep in practice, and won on both. Wrong-Horse Harry suggested that maybe Arcaro used up all his luck beforehand, but I think that Stir Up simply used up all his speed in his first mile.

My guess is that Pensive won't run again until the Belmont Stakes, on June 3rd, in which he'll probably meet fewer colts than he did in the Preakness and have even less trouble winning. In case you like to keep track of such things, he's already by far the biggest money spinner of the year; his share of the Preakness, a matter of $60,075, brought his total earnings for the year to $139,475. In fact, happy days seem to be here again (or still) for Warren Wright, who owns Pensive, for Ben Jones, who trains him, and for the whole Calumet Farm. As you know, Twilight Tear, their handsome filly, won the Pimlico Oaks last week, and, with the odds and ends Sun Again and other members of the stable have picked up, Calumet's 1944 prize money already runs into a quarter of a million—quite a sum for so early in the season. I doubt that the stable had anything like so much to its credit by the middle of May three years ago but it wound up that season with an all-time high of $475,091. I guess that the only unhappy member of the establishment last Saturday was the groom who was told off to carry the traditional floral tribute to the Calumet barn after the photographers were through with Pensive. The thing was a bulky blanket of snapdragons and black-eyed susans (synthetic, at that), and before the man was halfway across the track other grooms began pulling out the posies for souvenirs. When last seen, after he had got through the crowd, all the poor fellow had left was a wire frame and a few sprigs of fern.

The crowd at Pimlico wasn't as large as at some Preaknesses I've seen, but the betting was tremendous. The tote handled $1,758,588, which I believe is a record for Pimlico. Incidentally, the O.P.A., which announced that it would check up on drivers who go to the races by car, seems to have upped the ceiling to a dollar a head (double the old rate) on taxi fares from Baltimore out to the track—also to discourage horseplayers, no doubt.

THERE'S no possible doubt about Devil Diver. He's the best of the older horses. It was as much fun—for me, anyhow—to see him polish off a group of well-thought-of sprinters in the Toboggan Handicap early last week as it was to get back to Belmont Park. I'm sorry that I didn't see his second triumph of the meeting, in the Metropolitan, on Saturday, which would appear to be one even more worth remembering. It was something of a feat to carry one hundred and thirty-four pounds, spot his opposition all the way from sixteen to thirty-two pounds, and run a mile in 1:35⅘. In fact, it's something just to run a mile in 1:35⅘, something few racers have done even under the lightest weight. I might say, too, that

Devil Diver, now five years old, which is getting on for a member of the handicap division, looks better than ever before. Of course, he limps a little, but I suppose most people know that one of his front legs is shorter than the other. Maybe that's what makes him run so fast. I expect that his next start will be in the Suburban, on Memorial Day, and I don't intend to miss it.

GENERALLY speaking, what with Devil Diver's two sparkling performances and all, the first week at Belmont offered few dull moments. Victor Emmanuel showed a nice two-year-old named Forum; Ramillies, a poor relation of Pericles, brought off a 25–1 chance; and there was one good steeplechase, the International, in which Caddie beat Iron Shot. There were also, it must be said, three bad hurdles races. People who played post positions instead of horses had a rather poor time during the week. At Jamaica, No. 1 post position had been particularly lucky; at Belmont it was just the other way round. The reason, trainers said, was that the going along the rail at Belmont was deeper than it was in the middle of the track, and horses quickly tired in it. That's what encompassed the downfall of Who Goes There in the Swift Stakes, which were won by Boy Knight, a 20–1 shot.

The most exhilarating part of the meeting begins this weekend with the Juvenile and the Withers Stakes. If Stir Up runs for the Withers, I think he'll win. We'll see Twilight Tear in the Coaching Club Oaks the following Saturday, and on Memorial Day we'll have Devil Diver and Sun Again in the Suburban. —AUDAX MINOR

•

Mrs. Julia Davis, Albany schoolteacher, has just returned from a visit to New York, where, she admits, she feared she would be taken for a "Georgia cracker." Eating in a highbrow restaurant, Mrs. Davis knew something was wrong when a nearby party of diners kept staring at her. Imagine her relief to learn in later conversation that they, too, were sightseers and had stared at her because they thought she was a Park Avenue resident. —*Atlanta Journal.*

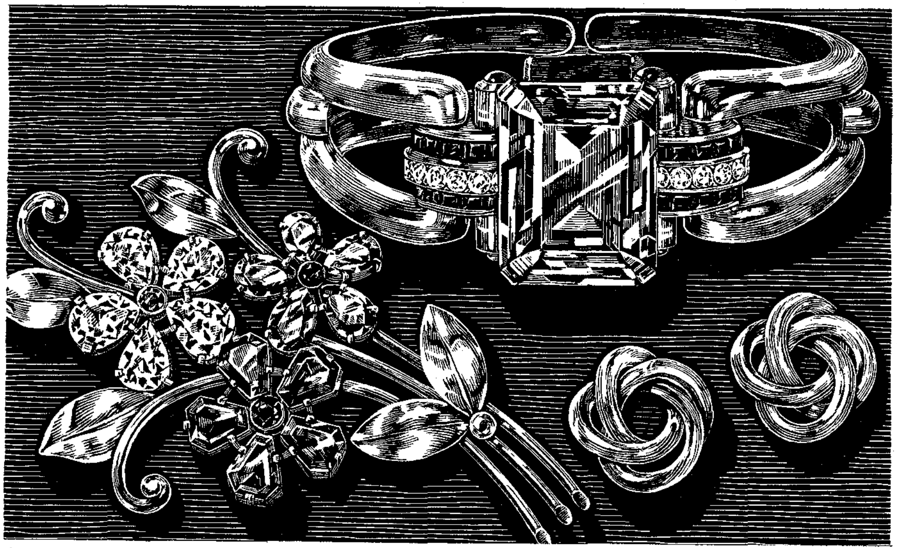
New York just isn't safe for certain people.

•

THE HUNGRY CRITICS

[*Inga Arvad in the Chicago Daily News*]

It is impossible to tell how good an actress a girl is from watching one scene, but if she isn't one of the most interesting newcomers, then I will eat my Easter bonnet.



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ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

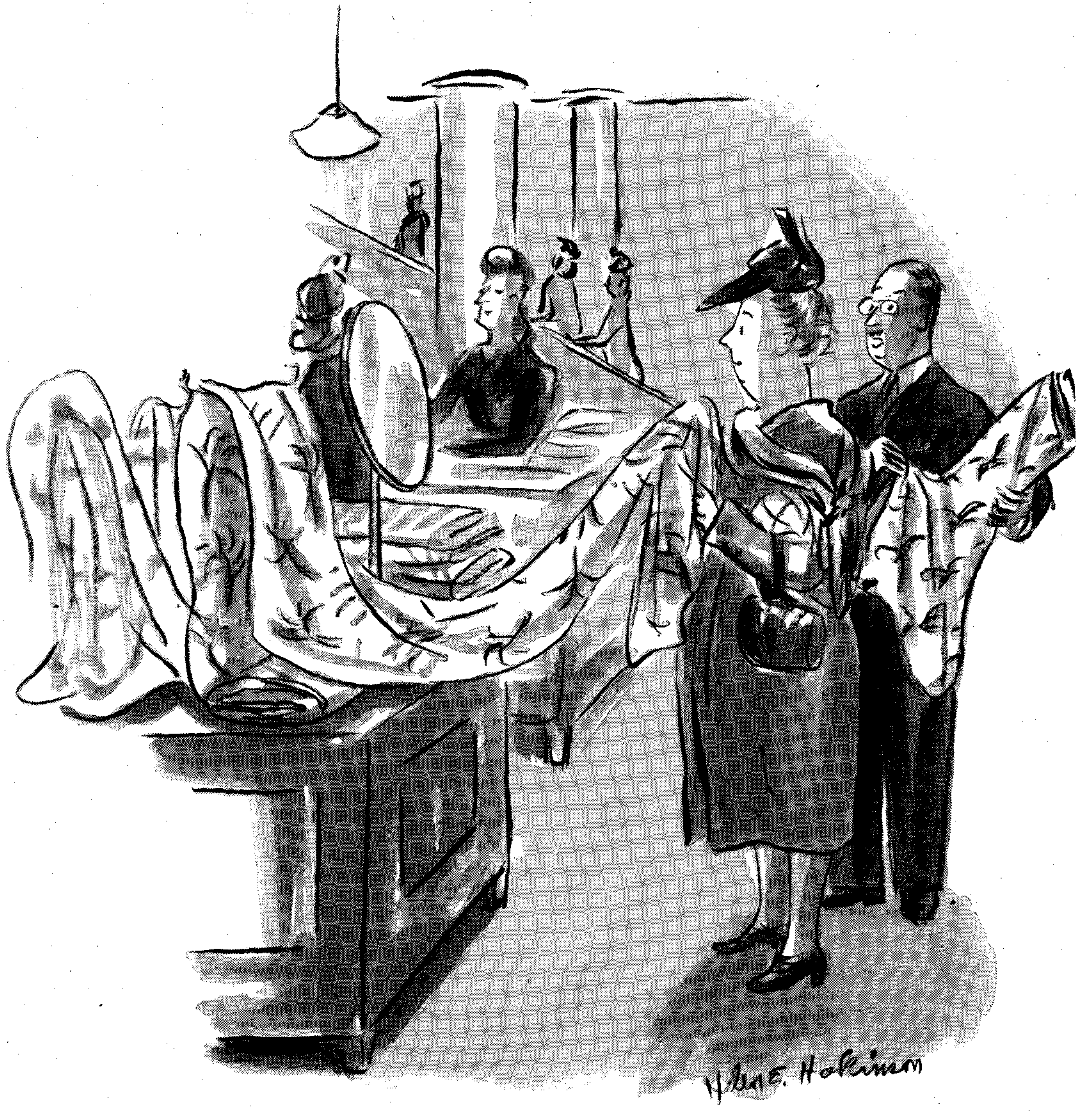
FEMININE FASHIONS

WOMEN used to be very pompous and hidebound. Nobody ever thought of cotton except with condescension—nice for house dresses, some sports clothes, and dresses for small children, maybe, but not for anything else. For any summer occasion that was even temperately formal, silk was the only thing. People would have been aghast at the notion of going to lunch in town in cotton or linen. All that, of course, was long, long ago. Nowadays, some of the best designing in these parts goes into cotton and linen dresses that, in addition to being comfortable in hot weather, have all the good cut and aplomb that once went into only the best ready-to-wear silks.

What I've been garrulously working around to is that Bergdorf Goodman have cotton dresses which are impressive as can be, whatever sort of event they are designed for. To begin with, there are some Sea Island prints. A black one with a sprawling fuchsia bush pattern makes a dress with one of those casual summertime shirtwaist tops that can be slightly opened all the way down to the waistline. (Have you seen the brassières that Bonwit Teller does to order? These, because of their U-shaped construction, can make almost anyone look fine in this sort of dress.) The skirt is draped over the hips and comes up to a bow at the waistline in front. Another dress, with the same type of skirt, is in beige cotton with a coral bush pattern and has a square neck gathered into a bow at one side. Fuchsia and white cabbage roses on a gray or black ground make still another dress, with a V neck, a plain front, and fullness on both sides of the buttons below the waistline in back. A Victorian red-white-and-green checked gingham is used in one number with a ruffled high neck and bandings of red grosgrain ribbon; a black sheer cotton button-down-the-front dress that is as sleek as silk has pale blue polka dots scattered over it and is trimmed with blue grosgrain. These dresses are $35 and $40; there are other cottons beginning at $16.

HATTIE CARNEGIE'S most elegant customers are forever prowling around the Jeune Fille department, looking for "little" dresses at prices from $19.95 to $40, and it's not unusual for them to fix on a model which they order in several colors. This year's queen is a dress of rayon linen—V neck, a bow on each hipbone, and masterly princesse seaming down the back. It's $25 and comes in bottle green, luggage tan, black, and other darkish city colors as well as in pastels and white. Another success is a two-piece rayon shantung dress with a rhinestone-studded belt; it has wide, flaring shoulders and is sleeveless. An angel-print rayon crêpe (Shocking-pink angels outlined on a blue ground) is popular, too. And Carnegie also has two models, one in rayon shantung in all sorts of colors and one in a spun rayon, that are just simple shoulder-strap dresses with bolero jackets over them. She says her customers like these because they can be turned into short dinner and dancing dresses merely by removing the jackets.

MARY LEWIS'S new shop, at 746 Fifth Avenue (57th), not only houses the youthful sports type of clothes for which she is already known but also has some more regal models for older people. One is a weekend ensemble in a cotton with a rather gay leopard-skin print. It consists of a halter sun dress, a short-sleeved bolero,



"Personally, I think Madam looks better in the palm trees than in the wild geese."

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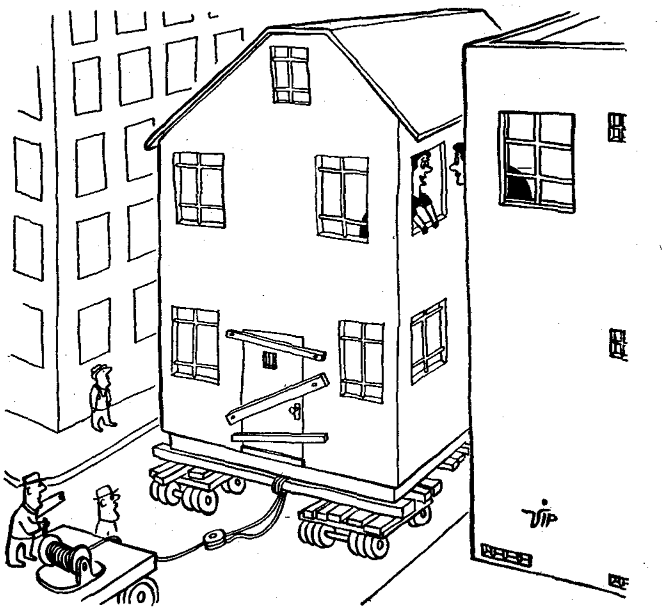
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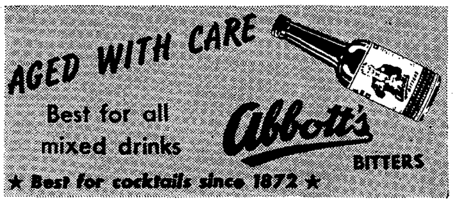
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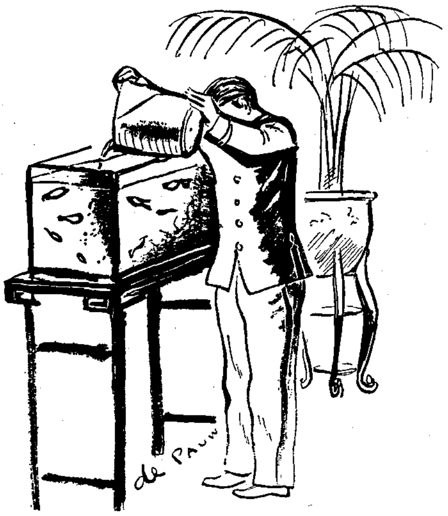
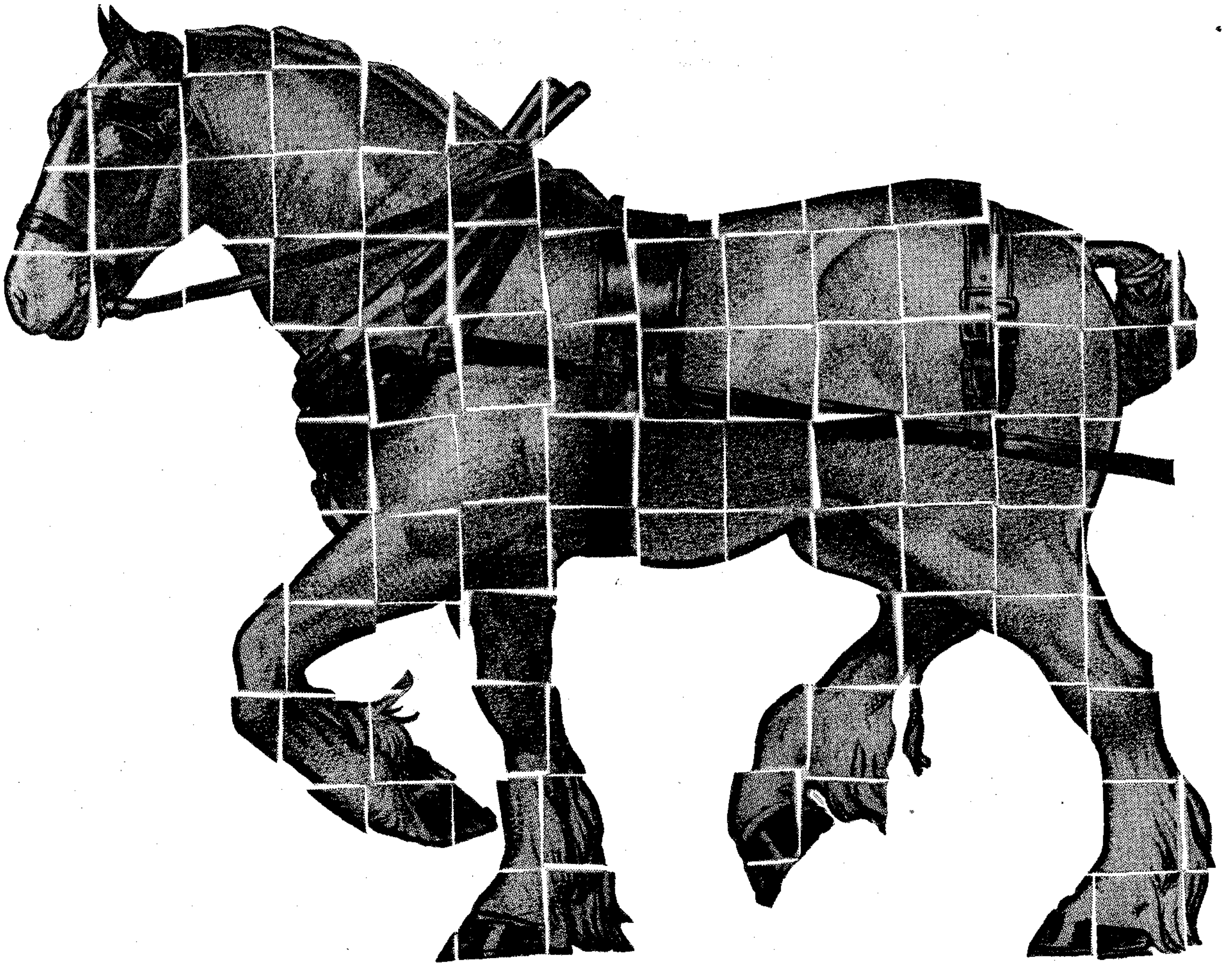
English-cut shorts that come almost down to the knees, a bra top, and a wrap-around sarong skirt. The pieces are sold separately, at from $3.50 to $10.95.

As for bathing suits, Lewis shies away from the current mania for skimpy and precarious bras and single shoulder straps; she favors suits that permit vigorous movement without disastrous results (it must be that her customers swim as well as sun-bathe). There are cool cotton prints that resemble linen, with halter-top bras sufficiently deep to control the bosom, and shorts that are made up of no less than eight bias sections and are unusually flattering to a problem figure. The suits are lined with the mesh that men’s undershirts are made of, and cost $10.95. There are mother-and-daughter suits of white seersucker. The mother’s has a bare midriff, a ruffled corset-cover bodice, and a short, circular skirt; $5.95. The daughter’s (sizes one to six) is one-piece, with a suspender back and a frill-edged skirt; $3.95.

The Lewis misses’ department, which has sizes ten to twenty, presents such down-to-earth delights as $4.95 golf dresses in striped cotton, fastened down the front with pearl buttons. Or gray-and-white cotton plaid one-piece dresses with a low, collarless neck, tying in a bow, and gathers at each side of the skirt. Or two-piece checked ginghams with fitted tops that look like suit jackets. The rayon shantung dresses are good, too, especially a black or bright-green one with a high, round, collarless neck and vast white buttons decorated with sunflowers. This is $17.95, and you could wear it almost anywhere with equanimity.

LORD & TAYLOR’s pride at the moment is a dizzy collection of Guatemalan hand-woven cotton fabrics in beautiful





James Watt's **horse** has been divided into 100 parts

For centuries "One Horsepower" had meant simply the work that one horse could do.

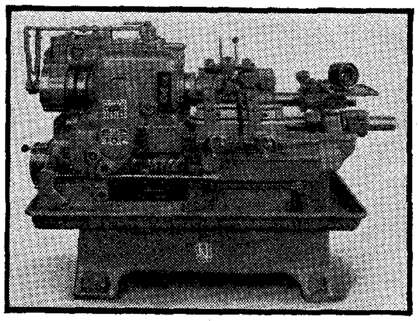
Then, 175 years ago, James Watt gave the term its modern meaning when he borrowed a husky dray horse from an obliging brewer and put the animal to the test. By means of tackles and weights, and some paper work, he determined that the horse could raise 1000 pounds at the rate of 33 feet per minute. So we got our familiar equation, ... 1 horsepower = 33,000 foot pounds per minute.

This was a lot of power—ideal for draught work—useless for the smaller, more tedious tasks such as operating a razor, a needle, a fan or an egg beater. Only a visionary would have thought of this.

But, the advent and development of electrical power condensed Watt's horse and divided him into a hundred tiny fractions. Power far greater than his is now packed into less than a cubic foot, and fractions of him fit neatly into the palm of your hand.

Tomorrow, these tiny, useful fractions of horsepower will take over more and more of our trivial, but tedious, work. For, today, men with ideas have the help of the makers of modern, fast, accurate machine tools.

For over a century, Jones & Lamson engineers have been helping our most progressive manufacturers to put their newest ideas into profitable production. This accumulation of experience and knowledge is at your service today.



A Jones & Lamson Fay Automatic Lathe tooled to machine the frame for a small electric motor. Fay Automatic Lathes are used extensively to machine parts for all kinds of domestic appliances, that add to our comfort and lighten our work.

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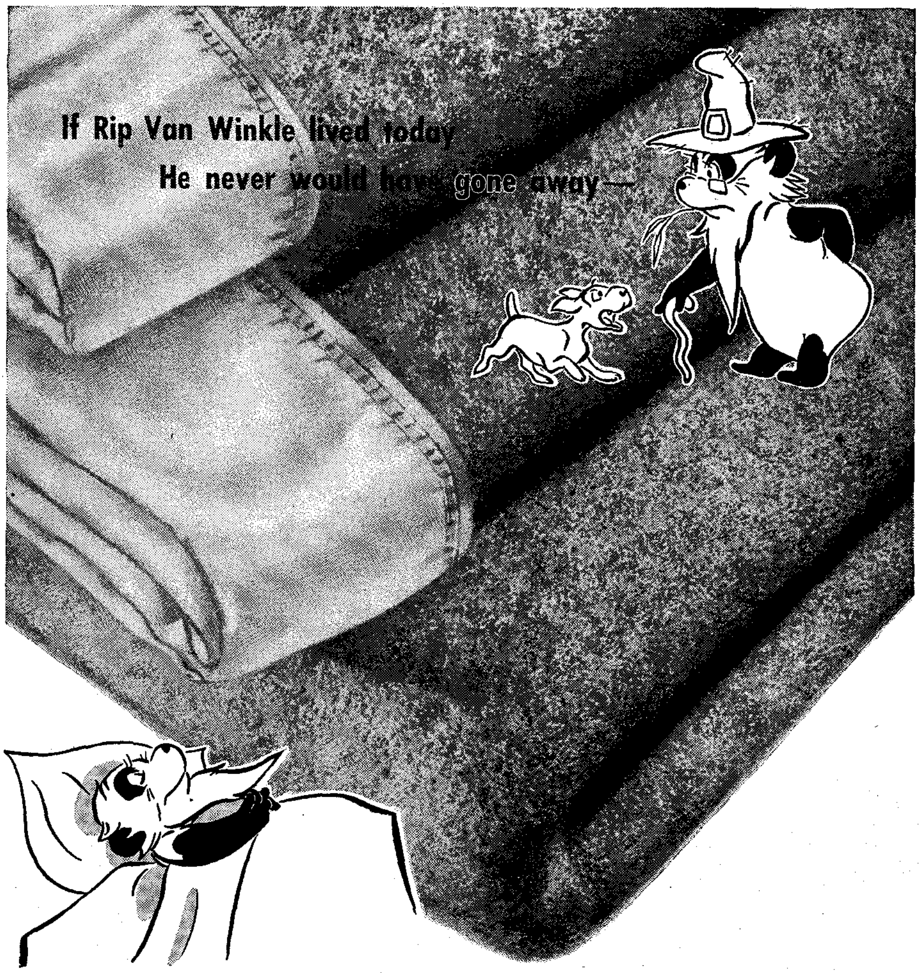
If Rip Van Winkle lived today
He never would have gone away—

'Neath Purreys warm—
in sleep profound
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If you can't do your sleeping by the year, at least get the soundest rest you can per hour—under Purrey. This warmer but lighter rayon blanket gives you greater relaxation—hence more pep. Science proves its modern patented construction—88% Purrey Rayon, wool 12%—holds in more body heat than many blankets costing up to even twice as much. Purrey is guaranteed against moth damage for 5 years.

Buy War Bonds Now. Be ready after the war to have the perfect sleep combination (Purrey Blankets and Indian Maiden *Combed* Percale Sheets) on every bed in your home. Meanwhile, if worn out covers must be renewed or if you have to make an especially fine present choose Purreys. You may even be lucky enough to find them in the popular 90-inch extra tuck-in length (7½ feet).

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$6.45 SIZE 6x7½ FT.

Regular 72x84 size $5.95. 80x90 double bed oversize $7.45. All prices slightly higher in West.

Though some stores may have a few of the 90" length, since May 17, 1943, Government regulations permit manufacture of only the 72x84 at 5.95. Nashua Mfg. Co., 40 Worth St., New York 13, N. Y.

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INDIAN MAIDEN SHEETS
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and sometimes vivid colors, made up into clothes that mostly have a deliberate peasant clumsiness that is very attractive, particularly on a woman who is both skinny and smart. There's a nightshirt dress, in a blue-brown-and-white-striped cotton. It is high-necked, has a deep, square yoke front and back, and is belted in with a yellow cotton sash. Horizontal black and white stripes decorate a sleeveless jumper dress with a fly front and a hand-tooled, red leather belt. L. & T. think that one of their yellow cotton high-necked blouses with three-quarter sleeves is the thing to wear with this. Then there is a dress with a Basque bodice and short sleeves of black cotton, the deep, square yoke and the gathered skirt being of multicolored stripes on a black or white ground. These all cost from $19.95 to about $35 and definitely have an Air. Lord & Taylor are showing Guatemalan cotton huaraches ($2.95) and domestic cotton ballet slippers ($3.95) with drawstring tops (in high colors) to wear with these clothes, but they aren't compulsory. Nice, staid old North America has, for its part, also produced a lot of fairly lively glazed plaid cotton bathing suits and sun dresses. The store swears that the glaze lasts, no matter what. A one-piece bathing suit with a black grosgrain halter, and a dress with one bare shoulder and one covered with a scarf, Highland style, are good examples.

IN the bathing department at Bloomingdale, there are blue- or red-and-white seersucker suits with bra tops and short, ruffled skirts at $2.95—the sort of thing young girls like so well. And all ages will go for a white cotton twill beach coat with a set-in waistband and big patch pockets. This is $7.95 and you'll find plenty of uses for it. Furthermore, there are sheer Egyptian-cotton sweatshirts in white or any one of three or four colors, not only decorative but highly useful.

UP at the Cotton Shop, 543 Madison (55th), balloon cloth, which is rather a rarity, is on tap. Some of it, which has been dyed navy blue with sprigged patterns all over it, looks pretty fancy, too. It makes a shirtwaist dress with pockets giving a peplum effect at each side, and it also makes a dress with a square neck and little pleated tabs at the neck and below the waistline. There is, too, a golf dress of airplane cloth (which is a mite heavier) that buttons straight down the front and has a finely tucked bosom. This is done in plain pastel colors; $19.95, to give you an idea. A gay white piqué dress, with English coaching scenes printed on it, fastens with brass buttons. And a Cotton Shop standby that is now almost a summer uniform is happily still on hand. It is just a tailored affair with a fly front, in luggage tan, navy, or gold Irish linen, but it's home to me; $29.95.

Bits and Pieces: When you walk up one flight to M. Fluegelman, at 848 Sixth Avenue (30th), you'll find yourself in the presence of a man who has made silk hats for every President from Roosevelt to Roosevelt and who cleans and blocks any kind of straw hat, provided it's tailored and that he has the right block for it. . . . Elizabeth Arden has a travelling case of washable, simulated leather (red, brown, or black) with a washable fabric lining and elastic pockets. There is a mirror in the lid and a separate dressing kit containing ten of her preparations. At her salon, 691 Fifth Avenue (54th). . . . The Primrose House Special Hand Cream is one of the best because, rich as it is, it soaks into the skin rapidly, leaving behind it a soft finish. It's a dollar, in a number of shops. . . . Mary Dunhill's Furlough Red lipstick is a nice clear red without a hint of blue, and it's put up in a plastic case decked out with delicate seashells. The lipstick is soft but has good staying qualities. . . . Arthur Gilmore, the luggage king, of 16 East 52nd Street, is making up bags modelled on the time-honored pillow bag—buckled pockets on each side, room for a novel or cosmetics in the open centre, two handles, and handy for either sex. They come in red, blue, or brown mackintosh cloth with morocco trim. They're $25 and beautiful. Gilmore also has eighteen-inch zipper roll bags in burgundy or blue mackintosh with calf handles and trimming, at $7.75, and fourteen-inch overnight bags of the same combination of materials, at $5.90. . . . Can I go home now? —L. L.

•

FUNNY COINCIDENCE DEPARTMENT

In *The Final Problem* (1893), Doyle tried to kill off Holmes, who dwarfed his other literary efforts, by having Moriarty toss him over cliff. On public demand, Doyle had to revive him 10 years later. The resurrected Holmes was never quite the same man after his death grapple with Professor Moriarty.—*Life, May 1, 1944.*

As a witty critic remarked: "He [Sherlock Holmes] may not have been killed when he fell over the cliff, but he was never quite the same man afterwards." —*A. Conan Doyle, in a foreword to "Sherlock Holmes: Complete Short Stories," 1928.*

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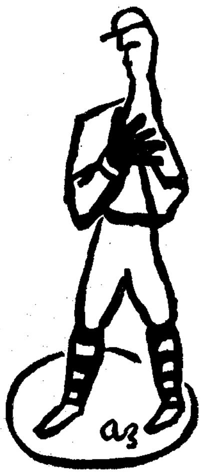
LOOK! WE'RE HOME

IN the barrenness of the Oxford station, Professor and Mrs. Turner impatiently awaited the London train. Four years before, with invasion threatening, they had sent their two younger children, Angus, who was then five, and Wincy, who was twelve, to America for safekeeping. Now, at last, the children were coming back to them.

Sniffing a mixture of hope and coal gas, Mrs. Turner paced the platform. Professor Turner stood still, even managing to assume that annoying calm so characteristic of him. Mrs. Turner was not deceived. There were beads of perspiration on his nose.

She herself felt even more shaken, now that Wincy and Angus were returning, than she remembered feeling when they had left—such little souls pushing off into the world alone. It had been a tremendous risk, letting them go to an unknown foster home. They might have fallen into the hands of rough, uncultured people, or been neglected, or even ill-used. On the contrary, judging by their letters, the children had been very happy stopping with Professor and Mrs. Hilliard of Harvard University and their young son Sutton. Life had undoubtedly been much the same for Wincy and Angus in Cambridge, Massachusetts, as it would have been in Oxford.

Mrs. Turner thought of the forlorn figures of the children when they left. They would look different now, she knew, for in four years they must have outgrown the clothes they sailed in. But in her mind Mrs. Turner saw the same little figures, only turned about, joyfully coming home.



SO swiftly that it was like entering a new country, the haycocks, water meadows, and thatched cottages Angus and Wincy had been journeying past disappeared and the spires of Oxford stretched across the train window, black against the twilight. It's like floating in midstream, Wincy thought. You can see both banks. But as soon as you reach one side, you can barely see the other any more. When the train stops, America will begin to seem like something I read about in a book.

They dashed through a streak of smoke and then Wincy could see the spires again. She pulled her brother to the window.

"There it is, Angus! Look! We're here!"

"Where?" he asked indifferently.

"That's Oxford, Angus. We're almost there."

She straightened his cap and his tie and then took a mirror from her large red patent-leather purse and considered herself. Her hat looked swell, especially since she had had a permanent.

Angus yawned, sprawling all over the seat. "I wish Sutty was here," he said, and turned to the window again. "And Uncle Bill and Aunt Polly," he added dreamily.

"Don't!" Wincy cried. Then, seeing that she had startled Angus, she was sorry. But she couldn't bear any longer this homesickness for the Hilliards, which she had tried to hide all the way over. She missed the kids at school, too—even Sandy Whipple, that drip the girls said had a crush on her. Now that she came to think of it, he wasn't so bad—quite decent, in fact. They had had fun at school dances, and that time he took her to the ice carnival, when she didn't get home till midnight. It was wrong to think of American people now. Wincy shut her eyes and tried to see her parents—Mummy slender, with a pointed nose and golden hair always so beautifully brushed, Daddy fairer than Mummy and even thinner. She could see them when she thought of each feature, but they were not real people, moving and living. Angus didn't seem to remember them at all.

As the train jerked to a standstill, the other passengers in the compartment opened the door and jumped out. Wincy snatched up her violin case and her purse and, holding Angus tightly by one hand, pulled him with her out of the carriage. They stood still for what seemed a very long time, looking about, bewildered. Then Wincy saw her parents in the distance. "There they are!" she cried, happiness rushing through her and bringing tears to her eyes. "There they are!"

"Is *that* them?"

"Yes. Wave."

They ran down the platform, the violin case bouncing against Wincy's leg. And now, at last, she had her arms around her mother. This was the way she had dreamed it would be, all those long days on the boat! Daddy was beaming at her over Mummy's head, and she turned to him, noticing that his hair wasn't fair at all, the way she had remembered it, but pale silver.

Meanwhile Angus, looking bewildered, had been caught up in his mother's arms.

"Welcome home, my boy," Professor Turner said, his eyes crinkling as he smiled down at Angus lovingly. But he betrayed no further feeling. He merely shook hands gravely with his son.

"Gee!" exclaimed Angus, standing off to inspect his father. "I didn't think you looked like that."

"Didn't you?" his father asked in the tone of voice reserved by professors for discussing the opinions of very small boys. "What had you expected?"

"Well," Angus said emphatically, "I didn't remember that you were so small and skinny. I thought somehow you'd be bigger. I thought you'd be bigger than Uncle Bill."

Professor Turner's face stiffened and his eyes sought the horizon, which was, unfortunately, obscured by the walls of the station.

Wincy tried desperately to think of something to say. "How is Mark?" she asked.

"Very fit," Mrs. Turner replied, "judging by his last letter. He's with his regiment. Your father and I have found it very worrying having a son in the Army, but at least we have our little ones with us again."

"Little ones! Why, Mummy, I'm as tall as you now. And don't forget, Angus is nine."

"That's true, dear. Somehow, I had thought you would both come back looking very much as you did when you left. Very stupid of me, wasn't it? When the train pulled in, I looked for a little girl with plaits."

"I thought you'd be surprised," Wincy said, pleased with the effect she was making. "I got the bob just a week before we sailed. There wasn't time to write."

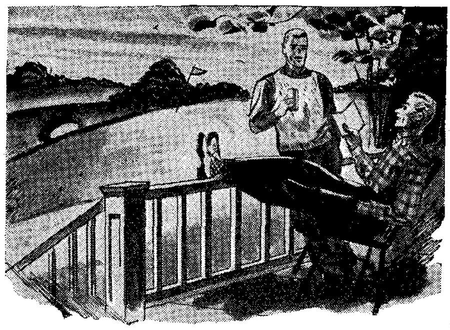
"And Angus," Mrs. Turner continued, running her hand over her son's crew cut. "He's like a shorn lamb."

"It's just like Sutty's bean shave," Angus announced proudly.

"Like a convict, I should say," said his father. "But take heart, Rachel. Hair is one thing that can be counted upon to grow again, at his age."

Mrs. Turner grasped Wincy's arm affectionately. "We must go to the luggage van and see about the boxes," she said, leading her daughter down the platform.

Wincy looked sideways at her moth-



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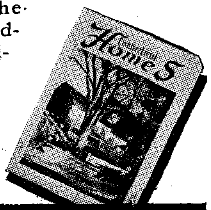

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er. No, that wasn't the way she had expected her to look. The features were the same, but sharper.

Angus and his father, walking along behind, were silent. Neither of them seemed to find anything to say.

WHEN at last all the luggage had been claimed and strapped onto a taxi and they were driving home, Professor Turner tipped back Wincy's chin and peered into her face. "Well, chicken," he said, "you left home a little girl in a school tunic and beaver hat and you've returned to us a grown woman."

Wincy beamed. She had been afraid that her parents might not perceive the change in her. Parents sometimes didn't.

"What did they do in the States to make you age so prematurely?" Professor Turner asked, smiling. "It's amazing."

"Don't chivvy her, John," Mrs. Turner said. "The unsuitable outfit makes her look old. On Monday I'll get her some new clothes." Mrs. Turner added ruefully, "We'll have to use our coupons."

"Oh, but I just got this suit before we left," Wincy said. "I wanted to come home looking super-duper. You know—smart. Aunt Polly didn't think it so becoming. But I did, so she bought it for me."

"It was extremely kind of Mrs. Hilliard to go to the expense," Mrs. Turner said earnestly. "I daresay girls your age wear such things in the States, but in this country they are reserved for grown women. We consider such a large red purse vulgar for a young girl. And that mauve hat looks positively immoral."

Crushed though she was, Wincy saw immediately that her mother had not intended to use that word. It had slipped out. And as a matter of fact, Aunt Polly hadn't liked the hat either, but she believed in people learning by experience. She had agreed to buy the hat if Wincy promised to wear it for one whole season, even if she got tired of the gaudy color. This was a grownup agreement. Now that the hat had failed to impress her parents as she had meant it to, Wincy was no longer sure that she liked it herself, but she had promised to wear it and so she would.

"Next season I'll try to pick one that pleases you," she told her mother meekly.

"You shall have another hat on Monday. Something more appropriate." Mrs. Turner patted Wincy's hand reassuringly. "I shall choose it for you," she said.

That was just what Nanny used to

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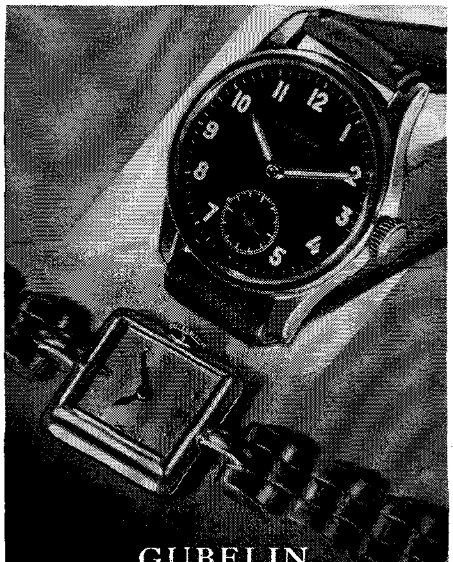

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say when they went visiting in the neighborhood, Nanny in her brown uniform pushing that big boy Angus in the pram so he wouldn't soil his shoes. When the mistress of the house offered them sweets or a platter of biscuits, Nanny would rush forward, gently elbow Wincy and Angus aside, and say with a determined smile, "I shall choose one for you."

They reached Banbury Road and stopped before their house. Wincy could make out familiar shapes behind the brick wall—the arched doorway, the bow window of the dining room, the cowls and chimney pots. But these were merely shapes. It was her mother's last sentence, "I shall choose one for you," an echo of childhood, which made everything real. Hearing it, Wincy was glad, suddenly, that she was home.

—Daisy Neumann

•

WILLY-NILLY, IT'S SPRING!

The hurly-burly springtime
Again bedecks the earth;
The roly-poly robin
Now sings for all he's worth.

I have no use for robins,
My life is full of cares;
I miss the hurdy-gurdy
With its namby-pamby airs.

Helter-skelter in the street
The people push and crowd,
And harum-scarum children
Raise their voices shrill and loud.

I don't hobnob with children,
I loathe the pushing throngs;
I miss the hurdy-gurdy
With its wishy-washy songs.

A friend invites me to his home,
Ping-pong, perhaps, to play
Or to dilly-dally with a drink—
A humdrum sort of day.

To me ping-pong is poison
And liquor does not please;
I miss the hurdy-gurdy
With its claptrap melodies.

Now hugger-mugger business
Confines me to this room;
Outside, hodgepodge of color,
The flowers are all in bloom.

My life is topsy-turvy
And flowers are never boons;
I miss the hurdy-gurdy
With its silly, singsong tunes.

—Leonard Switzer

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*IVORY TIPS—PLAIN ENDS—BEAUTY TIPS (red)

LISTEN: MAY 20, 1944

"Our words have wings, but fly not where we would" says Henry Mencken quoting George Eliot. But words on CBS fly through the air with the g. of e., and then one and all fly into the CBS Record and Script Library. Its files now impound some 340,000 scripts and some 24,000 recordings. On an average day 40 to 50 new scripts fly in.

When no script is available (as in foreign broadcasts or ad lib discussions) a transcription or recording is made of the program. Lots of people write in for copies of scripts, but very few can be let out because of copyright restrictions. One woman pleaded over the phone for a script of a daytime serial, saying that the story paralleled her own life. It was about a mother-in-law problem—an area into which CBS prudently and stoutly refuses to rush.

★

The night in 1942 that the first alarm reported that an artificial palm tree in a Boston night club had caught fire and trapped 900 guests, CBS radio station WEEI immediately volunteered to serve as the official clearing point for all incoming calls seeking information. The authorities, police and hospitals assented at once. Between 10:20 p.m. Saturday, Nov. 28 and 2:20 a.m. Tuesday, December 1, everyone at WEEI—actors, technicians, copywriters, salesmen, executives, stenographers—manned the station's 20 telephones. WEEI's news reporters went on the air 30 times during the 52 hours, reporting corrected lists of survivors and casualties and urging the audience to check WEEI.

On the following Sunday, WEEI broadcast a memorial service in which Mayor Tobin of Boston pronounced the invocation and clergymen of the Catholic, Protestant, and Jewish faiths took part.

★

Remember we told you about the annual "Dr. Christian Award" for the best dramatic script for the *Dr. Christian* program (CBS-Wed., 8:30-8:55 p.m. EWT)? Well, when the contest closed the end of March, 26,000 people had asked for entry blanks and 7000 had sent in scripts.

The first prize is $2000. The prizewinner will be announced on the *Dr. Christian* program on June 14. The winning script will be broadcast June 21... Significant commentary on radio—here a commercial sponsor is spending sizeable time, energy and money improving the craftsmanship of the radio art from within, as a venture in enlightened self-interest.

★

In June, 1943, to test the war-consciousness of its community, CBS' affiliate WHIO in Dayton, O., through the local Chamber of Commerce, ordered a survey made of what Daytonians thought, knew and felt about the U.S. Army; then turned over the results to the War Department.

The survey disclosed many unexpected attitudes. To wit:

1. 84% of the people didn't know the size of the Army or its relative size to Allied and Axis Armies.
2. 54% of the people didn't anticipate any further civilian hardships, thought things would get better before they got worse.
3. 63% of the people believed the war with Germany would be over the summer of 1944; the war with Japan by summer 1945.

Asked by the survey investigators whether they would "give up" such things as radios, coffee and telephones, if the Army needed them, the people of Dayton voted 52% Yes, 42% No. 6% were on the fence.

These and a lot more findings WHIO forwarded in a report to Army authorities together with specific recommendations to reduce complacency, increase knowledge.

Copies also went to the War Manpower Commission, the Dayton Chamber of Commerce, General Motors, Wright and Patterson Fields. WHIO thought it was important. The War Department thought so too, and said so clearly in a letter of acknowledgment.

★

This is CBS

the COLUMBIA BROADCASTING SYSTEM

OF ALL THINGS

THE Axis generals have succeeded in withdrawing their forces from the Crimean trap. Some of the soldiers escaped to Rumania, but the majority went to a better land.

•

Admiral Derrien has been sentenced to solitary life imprisonment for giving the Germans a portion of the French fleet. The military tribunal in Algiers came to the conclusion that the old admiral was generous to a fault.

•

From England comes news that our soldiers there have formulated some postwar plans of their own. Their program leads off with hamburgers and ice cream.

•

Selective Service is obviously losing interest in men who have passed the age of thirty. These elderly gentlemen will find, though, that the Bureau of Internal Revenue still loves them just the same.

•

There is evidence that Martin Dies' idea of retiring to private life did not originate with him. Advices from Texas show that a good many of his constituents have been thinking along similar lines.

•

The appointment of James V. Forrestal as Secretary of the Navy is widely applauded as being entirely non-political. He may be a Democrat, but he's interested in boats, not votes.

•

It begins to appear that it was an error to hold that sedition trial in Washington. Some of the defense attorneys seem to have caught bad cases of filibuster.

•

A recent Gallup poll shows that Democrats are overwhelmingly in favor of reëlecting Roosevelt. If he won't run, however, half of them would be tempted to vote the Republicans back from exile.

•

President William Green denies Lewis's charge that he and his boys were refused readmittance into the A.F.L. for political reasons. The disagreement, Green says, was over John's terms, not F.D.R.'s.

—HOWARD BRUBAKER

THE CURRENT CINEMA

Same Trip

IN "Between Two Worlds," eight people of assorted types start to leave a British port for America and the bus taking them to their ship is blown up by a bomb. At the same time, elsewhere, a man commits suicide in despair over not being permitted to leave England, where he is convinced he can no longer support his wife, and his wife commits suicide too because she doesn't want to live without him. The next thing all ten of these people know, they are on board a ship and presumably going to America after all. They subsequently learn, however, that they all happen to be dead and that the ship is taking them into the hereafter, where each will have a pleasant or an unpleasant existence, depending on what sort of mortal he has been. Their passage, unfortunately for them and for the audience, is marred by the constant and incomprehensible conversation of one of their number, a newspaper man who seems pretty sore about something which he never quite puts a name to.

As you may have detected, this picture is merely one more version of good old "Outward Bound," formerly presented on the Broadway stage, on every other stage where man, in the shape of a road or stock company, has ever set foot, and also in the movies. It's my impression that the two or three times I've run across it before, this Tom Prior, the newspaper fellow, didn't go in quite so extravagantly for double-talk. The other characters—the suicides, the self-admiring businessman, the society lady, the clergyman, the steward, the examiner from the other world—are all roughly the way they've always been, and there are some added starters, notably a blond actress and an American merchant seaman, who fit in well enough and may even contribute something to the thought content of the piece. There are some fairly good acting jobs, including one by George Tobias as the seaman, a man who's going home to his wife and a baby he's never seen and who can't see why he should be dead, and one by Sydney Greenstreet as the Reverend Frank Thompson, the examiner. Mr. Greenstreet gives a very good portrayal of an official with a lot of authority, absent-minded and benign but at the same time tough when the occasion demands. It is John Garfield, as Tom Prior, who gives the most mysterious performance, mainly on account of the lines which have been given him to recite, and since his part is about the biggest, it amounts to a sizable monkey wrench in the general machinery. "Fools! fools!" he is likely to say, for no discernible reason. "We're all on a joy ride. He's up, he's down. Tinker to Evers to Chance. Take a card. The sun shines bright on my old Kentucky home." Or words to that effect.

"THE HOUR BEFORE THE DAWN" has Franchot Tone and Veronica Lake and a Somerset Maugham story. It tells how a confirmed British pacifist finally brings himself to fight for his country. The trouble is that it doesn't tell it quite clearly enough, in that the man's convictions seem all along to be strong enough to withstand the pressure which finally breaks them down. He is against killing, and yet the first time a slight need for killing comes along, he goes ahead and does it. Mr. Maugham's point is apparently that a pacifist these days is apt to find that a lot of the wrong kind of people are on his side, appeasers and the like, and that if he is morally sound he will alter his principles. It's hard, of course, to put yourself in the place of a conscientious objector if you don't happen to have leanings that way, but it seems to me that when a man has felt strongly on the subject for a long time and has thought about it thoroughly, as Mr. Maugham's character has, he would be slower to change his mind than this fellow, and that appeasement and such matters might look to him like mere politics and wouldn't influence him. However, the picture gives you something to speculate about, which is in its favor. Also in its favor is Veronica Lake, who plays an Austrian girl living with a British family, among whom there is some doubt, when the war breaks out, about her sympathies. She is a cool, quiet-spoken little enigma and a nice one to look at.

THE plot of "Show Business," with Eddie Cantor, George Murphy, Constance Moore, and Joan Davis, is one you can see coming a mile away. Naturally, it starts out with the heyday of vaudeville (the Palace Theatre is

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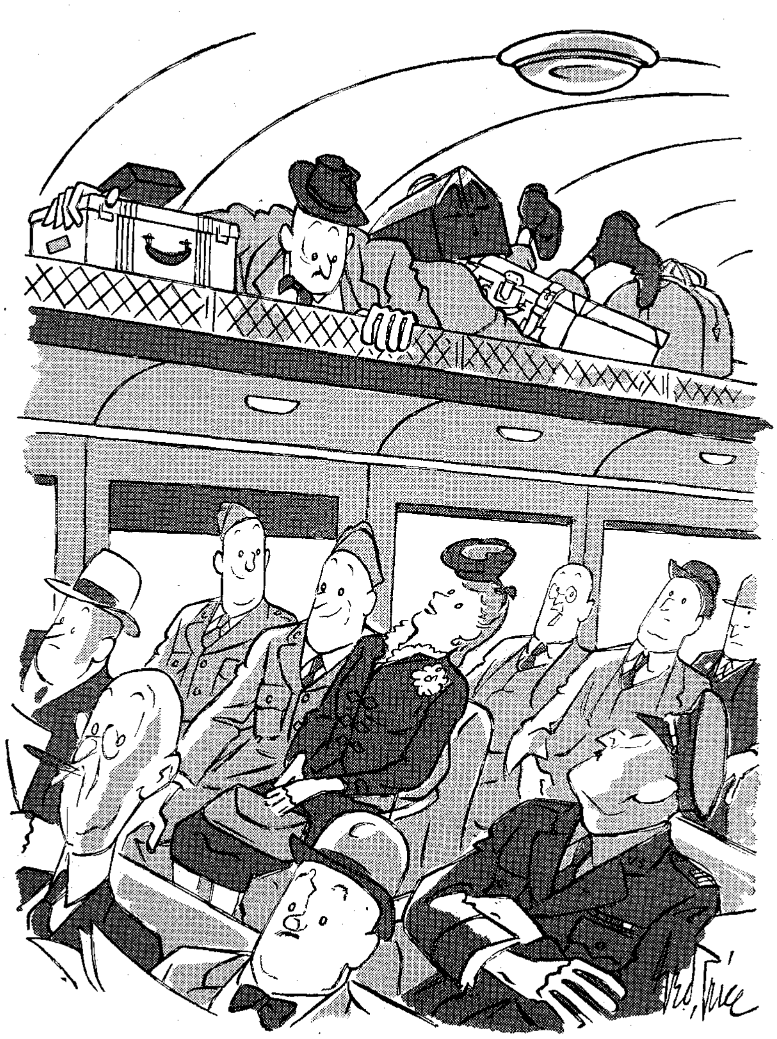


"Never mind, dear, you'll soon be home to a warm bath and the Buffalo Evening News with its complete coverage of news* from the nation's capitol."

* If Washington news coverage is your index of newspaper quality, our experienced Washington bureau fills your bill. If you look for complete reporting of national and local events, the News offers those too, plus the best syndicated features. Experts say the Buffalo Evening News is one of America's most complete newspapers. And 250,000 Western New York families agree! That's why . . . in 1943 . . . the News carried more retail and display advertising and more total advertising linage than any New York State daily paper. It's the big paper in a big market!

(*Advertisement*)

mentioned somewhere, I think), brings in the last war, shows the decline of vaudeville, tosses in a few nightclub sequences, and dabbles in musical comedy. Naturally, Murphy and Miss Moore, as members of a song-and-dance team, love each other, have a misunderstanding, and are reconciled. There is of course a popular song ("It Had to Be You") which means a lot to both of them and which they are given to singing gloomily when separated. Cantor and Miss Davis are fond of each other too, in a frolicsome way. Cantor plugs a few old Cantor tunes, such as "Alabamy Bound" and "Making Whoopee." He's a good, lively plugger, and when that's what he's doing he's at his best. He's at his worst when he is going in for the kind of comedy which he and Miss Davis, and dozens of similar teams, do every day on the radio. This involves many jokes about Miss Davis's unrequited liking for men and her bizarre physical characteristics, mainly her nose. It is not actually comedy at all, but it has been passing for such for quite a while. The picture on the whole is something that you've seen and heard a lot of before, but it's done very smoothly, and maybe you can support it just this once more.

"PIN UP GIRL" is another Betty Grable musical, and is, like its forerunners, expensive-looking and foolish. Also in it are Joe E. Brown, Martha Raye, and a name band leader whose name I forget. . . . "Cobra Woman" features another of those Pacific islands, peopled with chorus girls, which serve as the background for the adventures of Maria Montez, Jon Hall, and Sabu, the disfranchised elephant boy.

—DAVID LARDNER

•

"Have you ever heard of a man's being a fool? I love you, I've never loved anyone but you, and yet I hurt you, and I knew I was hurting you, for I could see your heart in your blue eyes, telling me so. And just because I was a fool! I can't ask you to forgive me. It's beyond forgiving." The taut lines of his lips. Those shadows about his eyes—

He drew my hand to his lips, kissed it gently.

The moment I had dreamed about so long! "Oh, Joel! I love you. Is that enough?"

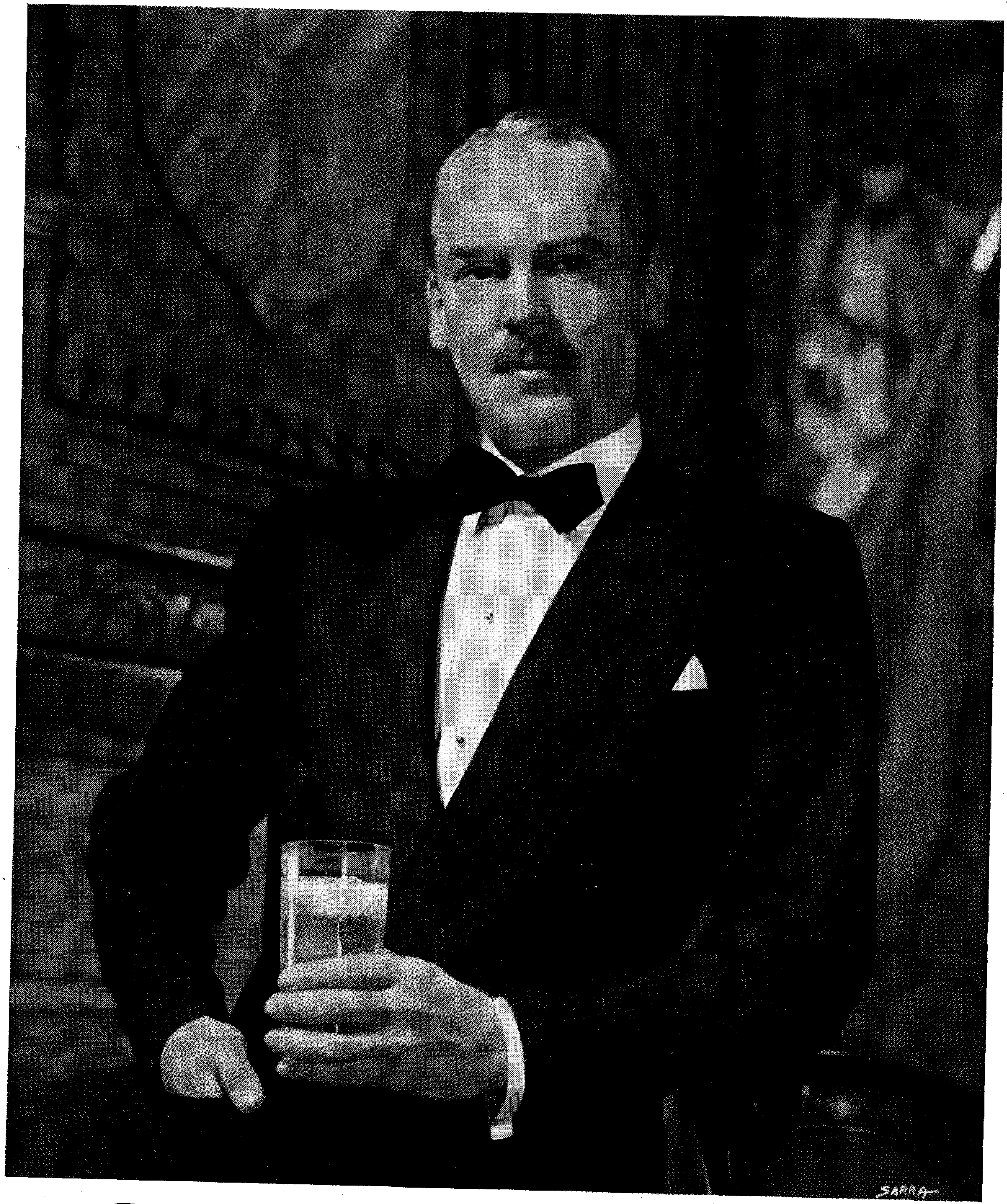
And then he was kissing me, and it was all I had ever imagined, and more.

THE END

* * * * * *

Paper is scarce! Paper is precious! Don't waste it.—*Detective Story Magazine.*

We'll try to remember.



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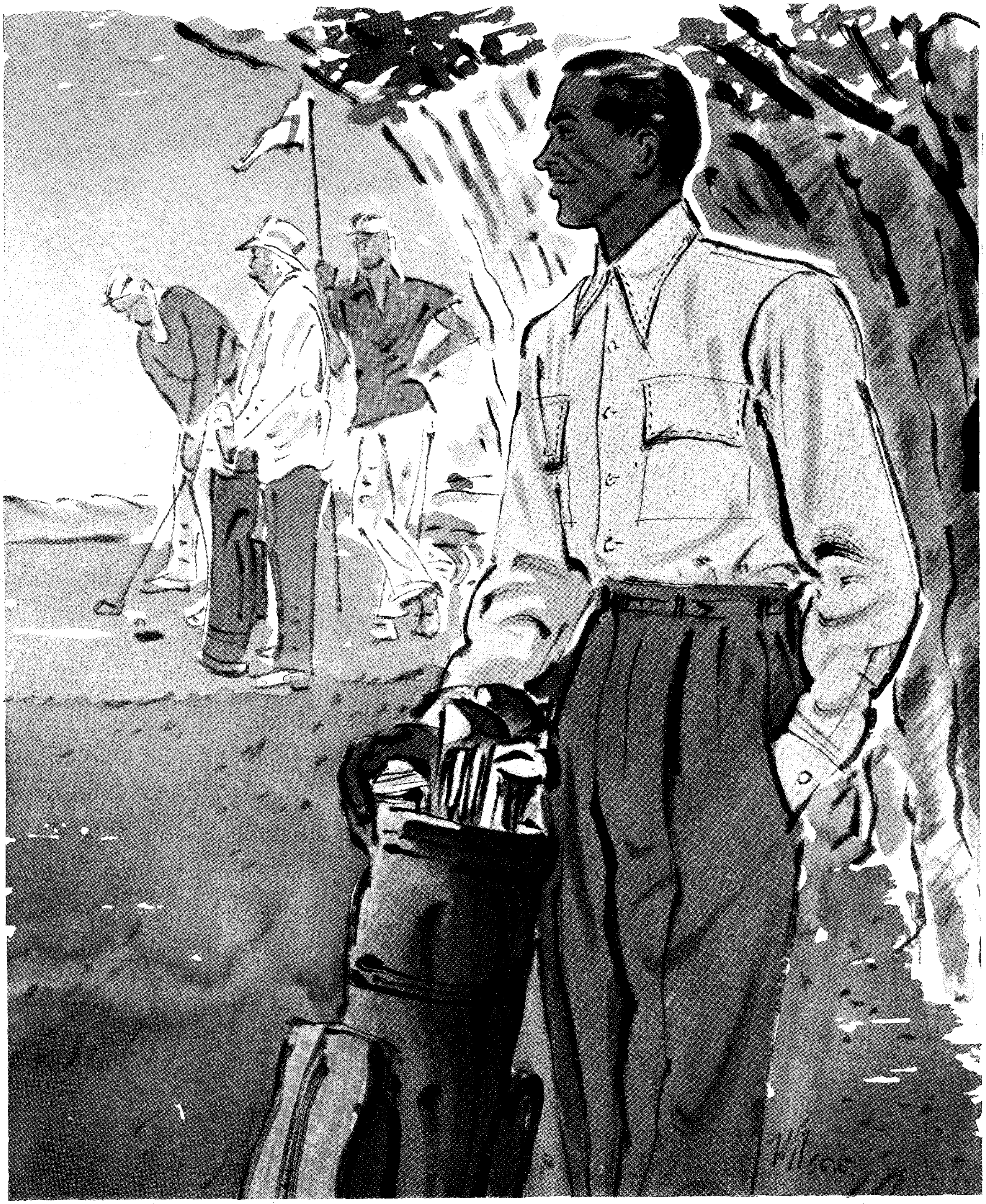

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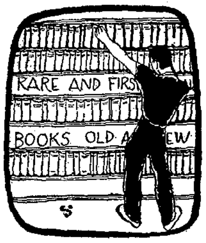
OF ALL-SYNTHETIC YARN

BOOKS

A Toast and a Tear for Dorothy Parker



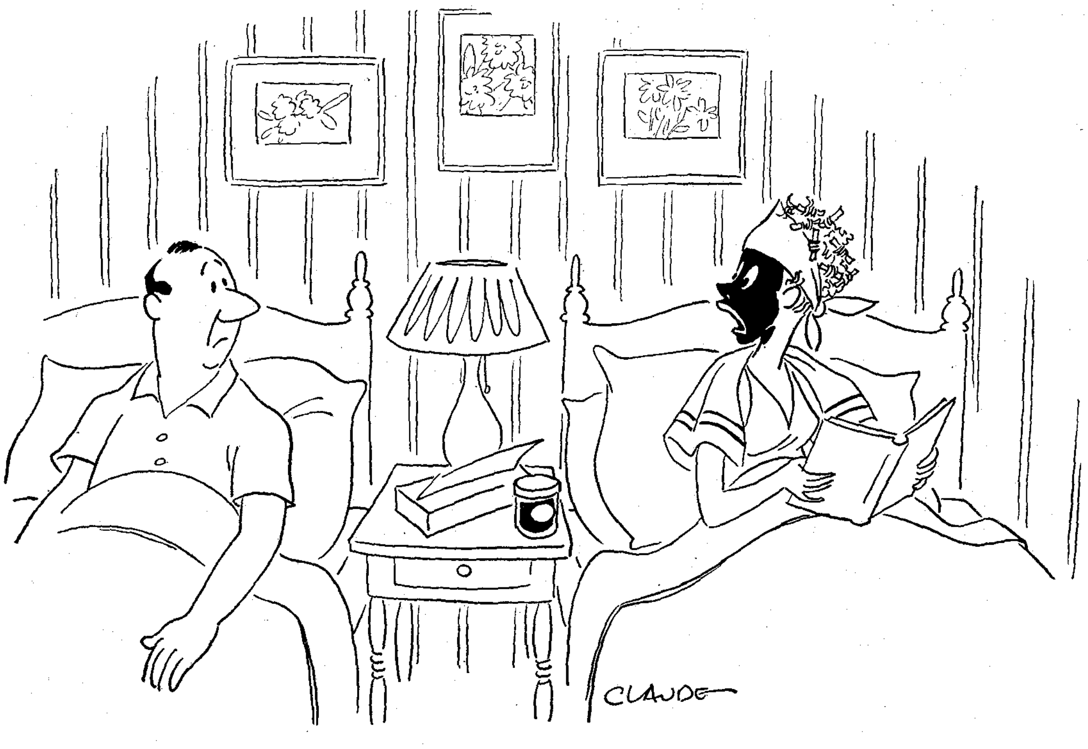
REREADING Dorothy Parker—in the Viking Portable Library—has affected me, rather unexpectedly, with a distinct attack of nostalgia. Her poems do seem a little dated. At their best, they are witty light verse, but when they try to be something more serious, they tend to become a kind of dilution of A. E. Housman and Edna Millay. Her prose, however, is still alive. It seems to me as sharp and as funny as in the years when it was first coming out. If Ring Lardner outlasts our day, as I do not doubt that he will, it is possible that Dorothy Parker will, too.

But the thing that I have particularly felt is the difference between the general tone, the psychological and literary atmosphere, of the period—the twenties and the earlier thirties—when most of these pieces of Mrs. Parker's were written, and the atmosphere of the present time. It was suddenly brought home to me how much freer people were—in their emotion, in their ideas, and in expressing themselves. In the twenties they could love, they could travel, they could stay up late at night, as extravagantly as they pleased; they could think or say or write whatever seemed to them amusing or interesting. There was a good deal of irresponsibility, and a lot of money and energy wasted, and the artistic activities of the time suffered somewhat from its general vices, but it was a much more favorable climate for writing than the period we are in now.

The depression put a crimp in incomes, and people began to have to watch their pockets. Then they began to watch their politics. The whole artistic and intellectual world became anxiously preoccupied with making sure that their positions were correct in relation to the capitalist system and the imminence or the non-imminence of a social revolution; they spent a good deal of time and print arguing with one another about it. Some writers who had been basing their work on the uproar and glamour of the boom grew discouraged and more or less stopped. The young writers who came out of college were short of cash and had no prospect of easy jobs; they were obliged to be circumspect. The tougher ones tried to work with the Communists or other radical groups; the more conventional became professors. Some tried to do both at the same time, with uncomfortable and unsatisfactory results, for they found themselves in the situation of being obliged to worry about both their standing with the academic authorities and the purity of their political line.

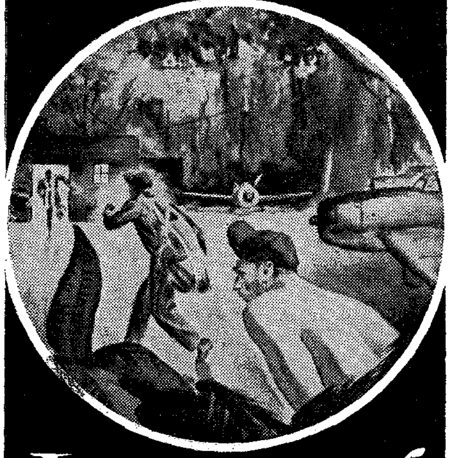
With the writings of Dorothy Parker you are still as far away from all this as you are with those of Scott Fitzgerald. It is a relief and a reassurance, in reading her soliloquies and dialogues—her straight short stories, which are sometimes sentimental, do not always wear quite so well—to realize how recklessly clever it used to be possible for people to be, and how personal and how direct. All her books had funereal titles, but the eye was always wide open and the tongue always quick to retort. Even these titles were sardonic exclamations on the part of an individual at the idea of her own demise; the idea of the death of a society had not yet fallen on people to paralyze their responses to experience.

But the literary movement of the twenties showed a tendency to break down and peter out which we never should have expected at that time, when it seemed to us that American writing had just had a brilliant rebirth. It was a shock to know that Scott Fitzgerald, who had seemed to be still on his way to fulfilling the promise of imperfect books, was suddenly and prematurely dead, and we soon found that this imperfect work had almost the look of a classic: its value had been heightened by its rarity, since there was not going to be any more of it either by him or by anyone else. And we find, when we take up this new volume, which contains Dorothy Parker's complete published works, that a similar shift of feeling occurs. Mrs. Parker is not yet dead, nor has she altogether ceased writing: there are several new stories in this volume, and they hold up with the earlier ones. But she nowadays produces little, and she has suffered, to our disappointment, one of the dooms of her generation. A decade or more ago she went to Hollywood and more or less steadily stayed there, and, once away from her natural habitat, New York, she succumbed to the expiatory mania that has become epidemic with film writers and was presently making earnest appeals on behalf of those organizations which talked about being "progressive" and succeed-



"I don't see how you can expect me to be beautiful twenty-four hours a day."

Around the clock with a Navy bombing squadron!



Limit of Darkness

A NOVEL BY
HOWARD HUNT

➡ One of the most exciting novels to come out of the war . . . the story of twenty-four hours in the lives of a group of American fliers in the South Pacific. The author was an ensign in the Navy, received a medical discharge, joined the staff of LIFE, flew with torpedo-bombing squadrons, and is now in the Army Air Forces. He also wrote the memorable *East of Farewell.*

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ed in convincing their followers that they were working for social revolution, though they had really no other purpose than to promote the foreign policy of Stalin. She ought, of course, to have been satirizing Hollywood and sticking pins into fellow-travellers; but, so far as my observation goes, she has never written a word about either. There are among the new pieces here a couple that deal with the war—"The Lovely Leave" and "Song of the Shirt, 1941" (the first of these especially good)—but this collection mostly makes you feel that you are reliving a vanished era. Except for one sketch of the Spanish War, the story seems to break off abruptly sometime in the early thirties.

But it, too, this collected volume, has a value derived from rarity—a rarity like that of steel penknives, good erasers, and real canned sardines, articles of which the supply has almost given out and of which one is only now beginning to be aware of how excellent the quality was. It seems to me, though I shall name no names, that it has been one of the features of this later time that it produces imitation books. There are things of which one cannot really say that they are either good books or bad books; they are really not books at all. When one has bought them, one has only got paper and print. When one has bought Dorothy Parker, however, one has really got a book. She is not Emily Brontë or Jane Austen, but she has been at some pains to write well, and she has put into what she has written a voice, a state of mind, an era, a few moments of human experience that nobody else has conveyed. And the format of this volume, as is not always the case, is appropriate to and worthy of the contents. It is compact, well printed, and small, easy to carry and handle: the kind of thing that ought to be encouraged, as distinguished from the more ponderous type of omnibus. The title is simply "Dorothy Parker."

—EDMUND WILSON

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

COLCORTON, by Edith Pope (Scribner). Using ingredients which have been the undoing of many a good author—ruined family name, evil secret, desolate mansion in wilderness—Mrs. Pope has built a tragedy of moving simplicity. Much of the beauty of the book lies in the development of the character of the heroine. Abby Clanghearne is the recluse descendant of a once-great Florida family,

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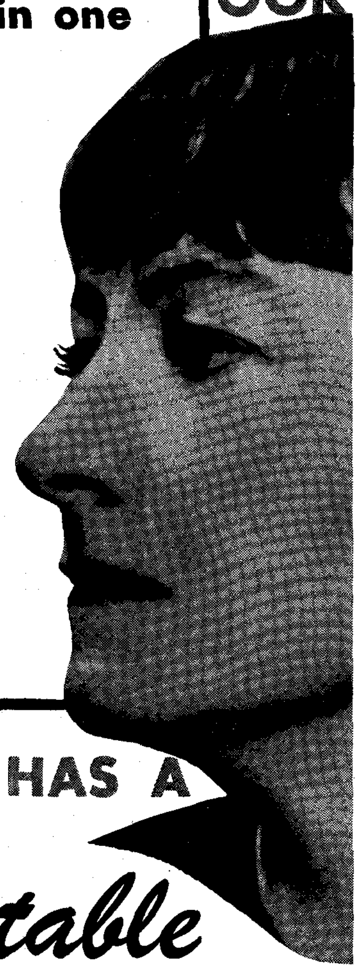
whose life of poverty and sacrifice has been built upon ambition for a much younger brother. When the boy brings home a child bride, Abby's world begins to crumble, and the collapse is accelerated when the brother dies after uncovering his sister's secret. Mrs. Pope traces the slow lessening of the distrust which Abby feels for the dead boy's wife and makes Abby's final sacrifice wholly plausible and not too unhappy.

FROSSIA, by E. M. Almedingen (Harcourt, Brace). It is so refreshing to read a book about Russia by a Russian who does not indict one particular economic system to the glorification of another that there is possibly danger of overrating this satisfying story of a girl, without political convictions, who lives through the revolution and comes happily out of it. To be cautious, then, let's say that "Frossia" is a varied picture of an important period of recent history, done with deep feeling by a humane and intelligent writer. The heroine, the daughter of a wealthy father and a noble mother, can admire Communists as human beings while despising their bigotry, and at the same time deplore the stubbornness with which her aristocratic friends, having lost their own way of life, refuse that offered by the new regime. In less expert hands, the girl's courageous acceptance of one tragedy after another might appear improbable, but Miss Almedingen manages to make the endurance of her heroine seem a credible expression of simple moral stability.

THE TIMBER BEAST, by Archie Binns (Scribner). Mr. Binns possesses such an admirable talent that the reader, perhaps unreasonably, is always expecting his novels to be better. "The Timber Beast" concerns a wealthy, middle-aged logging operator on the Oregon coast, his young second wife, and his two sons. The most successful parts of the book centre on the younger son, his love (which is reciprocated) for his stepmother, and the scenes in which he and his brother talk about life and love. The story is interesting, the characters are drawn with skill and warmth, and the background of the Pacific Northwest is as fresh as a breeze, but the author does not sufficiently develop either of the novel's two themes—the conflict between the social philosophies of father and sons, and the unhappy situation of the young wife who finds herself in love with her stepson. One is left hoping



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that Mr. Binns will dig more deeply next time.

THE RED COCK CROWS, by Frances Gaither (Macmillan). A novel about a slave insurrection in Mississippi in the late eighteen-thirties. To a community of unusually enlightened planters comes a young Maine schoolteacher, who falls in love with the pretty daughter of his wealthy host. Things move along smoothly, following the pattern of any number of long-ago-and-far-away Southern romances, until plans for a slave uprising, led by a highly trusted servant, are discovered. The reaction of the gentry and middle-class citizens to the miserably organized plot of the blacks is made convincing enough to place the book a shelf or so above the usual historical novel. Mrs. Gaither first draws a warmly sympathetic picture of her Southern gentlefolk, their sense of responsibility toward their slaves, and their consciously cultivated nobility. Then, in several well-handled trial scenes, in which the Negro rebels are brought to so-called justice, she examines impartially the underside of the fair surface of aristocratic Southern life. A good story and an intelligent, if not profound, study of the master-slave psychology.

THEY WERE SISTERS, by Dorothy Whipple (Macmillan). This rather old-fashioned tale follows the fortunes of three English sisters who, not surprisingly, marry gentlemen of sharply varied personalities. Two of the girls (the family beauties) pick simply terrible husbands and come to no good end. The dependable, plain sister gets what turns out to be the prize package, in the form of a poor but likable young man who, through the years, helps her set to rights the mess her sisters have made. The action takes place between the last war and this one, but it all seems remote and not very important anyway.

SPRING HARVEST, selected by Hudson Strode (Knopf). Fifteen short stories representing the work of young students in Mr. Strode's classes at the University of Alabama. All the tales have a Southern background and most of them are concerned with poor people, white and black. An interesting and promising collection.

CANAL TOWN, by Samuel Hopkins Adams (Random House). A lively historical romance involving a gifted young doctor who combats ignorance and disease and does a bit of successful courting in Palmyra, New York, in the days when the Erie Canal was being dug. Mr. Adams knows his Erie lore so well and has boned up so thoroughly on American medical history in the early part of the last century that nobody who reads the book can fail to learn a good deal about what life in general and the practice of medicine in particular was like in a boom town a century and a quarter ago. Part of the plot turns on the case history of the medical phenomenon known as lithopedion, a record of which (by the same author) you may have read in this magazine some years ago. Don't let all this emphasis on local color and medical research make you shy off, for Mr. Adams has cranked out the smooth sort of story we have learned to expect of him.

LIMIT OF DARKNESS, by Howard Hunt (Random House). A record of twenty-four hours in the lives of a group of United States aviators based at Henderson Field on Guadalcanal, the best parts of which are clicked off as unemotionally as an A.P. dispatch. Mr. Hunt shows these young Americans at their miserable mess, trying to sleep in the muggy tropic night, devoting an enormous amount of thought and ingenuity to outwitting insects and rats, and rarely, very rarely indeed, talking of what they are really thinking about. The technical details of flying are clear and exciting and, except when the author attempts to disguise his reporting as fiction, the story is forthright and stirring.

GENERAL

THE CONDITION OF MAN, by Lewis Mumford (Harcourt, Brace). The third and final volume of the author's series that began with "Technics and Civilization" and was followed by "The Culture of Cities." "It deals," Mr. Mumford writes, "with the purposes and ends of human development. . . . My aim has been to give a rounded interpretation of the development of modern man, and to show what changes in his plan of life are necessary if he is to make the most of the vast powers that are now his to command." Modern man, as Mr. Mumford sees him, is in a pretty bad way—bewildered and confused, racked by an internal "schism of the soul," living in a period of unmitigated chaos and disintegration. Mr. Mumford traces this luckless person's path along the road of human history and shows how he reached his present

Richard Decker

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War Conscience: Exactly, Madam. And at 4 o'clock yesterday, did you, or did you not throw away a tin can?

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War Conscience: And you claim you don't need me! Madam, had I been around, that never would have happened. I would have made you flatten that can and put it in for salvage. I would have reminded you how much your country needs tin for war uses. Baby, I wouldn't have let you sleep nights, for thinking about that can you threw away!

Woman: So! Well for your information, Nosey, I don't sleep at night anyhow! Two cups of coffee for dinner and I'm up all night barking my shins on the living room furniture!

War Conscience: Ah. Well, in that case, Sis, I'll make a deal with you. Play ball with me on your Wartime Job and I'll introduce you to a coffee that lets you sleep like a baby!

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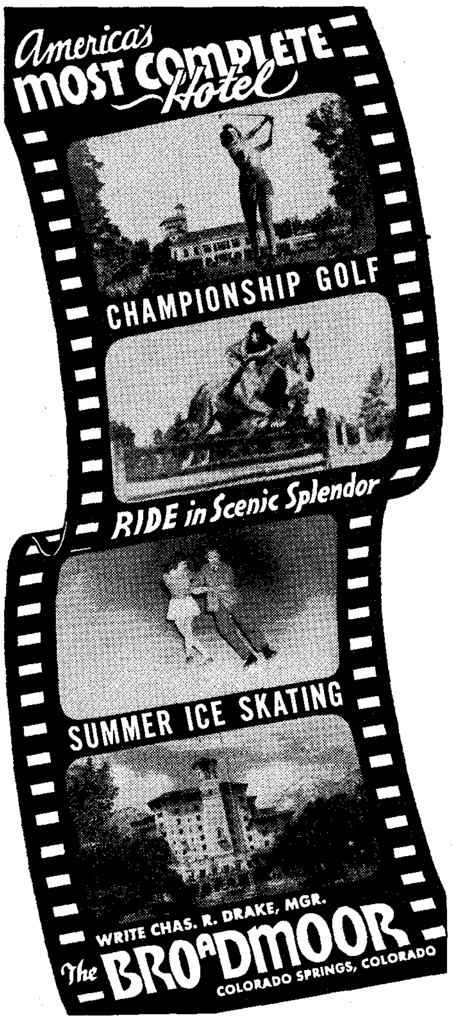
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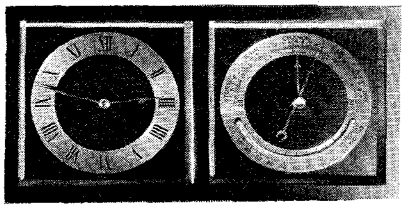

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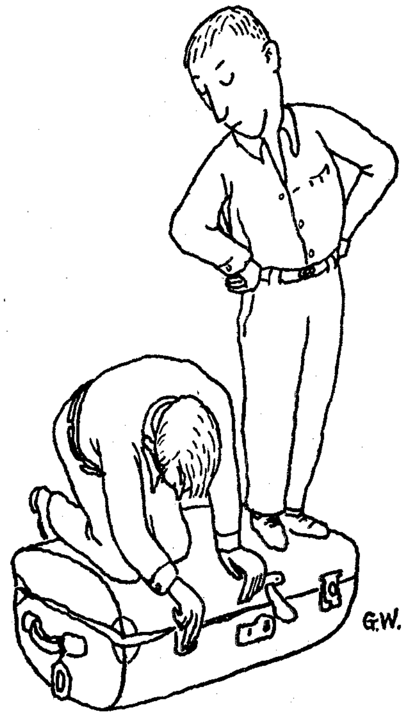
state, following his trail through the several epochs that lie between ancient Greece and the modern world. The author, however, has not written a mere historical survey; his book, in effect, is a critique of Western civilization—a discourse upon such diverse matters as the limitations of Greek rationalism, the fall of Rome, primitive Christianity, the rise of Protestantism and capitalism, the theology of St. Augustine, Catholicism and the Catholic Church, democracy, Marxism, and just about everything else under the sun. Many of Mr. Mumford's conclusions are open to question and his argument frequently takes on a tone of omniscient certitude that some readers may find irritating. There are also occasional moments when his celebration of basic Christian values has some of the strident fervor of a reformed sinner turned missionary. It does seem, too, that certain of his final judgments, such as that "the ideal personality for the opening age is a balanced personality" and that "our first duty is to revamp our ideas and values and to reorganize the human personality around its highest and most central needs," might have been reached without so elaborate a search and so lavish an expenditure of erudition. Mr. Mumford's book, as a study of cultural and social history, is, nevertheless, a sufficiently impressive performance and should not be overlooked by anyone who is at all interested in the pilgrim's progress of modern man.

MR. ROOSEVELT, by Compton Mac-



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kenzie (Dutton). It is queer to see the entertaining novelist doing a banal propaganda biography. This book, which was written for the English public, shows little first-hand knowledge of the United States and will have little interest for Americans. "I have written my book," says Mr. Mackenzie in his preface, "for those interested in Roosevelt as a world figure rather than for those concerned with the party leader, and it seemed to me that what British readers ought to know is the kind of marble from which the statue of the President is still in process of being carved." The book does, however, have some value for us by reason of its one hundred illustrations, which include reproductions of color photographs of the family portraits at Hyde Park and constitute in themselves a kind of history of the Roosevelts.

Wind in the Sahara, by R. V. C. Bodley (Coward-McCann). Life among the Arabs as witnessed by a cultivated and sensitive Englishman, an ex-Army officer, who went to live with them. The author, a friend of both Gertrude Bell and T. E. Lawrence, who helped bring the Arabs to his attention, remained in the desert for seven years, severed all his ties with the Occidental world, wore Arab dress, and practiced the Moslem faith. His main reason for going to live in the desert, he writes, was to find happiness and peace of mind, which, rather like a hero in a Somerset Maugham novel, he did. He also accumulated a mass of information about the Arabs, and his book, while no "Arabia Deserta" or "Seven Pillars of Wisdom," is, in its modest way, one of the most important contributions to our understanding of the Arabs since those books came along.

Cardinal of Spain, by Simon Harcourt-Smith (Knopf). A life, more or less unsatisfactory, of Giulio, Cardinal Alberoni, the Italian priest who eventually became absolute ruler of Spain during the first half of the eighteenth century. Alberoni, while important in his day, happens to be one of the more obscure figures of European history, and though Mr. Harcourt-Smith has done a creditable job of piecing together the known bits of information about him, the portrait of the Cardinal, both as a person and as a political instrument, never becomes very clear. The author's treatment of the social background is, however, excellent.

Sir Max Beerbohm: Bibliographi-

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CAL NOTES, by A. E. Gallatin (Harvard University Press). This excellent bibliography is of something more than scholarly interest, since it contains a dozen drawings by Beerbohm, hitherto unpublished, and collects some unfamiliar documents connected with his career as a playwright.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

MR. ANGEL COMES ABOARD, by Charles G. Booth (Doubleday, Doran). A young newspaperwoman, departing from Dakar as a stowaway aboard the Emmaline Quincy, finds herself with quite a story on her hands when the ship is abandoned off the Cuban coast and part of the cargo is hijacked. John Angel, head of the owners' salvage crew and grandson of the Emmaline Quincy's captain, gives her a hand in clearing things up, which is just as well, since there's a great deal too much plot for any one detective to get his teeth into.

THE SECRET OF THE SPA, by Charles L. Leonard (Doubleday, Doran). Paul Kilgerrin, a private detective recovering from injuries received in the course of his work on an espionage case, enjoys a lively rest cure at Dr. Winston's Convalescent Spa in New Jersey, where he has been sent by the Army to find out whether any of his fellow-patients are members of a drug ring. Kilgerrin, fortunately, is agile as well as tough; he has to dodge quite a few machine-gun bullets before he rounds up the scoundrels. For readers who insist on plenty of activity, even if some of it turns out to be senseless.

•

A cure for the cigaret habit when it grows apace is given by a visitor here—and this is a novel suggestion. A soldier has devised it. Every time he is tempted to smoke, he pulls out his cigaret case which is fitted up with water colors and a small brush. Instead of smoking, he paints in water color.—*Santa Fe New Mexican.*

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•

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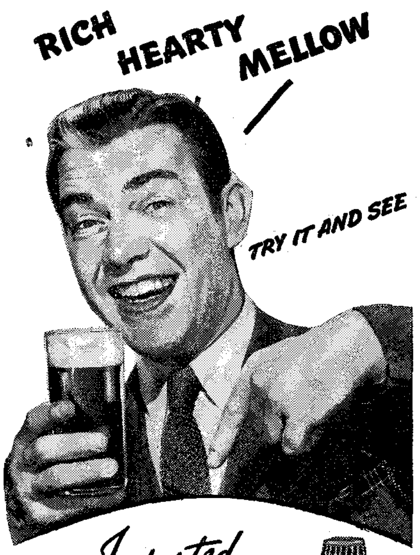
[*From "The Students of Spalato," by István Tamás*]

There were street vendors, peddlers, tramps, and refugees from all parts of the country. These last cowered with half-closed eyes, with barely ticking hearts, their consciousness at half mast, like the flame of a night light, turned low, startled by every loud word.



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